Saturday Review

December 10, 1966 35¢

CHINA: BEHIND THE UPHEAVAL

By Hugo Portisch

Young Audience at Opera in People's Palace, Peking, by Marc Riboud (See page 89)

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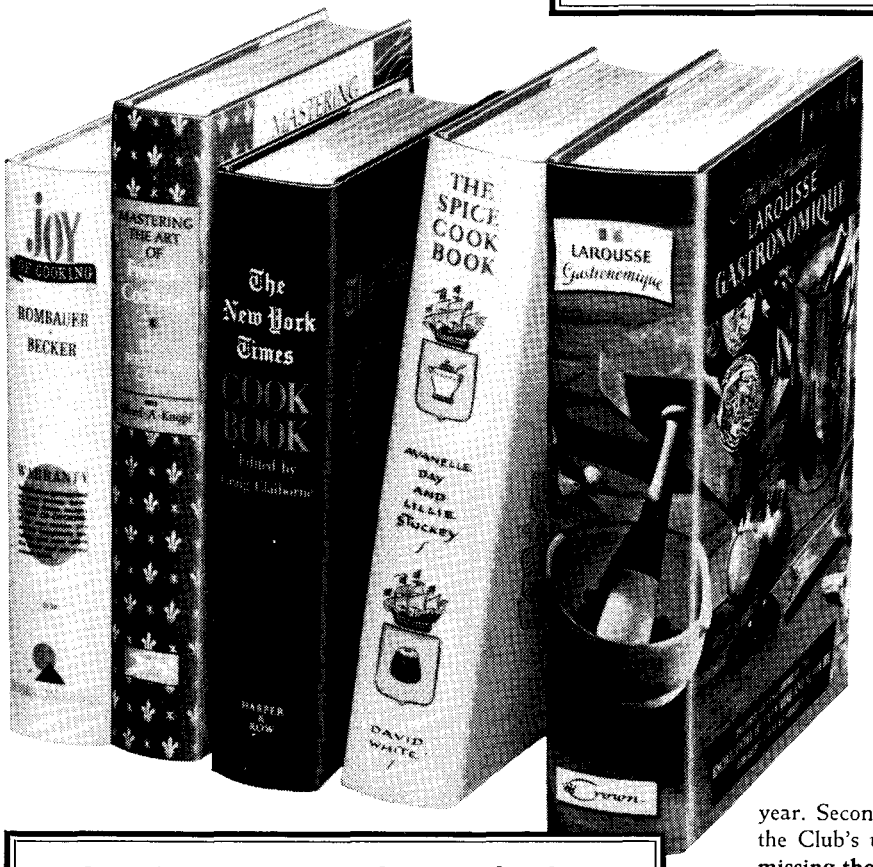

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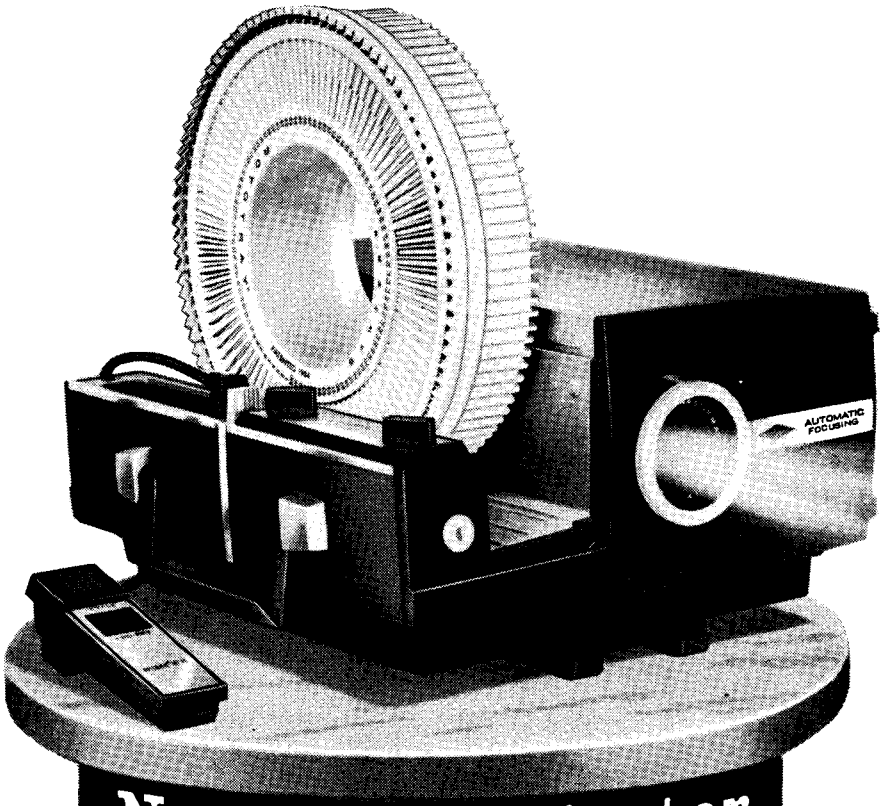

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December 10, 1966

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SR: Ideas

24 China: Behind the Upheaval, by Hugo Portisch
30 All the Olympians, by Frank O'Connor
33 Were the Polls Wrong? by Elmo Roper
34 Blabbermouthism: An Editorial
35 Christmas in Vietnam: An Editorial
72 Recordings for Christmas

SR: Communications

79 A Four-Letter Word Called News, by Richard L. Tobin
82 The Trials of Statehouse Journalism, by Tom Littlewood
89 Riboud's Camera Covers China, by Margaret R. Weiss

SR: Books

41 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
41 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin
12 Trade Winds: Herbert R. Mayes
16 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
36 Letters to the Editor
42 Literary Crypt
49 Literary I.Q.
64 The Theater: Henry Hewes
65 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert
66 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton
70 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin
77 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
104 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1705

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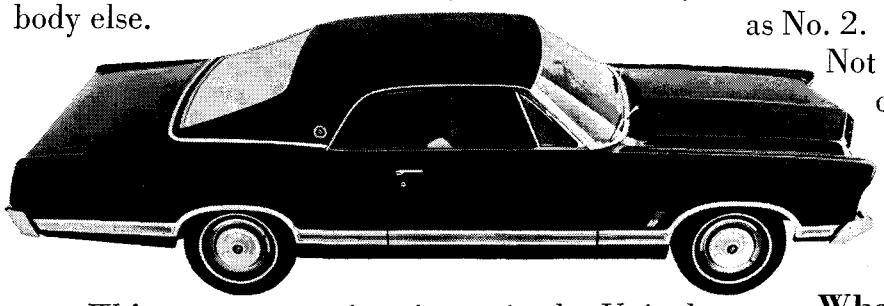

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Crime and Punishment

Respect of the Law

WE TAKE PRIDE in a swelling body of judicial opinion safeguarding the rights of the accused. Many legal milestones preceded the recent Supreme Court decisions drastically limiting the powers of the police to interrogate, which are in turn but halting approximations of the ideal toward which we are groping—roughly dramatized in the following scene:

A precinct station house. A man in plain-clothes sits with his feet on the desk and his hat pushed back, lounging in a swivel chair while he grooms his nails. A cop named Haggerty enters, carrying a tray of food.

HAGGERTY: Ah, you must be the new suspect. Is everything all right? I've brought the sandwich you sent out for. Ham on rye?

SUSPECT: Dey hold de mayo like I said?

HAGGERTY: Mayo's on the side in case you change your mind. Apple pie and coffee. (*Sets the tray on the desk and shakes hands.*) Your name is Blankenship I believe. Mine's Haggerty. Hope everything's all right. (*He stands a moment watching the suspect fall to.*) I should warn you—oh, not warn you exactly, just a word to the wise, you know—that the man in charge of your interrogation is one of our toughest. Sergeant Burns. He's been known to resort to sarcasm. Not for nothing is he called Third Degree Burns. He's just been worn to a frazzle by a voyeur, so I hope you won't say anything to rile him.

SUSPECT: (*a quid of food in his cheek*): Well, I don't believe in pampering de law, but . . .

HAGGERTY: We're now required by law to give you the benefit of any such information. You're entitled to a dossier on Burns if you want. You know all that. Shh, I think I hear him coming now. (*Enter Burns, a stocky man with a red face.*) Hello, Burns. How did you make out with Popeye?

BURNS: Well, I had to let him go, but we did whomp out a pretty good deal with him. He won't sue us for false arrest if we drop the charges immediately. And publish the usual retraction, of course.

HAGGERTY: Good stuff! I believe you know about Blankenship here—

BURNS: (*suggestively consulting a sheet of paper he has drawn from his pocket*) I certainly do. Now I assume his lawyer's here or on his way, so we can begin the interrogation according to Hoyle?

HAGGERTY: They tell me he doesn't want a lawyer. He's signed a waiver on that. That right, Blankenship?

SUSPECT: Right. Dis gink couldn't pin a rose on me.

BURNS: We'll see about that, Blankenship. (*Haggerty anxiously gestures to him to take it easy.*) Now, first of all it's necessary for me to remind you again that anything you say may be held against you.

SUSPECT: Yeah. So I'll say—"Elizabeth Taylor." Heh-heh-heh. Dat's rich.

HAGGERTY: (*laughing immoderately*) That is! (*Burns merely smiles, recalling ten years ago when Jayne Mansfield was the toast of inquisitional wits, and ten before that when it was Ingrid Bergman. Haggerty tries again by dumb show to get him to treat the suspect with a little more butter.*)

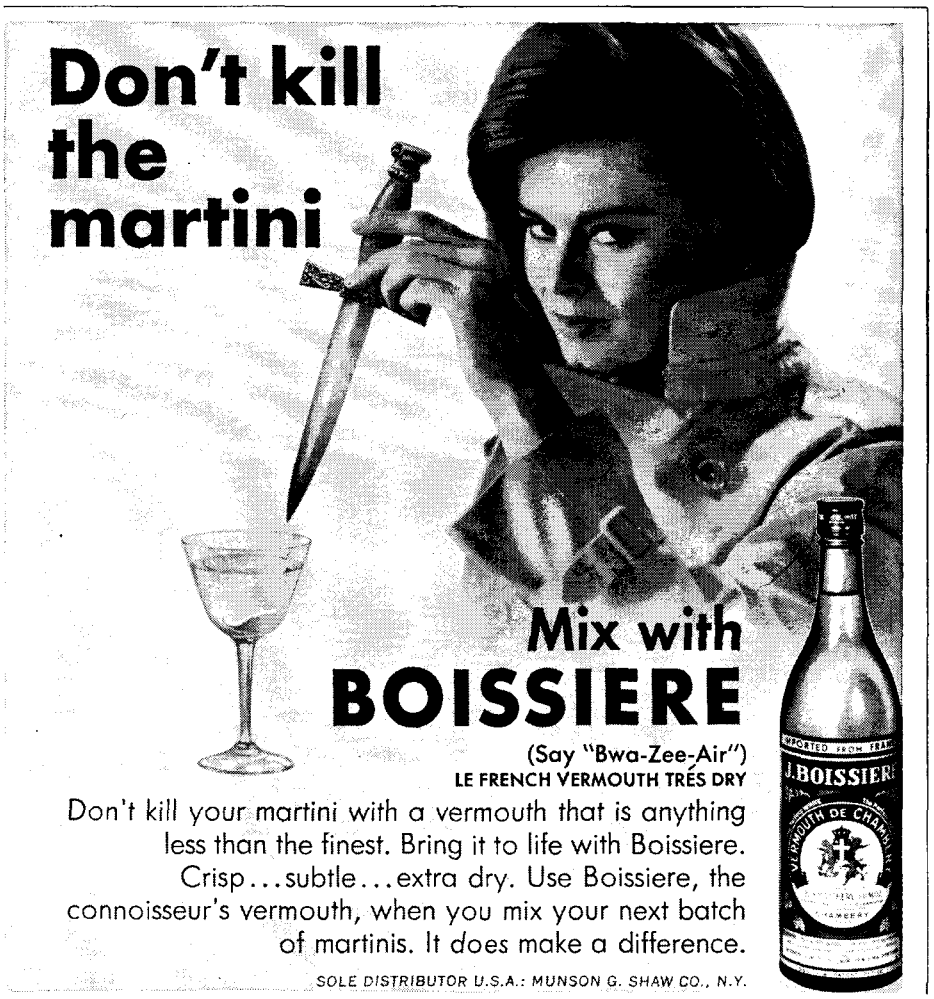
BURNS: We've been doing a little homework on you, Blankenship—particularly as concerns your actions on the night of August 23 last. Let's see if this little recap tallies with your memory. We have evidence that in the early evening of that day you did despatch a Mrs. Emma Swertson with a cleaver, with which implement you then proceeded to dismember and distribute her among the vicinities of various boroughs as follows. Two legs and part of the right arm were transported by subway to the Bronx and left in a vacant lot. The left arm was disposed of at Jones Beach, while the upper right arm and torso were discarded in a crudely secured parcel in a weed-grown section of Canarsie. It was now well after midnight, and you called an intermission in this pretty story to register at the Biltmore.

SUSPECT: Ah, de Biltmore chews out loud. I always stay at de Hilton.

BURNS: At the baggage desk of which you checked the head in a satchel, *à la* "Night Must Fall," before indeed retiring there, and not at the Biltmore at all—rather elementary device for throwing us off the trail. We picked it up again, however, well enough to be now absolutely certain about the bosky corner of Central Park in which you disposed of your final tidbit. On the basis of all of this, we can prefer a charge which I think we can make stick, Blankenship.

HAGGERTY: *Murder?*

BURNS: Oh, Haggerty, just what are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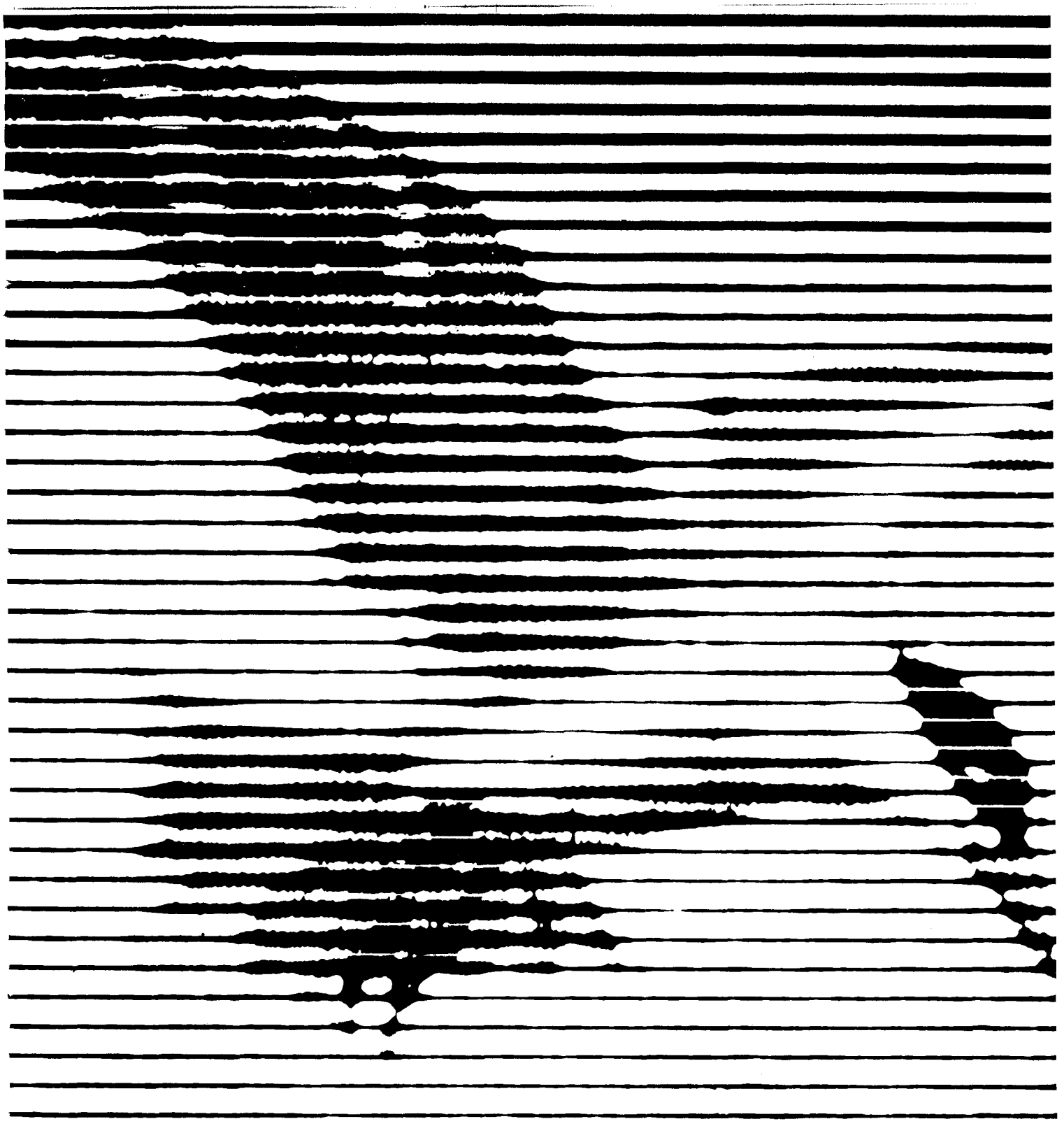

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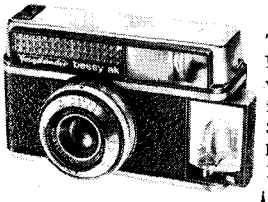

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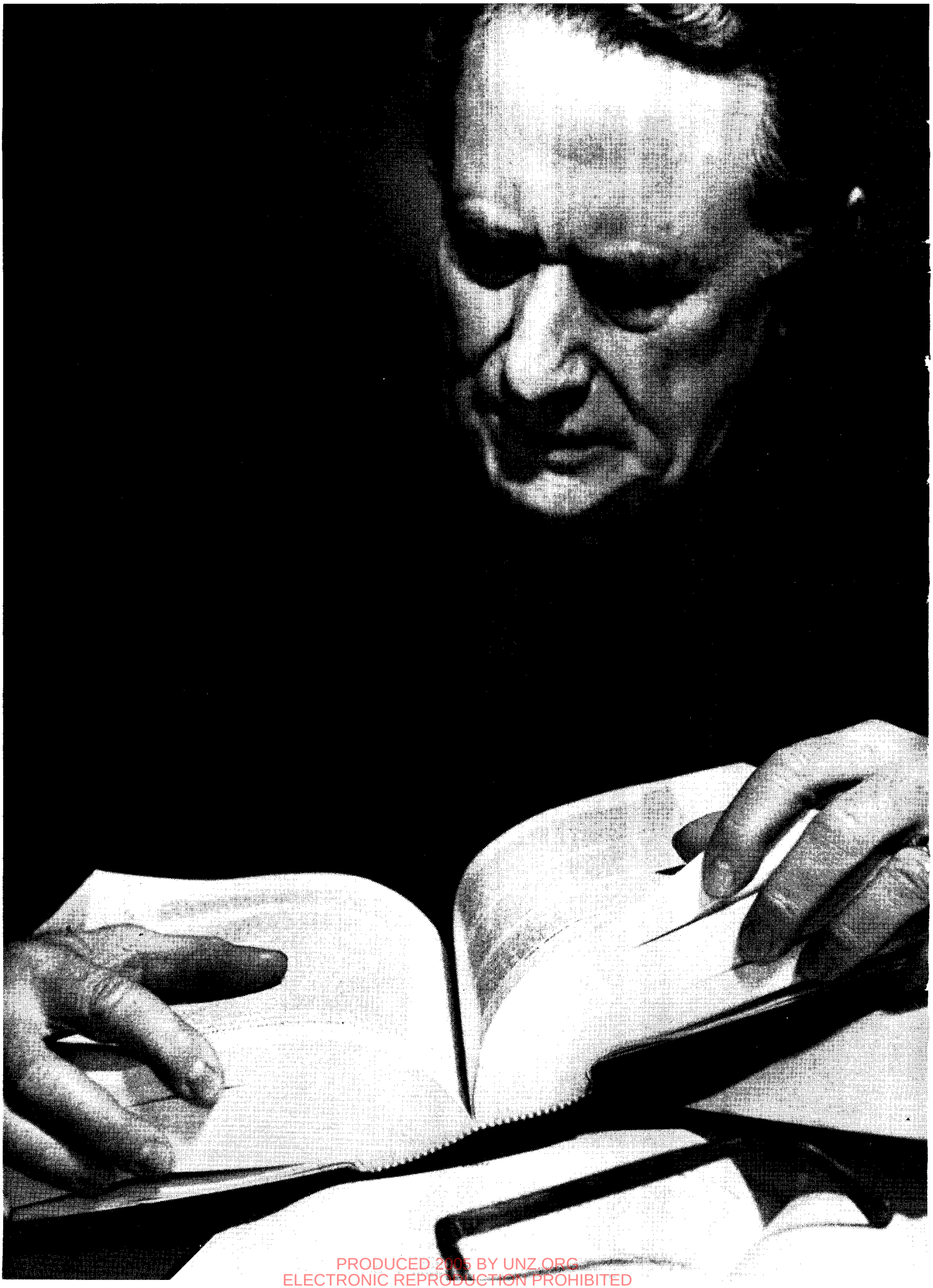

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The judge has a murderer in his hands and he can't touch him.

"In a Washington, D.C. courtroom, Federal Judge George L. Hart faced the jury and shook his finger angrily at 41-year-old James W. Killough, on trial for murder. 'On three separate occasions this man voluntarily confessed to foully killing his wife and throwing her body on a dump like a piece of garbage. He led police there. Yet the U.S. Court of Appeals has seen fit to throw the confessions out. Though it makes me almost physically ill, I must direct a verdict of acquittal. I feel I'm presiding not over a search for truth but over an impossible farce. We know the man is guilty, but we sit here blind, deaf and dumb. Tonight felons can sleep better.' "

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The Negro in northern schools. Stewart Alsop writes: "The attempt to integrate schools is an abysmal failure, and thus our urban civilization is dying as though of terminal cancer. The process starts with those sad, small children who do not speak the common tongue. It is a fact that the pathetic children of the migration to the north are turning big-city schools into a shambles." A revealing report, condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post.*

How Surveyor I sailed to the moon. "On June 2, 1966 an ungainly-looking man-made object, over ten feet tall, landed gently on the surface of the moon and proceeded to write a brilliant new chapter in space-age history." Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, President of the California Institute of Technology, watched the exploit from the control room, and tells the story of an astounding success.

"The Great Redwoods Controversy." To protect these awesome trees from alleged destruction, conservationists are urging the creation of a new national park—the most costly in our history. Is it necessary or desirable? The Digest presents the facts.

"Should Eye Doctors Sell Glasses?" In almost every state, oculists now "dispense"—at a profit—the goods they themselves prescribe. A documented report on a practice that raises serious questions of motive, ethics and conflict of interest.

Human reproduction: new facts. Laboratory scientists, studying the miracle of the beginning of life, are gathering information that may make it possible to plan families more precisely—as well as produce better human beings. A report from the frontiers of science.

"The Case for Year-round Schools." Closing down our schools for three months every summer may be a wasteful extravagance. A strong argument for changing the system, condensed from *The Saturday Review.* Also in the December issue are articles such as:

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Are We a Nation of Hoods?
Senator Richard Russell of Georgia
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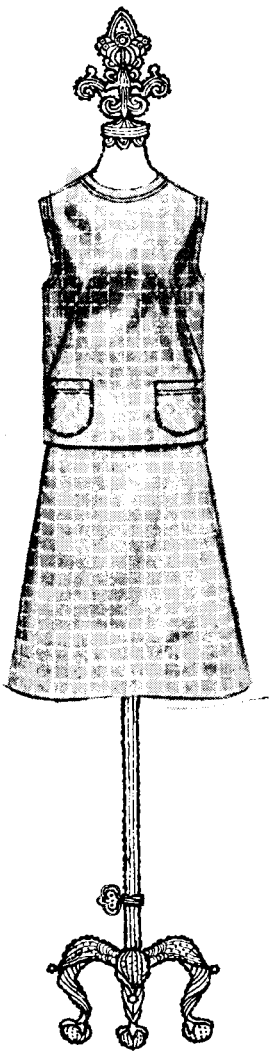

Thoroughbred

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you trying to prove? That you're still essentially a dreamer? Do you know how long we'll be here if we follow the procedural regulations on just the legal *preliminaries* to an *interrogation* on homicide?

HAGGERTY: I know. The paperwork alone knocks off an acre of Norwegian timber. Well, then—robbery? He took something of the victim's? Or stole the murder weapon?

BURNS: You're beginning to wear me thin, Haggerty. I'm talking about a show we can get on the road. No, this is a charge we can nail him with that I'm sure of.

HAGGERTY: That's a pretty large order, Burns. I give up. What?

BURNS: Littering!

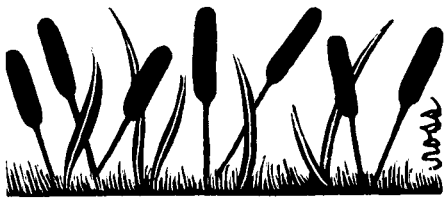
HAGGERTY: (*slapping his brow*) Of course!

BURNS: This is one rap you won't beat, Blankenship. We're tightening up plenty on this complaint. I got you in a bottle and you know it. You've committed a crime that's going to cost you a cool ten bucks.

SUSPECT: (*beginning to lose his confidence a little*) I can charge it, can't I?

BURNS: Naturally. We'll bill you in the usual way, and you'll have your choice of the customary easy installments. But in the end you're going to have to pay, Blankenship. And may God have mercy on your soul!

—PETER DEVRIES.



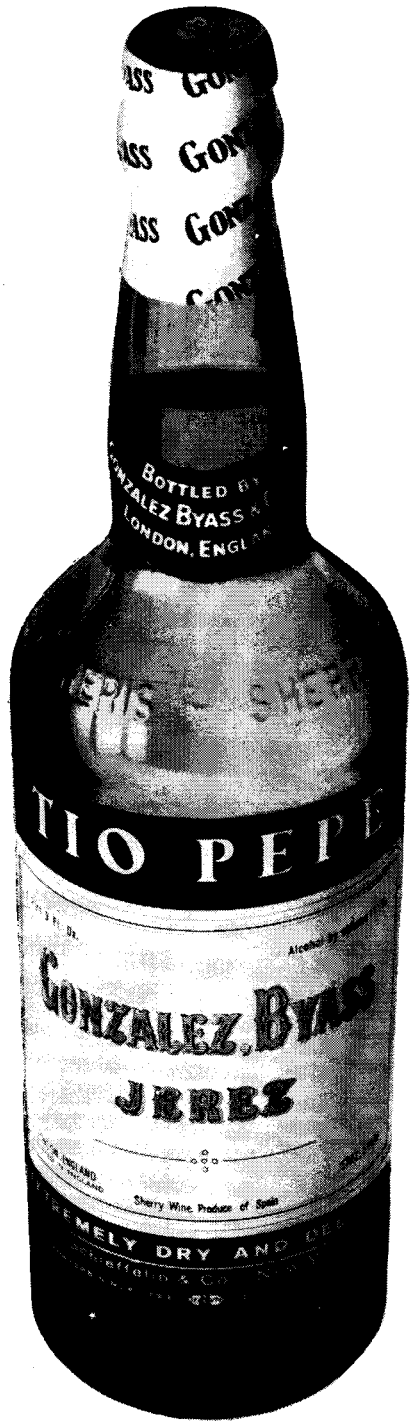
Lyrics from a Lived-in Life
Irwin Edman, Classmate

Albino poet,
He led the class
Tutoring mates
To help them pass.
By big things
He was seldom blinded,
With small things
He was absent-minded.
He'd bite his pen
Thinking it a pencil
And leave on his lips
A bluish stencil.
Was never sure
If he'd had his lunch,
He'd look at his watch
And eat by hunch.
The logic of this
Was quite unsound:
As often as not
His watch wasn't wound.

—HOWARD DIETZ.

Bullfighters drink Tio Pepe before bullfights.

After would be too late.



You don't drink the world's lightest, driest sherry after anything. You drink it before things. Meals, bullfights, etc.

Just like you don't drink heavy cream sherries before anything. You drink them after things. Meals, bullfights, etc.

Unless you're really a bullfighter.

Then, you might drink Tio Pepe before, and cream sherry in the hereafter.

Schieffelin & Co., New York.

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[How to get your children to fasten their Rover 2000 safety harnesses]

Tell them how you had to walk five miles to school, in the snow, and that you weren't *fortunate* enough to have a Rover 2000 T.C. Sports Sedan ( ); and that your every waking thought, yours and mommy's, is of them, and all you are working for is to give them the advantages you never had; and that if they don't

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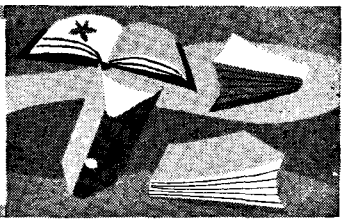
Trade Winds



A note from Arthur Skillern: "Most books seem to be reviewed by people who themselves have written books about identical subjects. Wouldn't it be nice, just once, to come across a review that said, 'Holy Mike, *this* book is better than *mine*!'"

A recent cover of the *Saturday Evening Post* featured an enormous swastika, with the line, "Auschwitz, the Agony of Judging Who Is Guilty." The lead story, by Sybille Bedford, was as ghastly and horrifying an account of brutality as could be unearthed anywhere.

On page 63 of the same issue appeared the annual statement of *Post* ownership, including the name, "Cary William Bok, of the Swastika Trust, Philadelphia." Cary Bok is the son of the late Edward Bok, once the distinguished editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, who married the daughter of Cyrus Curtis.

I remember that Edward Bok called his home Swastika, and I think he had the swastika emblem on the front door. But that was many, many years before the swastika had any Nazi significance. One wonders, however, if a man so well known as Cary Bok, identified with a company so well known as Curtis, should not by now have changed the name of his holding company.

Included in *Echoes of Revolt* (Quadrangle) are editorials, essays, short stories, poetry, cartoons, etc., from the radical *The Masses*, from its inception in 1911 to its demise half a dozen years later. Opening with a plea by Max Eastman for understanding (and concluding with an afterword by him), the book, compiled by University of Wisconsin history instructor William J. O'Neill, is a rousing record of that fiery organ of dissent and revolution that had a few thousand dedicated adherents and millions of passionate haters.

It is, in a way, the story of John Reed, Art Young, Emma Goldman, Floyd Dell, Upton Sinclair, and their cohorts, who fought wars against war, industry, censorship, conformity of almost every kind, against Christianity itself. It is a history of a struggle by violent nonconformists, of a magazine that, with my pro-everything-American sentiments, I would have despised. But I read every page of the book with fascination. Price $12.95—which would have tickled the anti-capitalist founders.

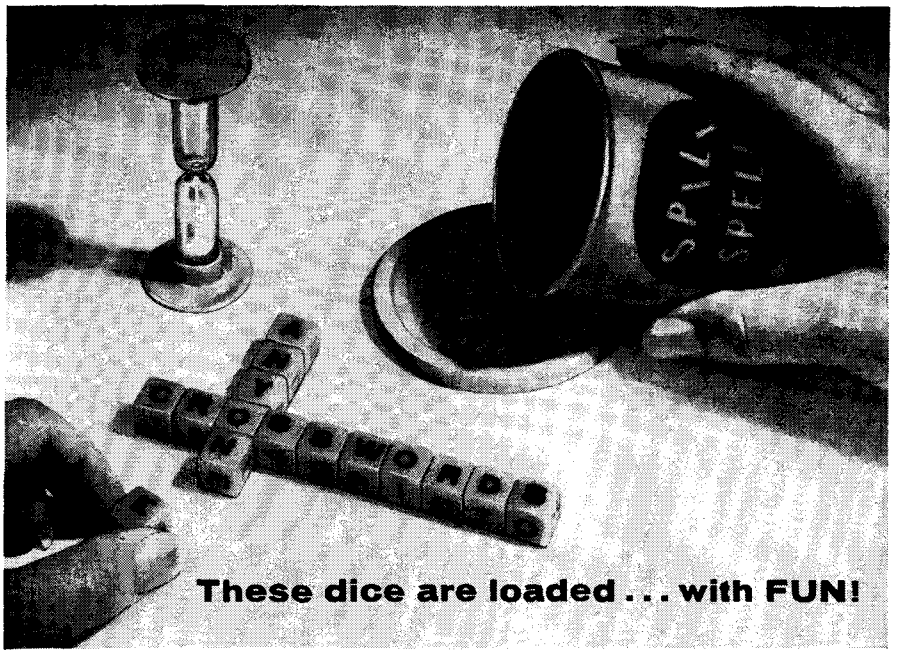
Another book, *Diary of an Art Dealer* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.95), begins in 1918, just after *The Masses* received its death sentence from the government and goes on to the beginning of World War II, when the author was put in a German concentration camp. It is the personal record kept by René Gimpel and concerns itself with most of the dominant figures in the world of art for the two decades of the note-keeping—the buyers and the dealers, the offers made and the prices paid; with the foibles and shrewdnesses of the rich, the work habits and social manners of the distinguished painters and sculptors; with the professional collectors and the amateurs; and with the private and public sales of pictures and books.

It is also a running account of world events of the period, of diplomats and bankers and society here and abroad, all related in a telescopic form that makes for quick and informative reading, even to someone like myself who is not an art connoisseur. It is a fine book for the Christmas stocking of any person who has any interest at all in the world of the Duveens, Berensons, Knoedlers, Wildensteins, Rothschilds, Fricks, and Morgans, and of the artists who commanded their attention and money.

Just on the market is the first item in a series called "Documents of History." The subject is Winston Churchill's youth, from 1874 to 1900, and it is based on the first volume of Randolph Churchill's biography of his father. The blurb states that it is "A Giniger Portfolio, Published in Association with University Microfilms, Inc., a Subsidiary of Xerox Corporation." It is copyrighted by C & T Publications, Ltd., and is offered here by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin. All of which is a bit complicated, but I suspect that Kenneth Giniger's is the ingenious mind behind it all.

The "portfolio," about 14¼ x 9¼ inches, is a laminated envelope containing fifteen facsimiles of photographs of Churchill's parents, of his baptism certificate, of letters to his mother, of his first army commission, etc. Also enclosed is a booklet offering quotations from Randolph's book.

An interesting venture, it seems to me, but unattractively presented. If only the envelope had more dignity to it, if the reproductions weren't so darned Xeroxy,



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One reason you can call so many people for so little money is that Western Electric is part of the Bell System.

Many Bell "telephone neighborhoods" have grown tremendously in 20 years. Then, less than half of the Bell System's customers could reach one or more exchanges by making a "local" call. Today, 9 out of 10 can do so. More than a third of the calls handled as long distance then now go through as local.

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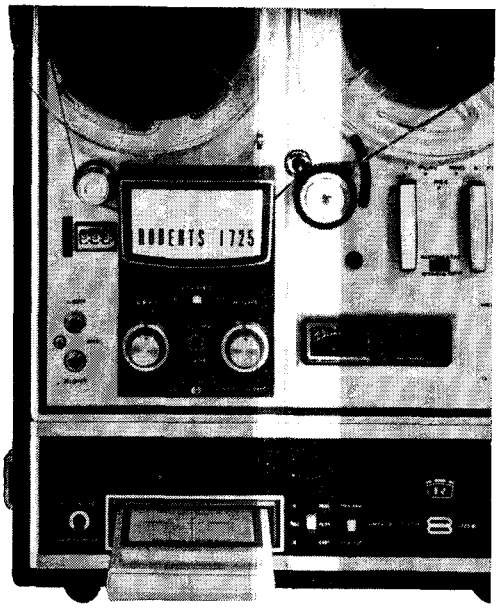

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—ESMOND WRIGHT, front page review, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

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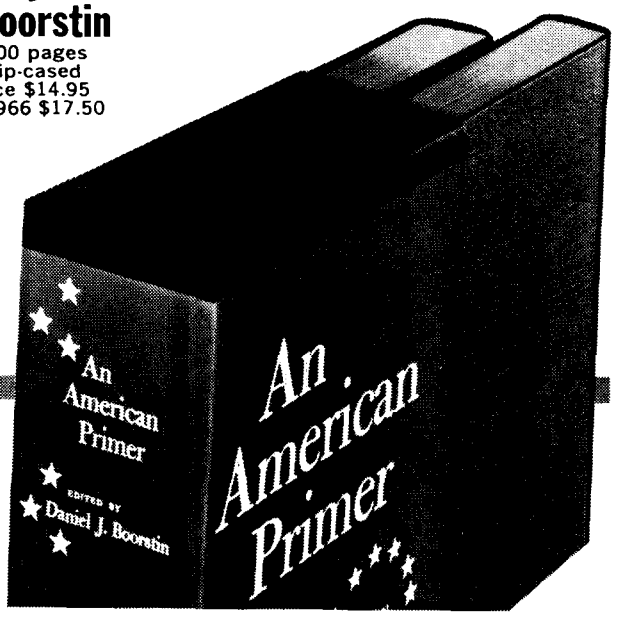

I think more people would pay $5 for it than the $3.75 that now is the indicated list price. In any case, here may be the beginning of something new and profitable for booksellers.

More verses about grammar, spelling, and punctuation continue to amble in. One called "Pluresy," submitted by Melanie Littleford, apparently has no known authorship:

We'll begin with a box and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
Then one fowl is a goose but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole set of mice,
Yet the plural of house is houses not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why should not the plural of booth be called beeth?
Then one may be that, and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural wouldn't be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats and not cose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say Mother, we never say Methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim.
So English, I fancy you all will agree,
Is the silliest language you ever did see.

Note to readers of TRADE WINDS of November 12: Stop nagging. There *will* appear here a list of words other than *cleave* that have conflicting definitions. Soon. —HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1704)

JOHN BOWEN:

SPEAKING OF BOOKS

(From *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, 9-4-66)

In writing a book or a play, ... often I have discovered, when the thing was done, that, just as in a dream, the work was the symbolic statement of an obsession, so that sometimes I have known more about my own nature than I knew when I began it.

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Prize for a sales contest?

To a starving farmer in an underdeveloped country this CARE wheel hoe is a symbol of self-preservation—and self-respect.

To people at INA—Insurance Company of North America—it's a symbol, too—a symbol of *giving* instead of *getting*.

Two INA traits, imagination and concern for others, are combined in a unique competition now in progress among INA people. It's a competition that rewards everyone participating with the satisfaction of helping others less fortunate. We call it INA's Friendship Program.

Under the Friendship Program, certain types of INA business insurance sold by INA agents and brokers earn CARE points for INA Service Offices. INA Service Offices in the United States and Canada compete—one with another—for the privilege of selecting and supporting specific CARE self-help projects. There are 44 offices; 22 competitions; not a single loser!

Unusual prizes for a sales contest? Not really. Not for a company whose *business* is helping people.

INA

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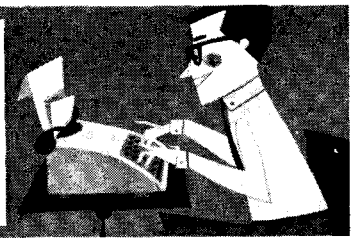
Top of My Head



Arms Against Venus

I'VE BEEN hesitant to get involved in this matter of topless attire. But it should be shown for the record that I think it's scandalous—the way these debutantes and their glamorous mothers appear at the various gala, social, charity ballrooms all over New York.

Fortunately, their scanty attire has been confined to publicity about the fashion pages. But the newspapers went all out and unconfined when a couple of hard-working waitresses in a hurry to get to their work forgot part of their wardrobe and introduced a uniform not exactly uniform to the ethics and code of our restaurants. A *mod vivendi* which created such a furor that the two waitresses were hauled off to headquarters and charged with indecent exposure.

Which logically proceeds to the next question—what is decent exposure? Is the mini-skirt decent exposure? Isn't a skirt which ends a foot—or at least a hand—above the knee more provocative? And yet on our streets and in our subways and buses they are accepted as *savoir-faire*. But let a waitress appear in a topless uniform and she is considered *carte blanche*, or *à la mode*, *soupe du jour*, or whatever the French is for the unfrocked feminine form.

In the interest of research I went to the restaurant to observe these waitresses. I couldn't get in. The tables were occupied by policemen. There was no room for a civilian. I wondered if that is what they mean by a police review board. And I wondered why some police weren't attending the crowded night clubs and film houses where for some time now the action really has been. Why the waitresses? Have they forgotten what the great poet said? "They also serve who only stand and wait." But then, Milton was blind, wasn't he?

When I was in San Francisco, where the topless waitress is an accepted part of the décor of the blue-plate crowd, I found myself dining at one of these restaurants. I can't say I was choked up about the experience.

In the first place, the service was slow. The lighting was atrocious. I couldn't see what I was eating. I couldn't see what I was seeing. And the air conditioning was so high it was freezing. I felt sorry for the waitresses. It recalled the working conditions of the girls in the early-day sweatshops. But in reverse. I remembered thinking the incidence of chest colds must be awfully high. As a matter of fact, all through dinner, globs of Vick's Vapo seemed to permeate the air.

I tried several other such bistros and found them all the same. The only Top still in existence in San Francisco was the Mark. And coming out of one place, I suffered the ignominy of finding a policeman putting a ticket on my car for double parking. I wasn't double parked at all. But to that cop on duty at that restaurant everything seemed double.

The Topless Waitress of San Francisco has become one of the sights for the tourist. The hills of San Francisco have always been renowned, just as is the Golden Gate Bridge. Of course, there is only one of those. At this writing.

The question now is whether New York is as sophisticated a metropolis as San Francisco. The prevailing fear in some quarters—headquarters, particularly—is that New York City will soon become too much like the center fold of *Playboy* magazine.

Irate citizens took up arms against what they envisioned as a sea of topless waitresses in all the restaurants. The topless waitresses stood firm. They insisted they were only hard-working girls. The police and other high-minded New Yorkers questioned the propriety of this new fad and asked if this would lead to fewer home-cooked meals. But no one asked the all important question: "Is the food in that restaurant any good?"

When the case of the missing bras burst forth on our unsuspecting town, Mayor John Lindsay seemed--and, I thought, appropriately – to treat it lightly. When asked what he thought about it, he replied he didn't know too much about it. "The cops got there first," he said.

But as it became apparent that this lack of apparel was going to become a hot issue, the mayor viewed it more soberly.

"This sort of thing appeals to the prurient," he exclaimed. "We do not need this in this town. It is a bad show. Who needs it?"

The prurient need it. That's who need it, Your Honor. Didn't you say during your campaign that New York is to be the Fun City, Your Highness—Your Majesty—sir?

—GOODMAN ACE.

"If you want to show how much you love me, would you do something about pollution?"

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You can't appreciate its true beauty until you lift the stopper.

Imperiale by Guerlain is a refreshing cologne with a citrus fragrance relished by men and women since the first brisk splash of it occurred in the Imperial Court. (Guerlain named it for Empress Eugénie and its antique bottle bears the distinctive bee design from the crest of Napoleon III.) $5 to $50 plus tax.

Guerlain

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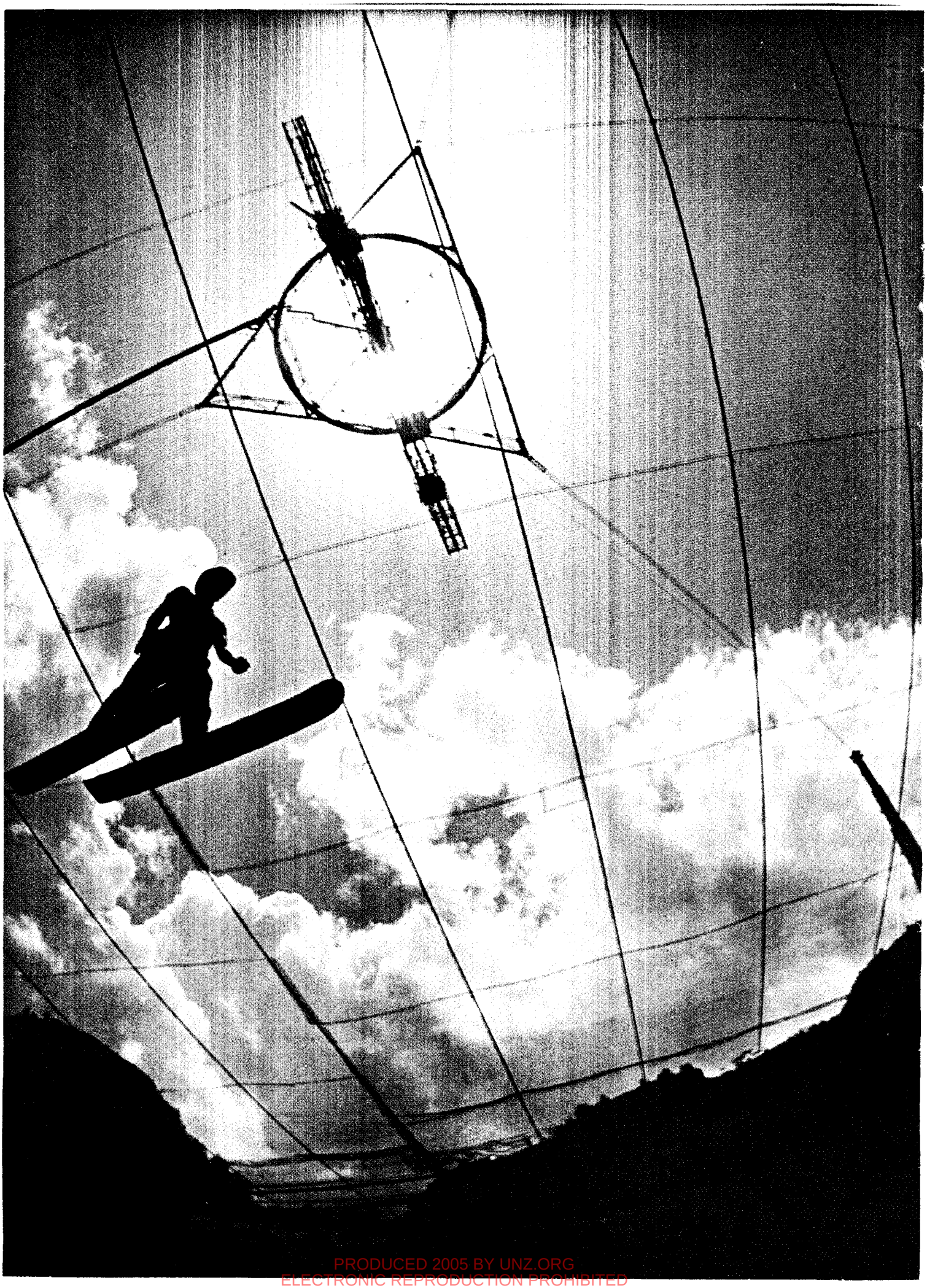

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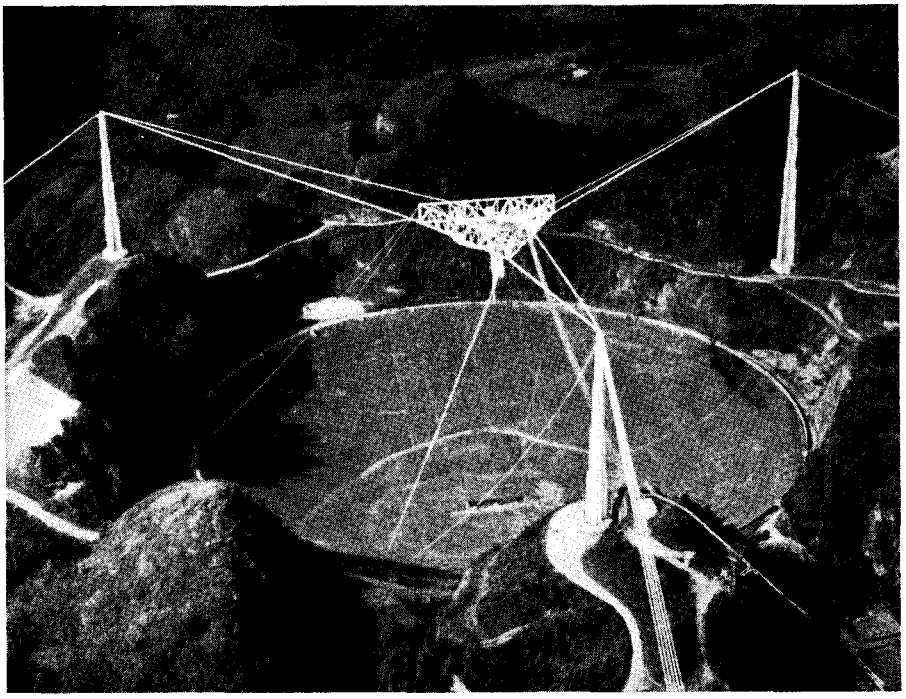
How did the world begin?

This giant telescope in Puerto Rico may bring you the answer within five years.

When Columbus set off to prove the Earth was round, he discovered Puerto Rico. Now scientists searching for still newer worlds are discovering the Commonwealth's unique radio-radar telescope. It may reveal how the world began. It may even tell when the world will end.



Arecibo Ionospheric Observatory fills natural "bowl," covers an area larger than 56 city blocks. Antenna, 435 feet above the ground, weighs twice as much as the Statue of Liberty.

THE telescope in our photograph is the world's biggest "ear." It could detect a bicycle as far from the Earth as the Moon.

This incredible instrument fills a valley near the port of Arecibo. It has been in operation only three years but already it's turning science topsy-turvy.

Open last year's encyclopedia and you will read that Venus revolves counter-clockwise like any normal planet. The Arecibo telescope showed that Venus revolves *clockwise*.

Turn to the chapter on Mercury and you will learn that this planet rotates on its axis in 88 days. Arecibo says 59 days.

At this minute, Puerto Rico's giant telescope may be tracking the plasma line in the ionosphere. Or jabbing radar blips *onto* the Moon to help space experts chart one complete hemisphere of the satellite.

> *Or it may be picking up radio emissions from objects far, far out on the very edge of the known universe.*

The Arecibo telescope is several times larger than any similar radio telescope. It lets astronomers "see" farther into space than man has ever seen before. And what it finds there may well be a picture of the universe as it existed near the time of its formation—because it has taken the radio emissions billions of years to reach Earth.

Some scientists theorize that the universe began with a big bang—about 12 billion years ago.

Many take the "big bang" theory one stage further. They claim that the universe also expands and contracts, like the beating of a mammoth heart.

With the information gathered day and night by the Arecibo telescope, astronomers may be able to confirm whether the "big bang" theory is correct, or whether a pulsating universe will one day collapse again.

If it's the "pulsating" theory, they can calculate when the world will end.

Probably 70 billion years from now.

Memo to astronomers: Puerto Rico has been called a "showcase to the new nations" because its experience in building an industrial society from scratch is available to anyone.

Likewise, any qualified scientist from any country may apply for time at the Arecibo telescope. Last year, scientists from France, Italy, India, Sweden and Australia came to Puerto Rico to pursue advanced studies at the telescope. Applications to Director, Arecibo Ionospheric Observatory, Arecibo, Puerto Rico.

Memo to vacationers: If you'd like to visit a spot where history is being made, the Arecibo Ionospheric Observatory is open to the public every Sunday between 2 and 4:30 p.m. Admission free. The Observatory is about 2½ hours by car from San Juan.

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico
ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT ADMINISTRATION
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- **Technician wears water skis** to walk across telescope reflector. This reflector receives radio signals measuring 1/1000 of a millionth of a millionth of a watt—yet it's made with *chicken wire*. The telescope is operated by Cornell University and sponsored by the U. S. Advanced Research Projects Agency.

PHOTOS BY TOM HOLLYMAN

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“This is my very first 35mm picture”

Mrs. M. Price, N.Y.C.

”

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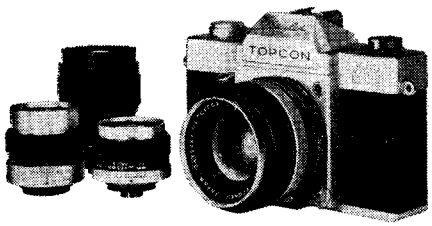

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business

THE GREAT MERCHANTS: America's Foremost Retail Institutions and the People Who Made Them Great. By Tom Mahoney and Leonard Sloane. Harper & Row. $6.95. Enlarged edition.

Fiction

FLIGHT FROM A FIRING WALL. By Baynard Kendrick. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

WINGS OF THE TIGER. By Carl Krueger. Frederick Fell. $5.95.

Government, Politics

THE FIRST NEW DEAL. By Raymond Moley with Elliot A. Rosen. Harcourt, Brace & World. $12.50.

THE POPULAR SOURCES OF POLITICAL AUTHORITY: Documents on the Massachusetts Constitution of 1780. Edited by Oscar Handlin and Mary Handlin. Harvard Univ. Press. $17.50.

History

ACROSS THE OCEAN SEA: A Journal of Columbus's Voyage. By George Sanderlin. Harper & Row. $4.95.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated by George Lawrence. Edited by J. P. Mayer and Max Lerner. Harper & Row. $15.

ENEMIES OF THE ROMAN ORDER: Treason, Unrest and Alienation in the Empire. By Ramsay MacMullen. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.95.

THE MASK OF JOVE: A History of Graeco-Roman Civilization from the Death of Alexander to the Death of Constantine. By Stringfellow Barr. Lippincott. $15.

International Affairs

SOVIET AND CHINESE COMMUNIST POWER IN THE WORLD TODAY. Edited by Rodger Swearingen. Basic Books. $3.95.

A WORLD OF NUCLEAR POWERS? By Alistair Buchan. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Literary History, Criticism

THE AMERICAN JOURNALISM OF MARX AND ENGELS. Edited by Henry M. Christman. New American Library. $6.95.

FAULKNER. Edited by Robert Penn Warren. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND ROMANTIC TRADITION. By Edwin M. Eigner. Princeton Univ. Press. $6.

Miscellany

AMERICAN HOME ALL-PURPOSE COOK BOOK. Edited by Virginia Habeeb and the Food Staff of *American Home* Magazine. Evans/Lippincott. $6.95.

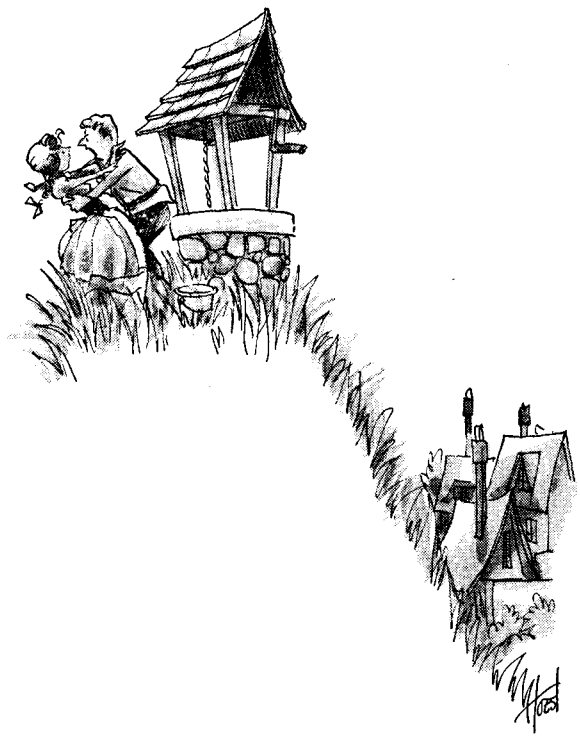
THE MASCULINE MYSTIQUE. By Robert Lipsyte. New American Library. $3.50.

Personal History

THE AMBERLEY PAPERS. Edited by Bertrand and Patricia Russell. Simon & Schuster. 2 Vols. boxed. $12.50. (Reissue.)

GEORGE C. MARSHALL: Ordeal and Hope, 1939-1942. By Forrest C. Pogue. Viking. $8.95.

JESSE JAMES WAS HIS NAME: Or, Fact and Fiction Concerning the Careers of the



“You didn't think I'd climb all the way up here just for a lousy pail of water, did you?”

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The sputter and snapping of sparks
from the stack of logs on the fire,
The crunching squeak of footsteps
on freshly fallen snow;
The gentle tinkle of angels
spun by flickering candles;
The exciting crackle of packages
wrapped in ribbon and foil.
Hoofs on a rooftop! Bells in the air!
The slap of small slippers
sneaking downstairs . . .
Warm sounds. Happy sounds.
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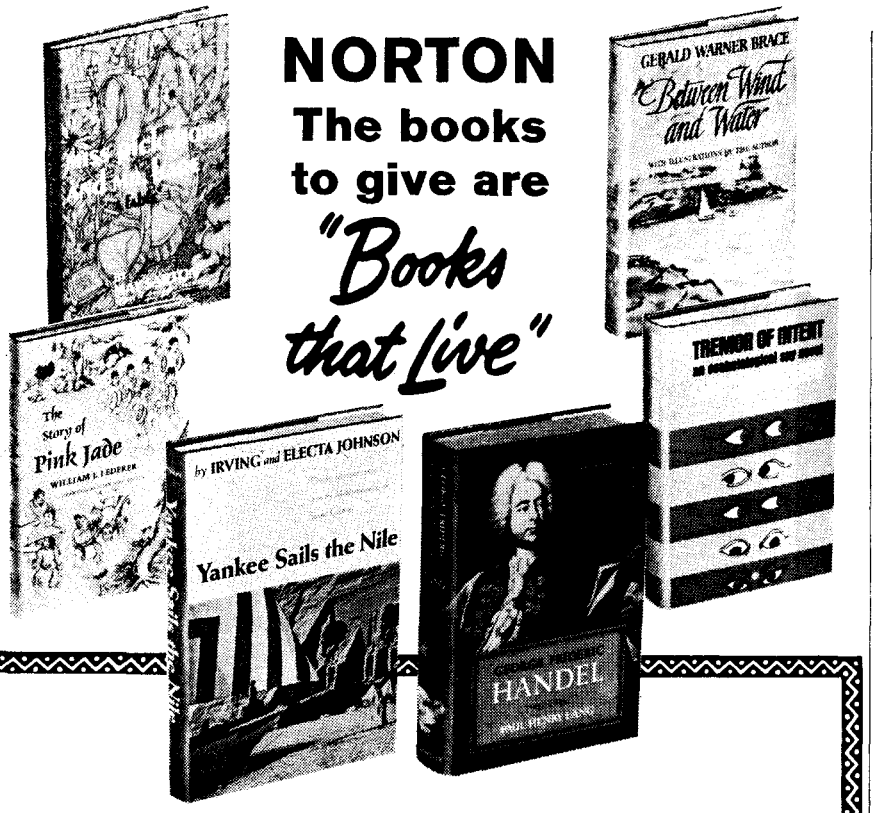

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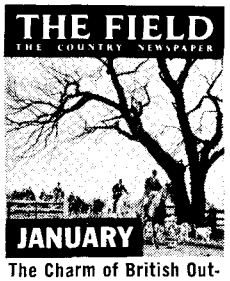

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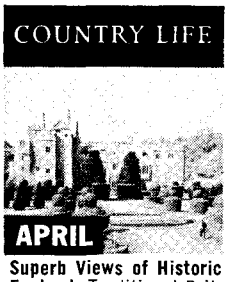

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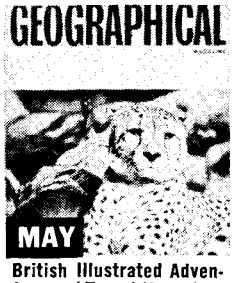

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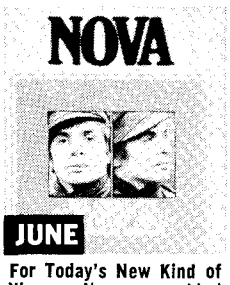

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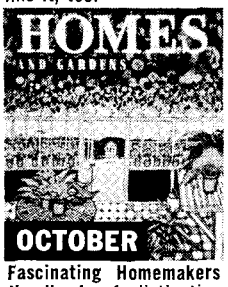

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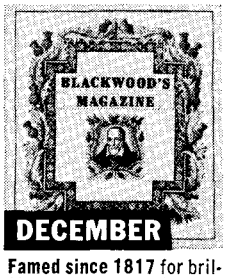

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Educating Chinese children about the "Long March"—"That Mao had to create the Red Guards shows clearly that the leadership was not able to win the majority of the youth."

CHINA: BEHIND THE UPHEAVAL

By HUGO PORTISCH

ON AUGUST 8, 1966, the Central Committee of the Communist party of China published its "Decision Concerning The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution." But the "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution" was already well underway. Tens of thousands of high school and university students had flooded Peking, Shanghai, Canton, Hangchow, Soochow, Shenyang, and other major Chinese cities. Red bands on their arms, red flags in their fists, they stormed some of the most treasured Chinese cultural sites, Buddhist temples, Protestant and Catholic churches; invaded the libraries; desecrated the graves of their ancestors. They smashed statues and crosses, burned Buddhas, and fed the flames with books.

"Smash the old to make room for the new," was their slogan. They burst into the homes of older fellow citizens, stuck on them such signs as I RESIST THE REVOLUTION and I AM A REACTIONARY BOURGEOIS, dragged them out and made them sweep the streets, cut off their hair, and jeered them. Then they plastered posters on thousands of houses and temples. The revolution needed targets and the revolution needed expression.

But were the students hitting the true targets, the targets the leadership had in mind? Chapter five of the "Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution" defined "the main targets of the present movement" as "those within the party who are in authority and are taking the capitalist road."

Who were they? Certainly not the poor creatures who were forced to sweep the streets. No, the main targets were "those within the party," in particular those "who are in authority"—the leaders and the heroes, who were applauded by the masses yesterday and probably still are today. *They* were blamed for "taking the capitalist road." It sounded ridiculous, but this was serious. The Chinese Communist party, like all Communist parties, has a fixed terminology. For years, when the CCP talked of "those revisionists who are taking the capitalist road," it meant the leadership of the Communist party of the Soviet Union. Now, the reference clearly is to Chinese leaders sympathetic to Soviet views and opposed to the present policy of more powerful leaders within the party.

Why voice such risky views? Chinese leadership opposed Soviet leadership

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Hugo Portisch is editor-in-chief of Vienna's largest newspaper, *Kurier*, and author of the book *Red China Today* (Quadrangle), which is based on extensive travel within China [see *SR*, April 30, July 2]. For his reporting on China and Vietnam, Portisch this year was awarded the Karl Renner Prize, Austria's equivalent of a Pulitzer. (For other photos of China see "Riboud's Camera Covers China," page 89.)

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for the first time in the late 1950s. The Soviet Union recalled its experts and advisers from China, Soviet aid was stopped, and great segments of the Chinese economy came to a standstill. Heavy industry had been almost entirely dependent on Soviet machinery and parts, Soviet maintenance, and Soviet advice. I realized what a blow Soviet withdrawal had been to China when I visited Northeast China's industrial belt (formerly Manchuria) and saw the steel mills, tool factories, automobile factories, a railcar workshop, and other newly erected workshops in which the heavy machinery was missing. There were huge Soviet engines from which the Soviet technicians had removed vital parts, and other machinery that had broken down because of the lack of spare parts. These were common sights in these factories, and the Chinese seemed almost proud of it: "See for yourself what the Soviet traitors have done to us."

"New revolutionary" art—Included are portraits of Mao Tse-tung in needlepoint.

CHINA since then has recuperated to a certain extent. But only because the leadership has diverted the country's resources and the small amount of capital there was from heavy industry to agriculture and, at best, to small consumer-goods factories. It is significant that China has not been able to introduce a new Five-Year Plan for the development of its economy since 1960, when the last plan fell to pieces because of the "Great Leap Forward" and the breach with the Soviet Union. The fact that a Communist state is being run without a state plan is flagrant proof of the disruption of its industrial development.

There must have been leaders within the party who challenged the wisdom of the policy that led China into this dilemma. The answer for them could only have been to seek reconciliation with the Soviet Union and to give in to the "revisionist" point of view. In other words, there were those who wanted to take the capitalist road. (The Soviets, in the opinion of Mao Tse-tung, are taking the capitalist road by trying to raise the living standard of their people, by giving them personal property, and by introducing material incentives.)

But chapter five of the decision of the Central Committee also mentions two other categories of people who must be destroyed by the cultural revolution: "The reactionary bourgeois scholar despots" and the so-called "authorities." Who are they?

Of the people I have met in China, *they* impressed me the most. They are well educated—many are graduates of American universities — matter-of-fact, know their business, and talk about "taking the realistic view"; they run the economy and most of the educational system. They are not the leaders of the party, but they were the organizers of China—the managers, the technicians, the scientists, and the professors.

Of course they acknowledged the leadership of the party and knew their Marxist and Maoist phrases, but they talked business. They had to face what they called the "concrete conditions," which they described as "backward," "poor," "inadequate." Although they did not say so, it was clear to me that they did not agree with the priority of the party's ideology over the economy and over well established economic laws. On the other hand, when I visited the Teachers' College of Peking University I was surprised to learn that not one of their fifty-eight full professors had been appointed by the Communist regime. All had been professors at the college before the Communist takeover and all were still teaching. They, too, knew their Marxist and Maoist phrases and stressed that they were in full agreement with the party. But one had only to look into their faces to recognize their humanitarian spirit and scholarly backgrounds.

When I read about the secondary targets of the Cultural Revolution, I knew who was meant by "reactionary bourgeois scholar despots" and other "authorities": all those who are in leading positions and who deny the priority of ideology over the first needs of the country. They are a challenge to the leadership also because they, too, are not convinced that the economy or the edu-

Indoctrination through newspapers — "The Chinese leaders . . . have always distrusted the people and been afraid . . . they would slip back into 'old habits.'"

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Member of youth corps—"The Red Guards were created as a Communist élite that fights harder than ordinary members of the Youth League."

Children in Red Guard demonstration —Schools were closed for six months as part of the Cultural Revolution.

Busts of Mao have replaced traditional home altars.

cational system can be run on the "thoughts of Mao Tse-tung" alone.

The Military Museum in Peking has an American-built U-2 airplane on display. When I was there the guide explained that this U-2 had been shot down by anti-aircraft fire. By the end of last August, tourists who visited this museum were being told by the guide that it was the "thoughts of Mao" that had enabled the soldiers to down the airplane. Nobody could get the guide to admit that some kind of mechanical device must have been used to do the shooting. In other words, the priority of Mao's thinking had to be imposed on everybody and on everything. The scholar despots and other "authorities" had to be put away in order to establish this priority.

But the resistance the party met within the economy, and most probably also within the educational system, cannot alone account for the growing conflict in its higher ranks. There have been other important and terribly disillusioning setbacks.

WHEN I was in China one poster dominated all the others: It showed the faces of five people—a Chinese, a European, an Arab, a Negro, and a Latin American who looked like Castro. The slogan beneath it read: PROLETARIANS OF ALL COUNTRIES UNITE AGAINST THE COMMON ENEMY — very distinctly expanding the old Marxist slogan, PROLETARIANS OF ALL COUNTRIES UNITE, to stress "against the common enemy." The term *common enemy* refers to what the Chinese Communists call "imperialists" and "neocolonialists." The slogan expresses the hope that Chinese spiritual and material support will spark the struggle for liberation all over the world, that the war of liberation in Vietnam will not remain an isolated affair.

Around this aim China's foreign policy was shaped. Not the Soviet Union but China has to emerge as the leading force within the world Communist camp; not the Soviet Union as a European power but China, as the greatest power within the developing world, has to take the lead in what Peking expects to be the big struggle between the haves and the have-nots. The Soviets were blamed for being the supporters of the neocolonialists, the conspirators working hand in glove with the imperialists. They were already a part of the "common enemy."

The stage was set for China to challenge the Soviet Union as well as the Western world. It was at China's instigation that a summit conference of almost all Afro-Asian countries was scheduled in Algiers in the spring of 1965. Algerian President Ben Bella was expected to be a sympathetic host. The declared aim of the Chinese was to emerge from this conference as the leading power of the Afro-Asian camp, as it was China's declared aim to have the Soviet Union ousted from this camp by majority vote. While Premier Chou En-lai and Foreign Minister Chen Yi were on their way to Algiers, Ben Bella was toppled by a military coup. The Afro-Asian Summit Conference never took place.

This blow had been preceded, in April 1964, by the annexation of Zanzibar by Tanganyika. (It had been intended that Zanzibar would become a Chinese Cuba off the east coast of Africa.) At about the same time that Ben Bella fell, the Chinese-oriented rebels in the Congo were defeated. Next came President Nkrumah of Ghana. On the day he arrived in Peking for an important state visit he was stripped of power by a military revolt in Ghana. In Kenya, China's strongman, Odinga Oginga, lost his job and disappeared.

China's setbacks in Asia were even greater. In the autumn of 1965 Pakistan and India went to war, the Pakistanis with the reassurance that China would stand by and intervene if help were needed. This help was needed. China issued an ultimatum to India. India ignored the ultimatum. China issued a second ultimatum. Again India ignored it. China gave up. Obviously, its military leaders had advised their government not to risk a direct confrontation with an India that was supported by the West as well as by the Soviet Union. China's weakness became obvious.

WHAT an opportunity for the Soviet Union! Soviet Premier Kosygin invited the leaders of Pakistan and India to come to Tashkent and make peace. The Soviet Union thus emerged not only as a peace-making power but as a leading Asian power challenging China's claim to leadership of the Afro-Asian camp.

This was not the biggest disaster of Chinese foreign policy in Asia. At almost the same time, the Communist party of Indonesia — the strongest Communist force outside the Soviet Union and China—was blamed for igniting a revolution in that country and was crushed by the Indonesian Army. The Indonesian Communists' influence on President Sukarno had been considerable. On the advice of Peking, Indonesia had been the first and only country to leave the United Nations, and was about to form the nucleus of a new, Chinese-inspired United Nations of colored peoples.

So China lost her strongest and most reliable ally in Asia. The hope of having Vietnam outflanked by Indonesia was gone; the pincer movement to encircle Southeast Asia had failed.

This is one disastrous aspect of Chinese foreign policy in recent years. The other is China's failure to win more Communist parties to support China's

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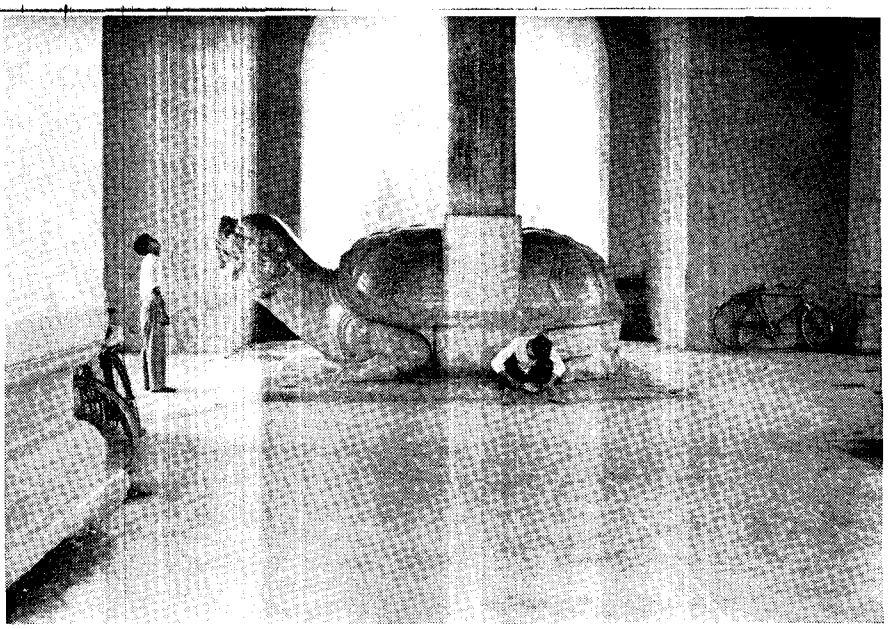
ideological fight against the Soviet Union. With the exception of tiny Albania, no other Communist state has supported China wholeheartedly. And lately even those who were careful to take a neutral position in the Peking-Moscow conflict have turned their backs on China—among them, Cuba and even North Korea. The Communist parties in Japan, New Zealand, Australia, and—if one reads the signs correctly—even in North Vietnam have slowly but inevitably changed their attitude toward China and taken a more favorable view of the Soviets.

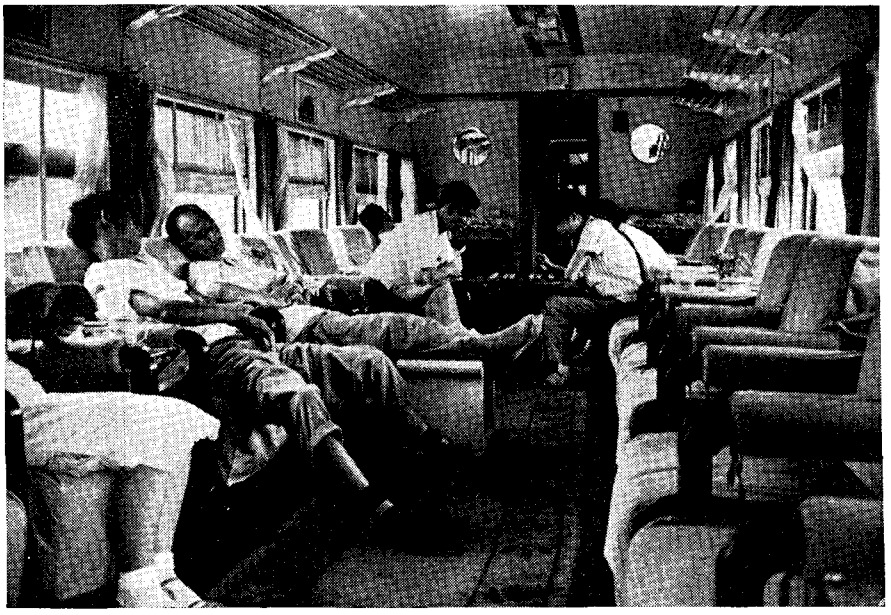
But the grimmest of all aspects for China has been the war in Vietnam. China has tried everything possible to keep the United States out of this war. In 1961, when President Kennedy let the Chinese know that American troops would intervene in Laos if China did not support an immediate truce in that country, the Chinese gave in within days --a definite sign that the Chinese wanted to keep America out of that area.

China at that time must have hoped that the Communists in Vietnam would be able to conquer South Vietnam by guerrilla warfare, without American intervention—again a grave miscalculation. The United States intervened and escalated the war. China, which again and again had pledged to come to the aid of the Vietnamese, was not able or willing to do so. A few hundred protests were launched by the Chinese government; a few thousand promises were made to the Vietnamese. But China did not live up to any of the major ones. The United States is frustrated by the Vietnamese war, but it is a good guess that the frustration over the Vietnam war in Peking must be even greater.

IT is not difficult to imagine how the leaders of the Chinese army must have reacted to this foreign policy. Confronted with the danger of a big war with the United States, they must have advised the government leadership to bring China into position to go to war. In 1950, when Chinese troops intervened in Korea, China was in such a position. It had the nuclear protection of the Soviet Union and the full support of the Soviet armament industry; China got the planes it needed and the fuel to keep them in the air; it got modern weapons for Chinese "volunteers" in Korea. The Soviet Union's role as a protecting power forced U.N. troops not to take any action which could bring the Soviets into the war. President Truman relieved General MacArthur of his command because the general had his mind set on bombing Chinese territory. What a change has taken place! Now, China's breach with the Soviet Union denies it Soviet protection, arms, fuel, trucks, and planes; and China's industry—despite



Ming tomb, one of many sites protected from damage during demonstrations—"Valuable symbols of China's heritage were walled in and occupied by army units to prevent their destruction. The Central Committee clearly was in full control."



Luxury rail car for foreigners and high party functionaries—One of the symbols of privilege at which the revolution is aimed.

Teachers' College of Peking University—"Reactionary bourgeois scholar despots" were a target, but the party advised that "special care" be taken of scientists.

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the nuclear test explosions—remains unable to support modern warfare.

The military leaders of China must have asked the government to seek reconciliation with the Soviet Union to end China's isolation from the "great Socialist camp" and to ascertain the possibilities of Soviet support. Here again, then, are "those in authority who are taking the capitalist road"—this time high military leaders who turned "revisionist" because they could not believe that China's ambitious aims could be realized by "Mao Tse-tung's thoughts" alone.

The pressure on the leadership to change China's policy toward the Soviet Union must have been considerable. In the economic field, in foreign policy, and in military strategy nothing has seemed to work as long as China has stood apart from the Soviet Union. But to ask Mao Tse-tung to end his conflict with Moscow has been regarded as complete heresy.

What would ending this conflict mean?

MAO and his closest comrades strongly believe that they alone have formed the ideology of Marx and Lenin into the tool which will change humanity. Most important, they believe they have detected and developed a short-cut to transforming underdeveloped countries into Communist states that bypasses nationalism, capitalism, and the need for industrialization before the society can be changed into a genuine Communist community.

Starting from the fact that two-thirds of humanity still are living in poverty in underdeveloped lands, the Chinese have pronounced once again that their way of practicing Marxism-Leninism is the only way to save the world and destroy capitalism and imperialism. Mao alone is the only true heir of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin; his ideology and its practical use are far superior to what the Soviets are able to comprehend and put into practice. What happens in the Soviet Union is, in the eyes of the Chinese leaders, perfect proof that Soviet Communism will destroy itself and the Soviet Union will perforce slip back into a bourgeois way of life, ending with the restoration of capitalism. It is therefore the stated belief of Chinese leaders that the command of the world Communist camp must be entrusted to them, and that it is their mission to save Communism from degeneration and to fight—if necessary for decades—against "revisionism."

This Chinese view was clearly stated in the "Nine Answers" of the Chinese Communist party to the "Leadership of the Communist party of the Soviet Union." The Chinese leaders have thus set a course of no compromise with "Soviet revisionism" and have proclaimed that they will go it alone.

Their going it alone has brought about all the difficulties described above. The discussion of the advisability of this course lasted from October 1965 to August 1966 and it must have been violent. Faced with the choice of overcoming its economic difficulties, its failures in foreign policy, and its setbacks within the world Communist camp by giving in to the "revisionist" point of view, or standing firm and keeping all claims to leadership and priority in ideology, Mao Tse-tung has chosen the latter way. This is not so surprising if one knows that Communists as such and the Chinese in particular don't consider a few decades of economic disaster or a few generations' being deprived of well-being as very important as long as the ultimate accomplishment of their aim is safeguarded, i.e., a classless society and a Communist economy spread all over the world.

There is also a genuine national power-struggle between China and the Soviet Union. The Chinese claim that the Russian Czars—as imperialists—penetrated Asia and annexed huge parts of China in the past century. While the Japanese, the British, the French and the Germans, who did the same thing, have given up their possessions in Chinese territory, the Russians are still there. Furthermore, because of these former imperialist conquests the Soviet Union today claims to be an Asian power and, being stronger than China, successfully challenges China's pretension to being Asia's leading force. A part of this struggle can also be seen clearly against the background of the Vietnam war. To give in to the "revisionist" point of view under these circumstances would mean that China would acknowledge the national superiority of the Soviet Union and follow her leadership.

China's fight against revisionism has two fronts: one directed against Soviet revisionism, the other against revisionism within China. The Chinese leaders, being relatively old and isolated from the masses, have always distrusted the people and been terribly afraid that as soon as they closed their eyes the Chinese would slip back into "old habits" and again develop strong individualism, humanitarianism, and what is termed "spontaneous capitalist-notions." This, again, is typical Chinese thinking: All of China's imperial dynasties, which usually came to power by war and revolution, believed they had found the answer to China's problems. Their reigns were often most efficient for three generations; then they started to degenerate, bearing in themselves the seed of destruction. Fear that the Communist rule might have to share this fate haunts the Chinese leadership. That fear has been clearly stated again and again in speeches and editorials. The leaders have never ceased campaigns to wipe out "old habits," to root out bourgeois tendencies, and to fight revisionism.

Such campaigns have been introduced a number of times, always as part of the "continuous class struggle," and always with standard doctrines for such campaigns. One is that "aimed terror" is the best tool with which to achieve success in class struggle. A cam-

Students study Mao's teachings—"It seems as if the Chinese leadership is trying to escape the problems of foreign policy and military strategy by stressing its ideological tasks within China."

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paign must start as a mass movement, spreading fear and terror all over the country. Those who still have their reservations toward Communism, those with a tendency to slip back into "old ways" of thinking and acting, those whose minds have not yet been completely penetrated by Mao's teachings, will be paralyzed by fear and soon come into the open hoping that a voluntary confession will save their jobs and their lives. To achieve this result the wrath of the masses must be genuine. Under the screen of this wrath, at that time it will be easy to eliminate those "who are in authority and are taking the capitalist way."

Though the movement as such and the mechanics behind it are not new to China, nevertheless the Cultural Revolution differs somewhat from earlier movements of its type. In the past, the party and the Communist Youth Movement had to carry the campaign. In the "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution" these instruments did not seem reliable enough and the Communist Youth Organization was not entrusted with any part of the upheaval. Instead, for the first time, the masses have been urged to detect traitors within the party and unmask revisionists in the cadres. A new organization popped up: the Red Guards. Marshal Lin Piao, China's defense minister, became its head. All its other leaders belonged to a factional hard core of the party, and they were called to direct the revolution against another party faction as well as against the military leadership.

It is remarkable that Mao did not trust the Communist Youth Movement. When I was in China it was pointed out to me by many Communist functionaries that China's youth was "in danger." The editor of the Central Organ of the Youth League told me that one of the main aims of the Youth Movement was to fight those youngsters who had revisionist ideas, who tried to take it easy, who were slack in their class struggle, who strived for material aims, and engaged in religious activities, which he called "superstitions."

FOR the past three years the Communist papers have published one editorial after another urging the youth to "keep the red banner up" and to engage in a "Long March" which will steel them and teach them to be true revolutionaries. It was terribly hard, I was told, to make the youth realize that Marxism, on the one hand, promises a life in plenty but that, on the other hand, nobody should set his heart on material goods. I have seen half a dozen Chinese movies and plays which dealt with this problem and, surprisingly enough, could not offer a solution. Material incentives were granted but under the condition that they should not be looked upon as such.

That Mao had to create the Red Guards shows clearly that the leadership was not able to win the majority of the youth, or at least that he did not trust the Youth League. The Red Guards were created as a Communist élite that fights harder than the ordinary members of the Youth League.

It was also no accident that the Cultural Revolution got out of hand. The Central Committee of the party was clearly in full control. In its August 8 decision it said:

> In such a great revolutionary movement it is hardly avoidable that there should be shortcomings of one kind or another. . . . Since the Cultural Revolution is a revolution, it inevitably meets with resistance. This resistance comes chiefly from those in authority who have wormed their way into the party and are taking the capitalist road. It also comes from the old force of habit in society. . . . Because the resistance is fairly strong, there will be reversals and even repeated reversals in this struggle. There is no harm in this. It tempers the proletariat and other working people, and especially the younger generation; teaches them lessons and gives them experience; and helps them to understand that the revolutionary road is a zigzag one and not plain sailing.

Point four of the Decision read:

> In the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the only method is for the masses to liberate themselves, and any method of doing things on their behalf must not be used. Trust the masses, rely on them, and respect their initiative. Cast out fear. Don't be afraid of disorder. Chairman Mao has often told us that revolution cannot be so very refined, so gentle, so temperate, kind, courteous, restrained and magnanimous. Let the masses educate themselves and learn to distinguish between right and wrong and between correct and incorrect ways of doing things.

This is exactly what they had formerly termed the "aimed terror."

Travelers who had been in China in August and September this year reported that many monuments, temples, and other valuable symbols of China's heritage had been walled in and occupied by army units to prevent their destruction by the wrath of the masses. Big posters on these sites ordered the Red Guards to stay out. Other sites, such as the White Pagoda in Peking's Pei Hai Park, or the San Tsien Tien temple in Souchow, or the temple district of Hangchow, were left to destruction. Peking's Forbidden City, the Museum of Chinese History, and the Temple of Heaven were strongly protected. Even in this movement—"let the masses educate themselves"—there has been guidance.

Chapter twelve of the Decision of the Central Committee points out:

> As regards scientists, technicians and ordinary members of working staffs, as long as they are patriotic, work energetically, are not against the party and socialism, and maintain no illicit relations with any foreign country [AUTHOR'S NOTE: *including the Soviet Union!*] we should in the present movement continue to apply the policy of "unity, criticism, unity." Special care should be taken of those scientists

(For additional photos of China see "Riboud's Camera Covers China," on page 89.)

(*Continued on page* 100)

Factory tour—Students now are asked to do "practical work."

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ALL THE OLYMPIANS

By FRANK O'CONNOR

NOBODY will ever understand much about modern Irish literature who does not grasp the fact that one cannot really deal with any of its three great writers – William Butler Yeats, John Millington Synge, and Augusta Lady Gregory–in isolation. Synge and Lady Gregory are as much part of Yeats's life work as are Yeats's plays, and until his death he proudly linked their names with his own. They are converts, not imitators, and what they share with him is a religion as much as an esthetic. The death of Synge came very close to being the end of the others as writers: Yeats's work between 1909 and his marriage is the least important part of his output, and all Lady Gregory's best work was written during Synge's lifetime. In many ways she was temperamentally closer to him than she was to Yeats, and in a peculiar way he seems to have acted as a challenge to her.

It is because the relationship of the three was a conversion rather than a conspiracy that it does not really affect the originality of Synge and Lady Gregory. That it was a true conversion we can see if we consider what they were like about the year 1895. Lady Gregory was a London literary hostess who seemed to model herself on Queen Victoria. In 1886 the English poet Scawen Blunt wrote of her:

> It is curious that she who could see so clearly in Egypt, when it was a case between the Circassian pashas and the Arab fellahin, should be so blind now that the case is between English landlords and Irish tenants in Galway. But property blinds all eyes, and it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an Irish landlord to enter the kingdom of Home Rule. She comes of a family, too, who are bitter Protestants, and has surrounded herself with people of her class from Ireland, so that there is no longer room for me in her house.

Synge was a shy and sickly young man who was quietly starving in a Paris attic, producing badly written little articles that editors fought shy of. A couple of years later the London hostess was hard at work learning Irish, writing down folk stories in the cottages of the poor peasants she had cut Blunt for trying to assist, and indeed was being restrained only by Yeats himself from turning Catholic as well. Synge, dressed in homespuns, was living a comfortless life on a barren island on the edge of Europe. The conversion was complete, but within, both remained very much what they had always been.

Not that I find Synge very easy to understand either before or after conversion. Yeats's autobiography, Lady Gregory's journals, George Moore's gossip, Professor Greene's *Life*, Dr. Henn's criticism – all leave him completely opaque to me. The only passage I can think of that suggests a real man is in Miss Walker's reminiscences:

> At the first opportunity, he would lever his huge frame out of a chair and come up on the stage, a half-rolled cigarette in each hand. Then he would look inquiringly round and thrust the little paper cylinders forward towards whoever was going to smoke them. In later years he became the terror of fire-conscious Abbey stage managers. He used to sit timidly in the wings during plays, rolling cigarettes and handing them to the players as they made their exits.

At least, the shy man in that little sketch is alive, even if one cannot exactly see him as author of *The Playboy of the Western World.*

So one must fall back on the work, and even here I find myself mystified. In every writer there are certain key words which give you some clue to what he is about. Words like *friend* and *friendship* are valuable when one is reading Yeats, but in Synge all I can find are words that suggest carrion:

> Yet these are rotten–I ask their pardon–
> And we've the sun on rock and garden,
> These are rotten, so you're the Queen
> Of all are living, or have been.

If this is how he usually addressed girls it is hardly surprising that he had to spend so much time rolling cigarettes. When he escaped for a while from this carrion view of life it was into a sort of Wordsworthian pantheism. Clearly he was deeply influenced by Wordsworth, and Wordsworth need hardly have been ashamed of signing some of his poems.

> Still south I went and west and south again,
> Through Wicklow from the morning till the night,
> And far from cities and the sites of men,
> Lived with the sunshine and the moon's delight.
>
> I knew the stars, the flowers and the birds,
> The grey and wintry sides of many glens,
> And did but half remember human words
> In converse with the mountains, moors and fens.

How Yeats managed to persuade him at all is a mystery. Yeats had not a glimmer of carrion consciousness. I get the feeling that he carefully avoided the whole subject as being exaggerated, dull, and totally irrelevant. Where he may have managed to communicate with Synge is through Wordsworthianism. Not that Yeats had much time for Wordsworth–"the only great poet who was cut down and used for timber"–but when he preached about the Aran Islands, the necessity for writing about peasants and for adopting peasant speech, a student of Wordsworth could easily have caught what seemed to be echoes of the English poet:

> Low and rustic life was generally chosen because in that situation the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that situation our elementary feelings exist in a state of greater simplicity and consequently may be more accurately contemplated and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings; and from the necessary character of rural occupations are more easily comprehended and are more durable; and lastly, because in that situation the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the action of social vanity they convey their feelings and

This article was adapted from Mr. O'Connor's *A Short History of Irish Literature,* to be published by Putnam early next year.

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notions in simple and unelaborated expressions.

It seems to me possible that when we read Synge's prefaces, which so often seem to echo Yeats, we may find that they are really—saving the syntax—echoing Wordsworth.

The material of Synge's plays is slight, and for the most part, according to Yeats's formula. What is extraordinary is the impact the plays themselves made by comparison with Yeats's and Lady Gregory's. *The Shadow of the Glen*, for instance, is a folk story about a flighty wife whose husband pretends to be dead so as to expose her. At the end of the play she goes off with a tramp who, as so often in these plays, represents the Wordsworthian compromise. It is a harmless little play that barely holds interest on the stage, but Arthur Griffith screamed his head off about it, as about everything else Synge wrote: "His play is not a work of genius, Irish or otherwise. It is a foul echo from degenerate Greece."

It is hard to understand the ferocity of the Catholic reaction to Synge—so much fiercer than the reaction to Joyce. Though it is doubtful if Yeats himself understood it, instinct seems to have warned him that his theories stood or fell by Synge's work.

It must have been instinct, too, that warned Arthur Griffith what to attack. Essentially, Synge seems to have been, as everyone describes him, gentle and, I should say, with little self-confidence. He was willing to write folk plays, mystery plays, or mythological plays to order, though they always turned out to be much the same play. Yeats describes him somewhere as the most "unpolitical" man who ever lived, but he was anti-political rather than unpolitical.

Once a group of patriotic people persuaded him to write a really patriotic play about the heroes of 1798 and the wickedness of the English soldiery. In his obliging way Synge came back with a most extraordinary scenario. The characters are two girls—one Protestant, the other Catholic—who, in fear of being raped, take shelter in a mountain cave. During the play they discuss the cruel and immoral behavior of both sides, the Catholic girl defending the rebels and the Protestant the military, till they begin to pull one another's hair out. Finally they separate, the Catholic declaring that she would prefer to be raped by an Englishman than listen to further heresy, and the Protestant that she would prefer to be raped by a rebel than listen to Catholic lies.

Much chance there was that a man like that would write a play to reunite everybody!

In the Shadow of the Glen fails because the story on which it is based is farcical while the play itself is serious. *Riders to the Sea* succeeds brilliantly because, though it is a Yeatsian miracle, one can watch it without even being aware that a miracle is involved. We can perceive its originality best if we study Lawrence's imitation of it in *Odor of Chrysanthemums*. A fisherman's death and a miner's death represent the whole of life concentrated in a limited society. Both are anti-political, and in neither is there any reference to the price of fish or coal, or any demand for safety regulations. In these two worlds there is no safety except a clean burial. "What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

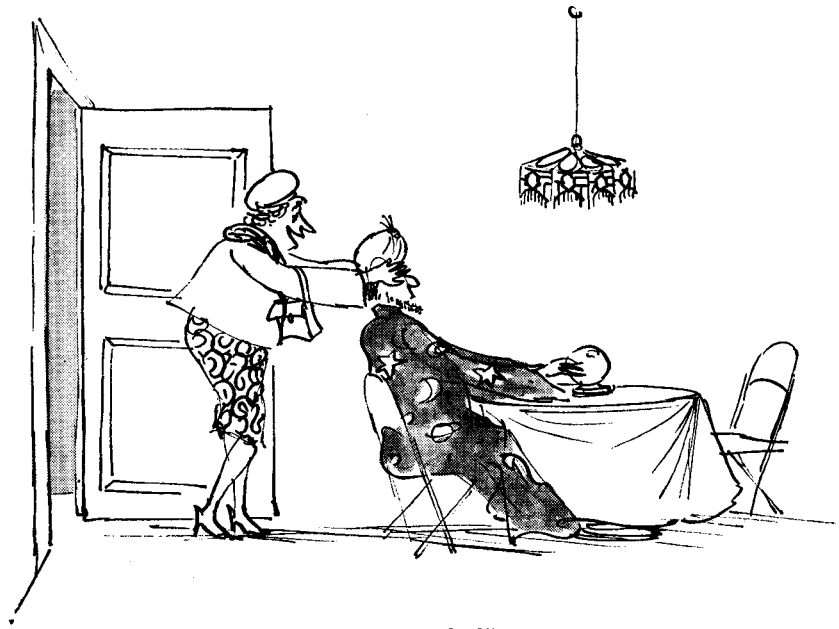
The Tinker's Wedding fails as a play because it has no Synge in it; *The Well of the Saints* because it has too much. The truth is that neither Yeats himself nor any of his followers ever really mastered the problems of extended form, and once they went beyond the one-act play they made the most extraordinary mistakes. In a play dealing with a miracle, the miracle itself automatically establishes itself as the crisis, the point toward which a playwright must build and then work away from; but in *The Well of the Saints* there are *two* miracles, neither of which is the real crisis.

The Playboy of the Western World is Synge's masterpiece because it contains more of the real Synge than anything else he wrote, and naturally, it created a greater storm. Synge himself is the shy and sickly young man who scandalizes the world by a crime he has not committed at all, but he remains a hero even when he is shown up because he has at last learned to live with his image of himself. Unfortunately, he discovered what life was like only as death caught up with him. When *The Playboy* appeared he was world-famous and dying.

His greatest achievement as a writer was his elaboration of a style. It was he who really came to grips with the problems posed by Hyde in *Beside the Fire*—the problems of adapting folk speech to literary ends. Yet Synge's own ear for folk speech cannot have been very good. Though he describes his recording the conversation in the kitchen below his bedroom in Wicklow he never seems to have studied Hyde's introduction to *Beside the Fire*, where Hyde points out the most obvious fact about English spoken in Ireland: the absence of the pluperfect. In Modern Irish, unlike Old Irish, there are no perfect tenses, so they rarely occur in spoken English. We do not normally say, "He had been there an hour," or, "I shall have discussed it with him." If we need to supply the missing tense we use the adverb *after* with the verbal noun: "He was after being there an hour" or "I'll be after discussing it with him."

SYNGE could never get this quite straight. In the lines I quoted earlier, he dropped the relative pronoun, "Of all are living or have been"—which in my experience does not occur at all—and rounded it off with a past perfect; and twice at the climax of *Riders to the Sea* he uses improbable tenses: "It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying." Even in the very opening scene he gives us the English use of *shall* in "Shall I open it now?"

What he did succeed in was giving Anglo-Irish speech a strong cadence structure. The dialogue in Lady Gregory's *Spreading the News* is enchanting,



"Guess who?"

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but it is prose, and in the passionate moments of real drama there is no reserve of language upon which to draw. Lady Gregory herself must have been keenly aware of what he had achieved, because in a play that she obviously intended as a rival to *Riders to the Sea*—*The Gaol Gate*—she used an irregular ballad meter which she then concealed by writing it as prose; but this is a clumsy device because if the actor becomes aware of the meter he can scarcely avoid falling into sing-song, while if he does not, he is just as liable to break up the cadences as though they were nothing but prose. Hyde had given Irish prose writers a medium by which they could keep their distance from English writers; Synge went one better and invented a medium which enabled them to keep the whole modern prose theater at a distance.

Nobody that I know of has analyzed this cadence structure. One obvious cadence fades out on an unimportant word like *only* or *surely*. Another of the same sort ends on a temporal clause which in modern English would be placed at the beginning of the phrase, and this is emphasized by the modern Irish use of the conjunction *and* as an adverb. Thus, where an English speaker would be inclined to say, "When I was coming home it was dark," we tend to say, "It was dark and I coming home," and Synge tends to use it for its slightly melancholy color.

> MAURYA: Isn't it a hard and cruel man won't hear a word from an old woman and she holding him from the sea?
>
> CATHLEEN: It's the life of a young man to be going on the sea, and who would listen to an old woman with one thing and she saying it over?

A notable cadence seems to end on a single accented long vowel, often a monosyllable which is preceded by another long and a short—cretics alternating with choriambs is perhaps how it might be described—and Synge makes very effective use of it in the great love scene in *The Playboy*: "in the heat of noon," "when our banns is called," "in four months or five," and "in his golden chair."

IF Synge remains a mysterious figure, there is nothing whatever mysterious about Lady Gregory. If there is one word that sums her up it is complacency—Victorian complacency, at that. To please Yeats she rewrote the early sagas and romances that had been edited by famous scholars in English, French, and German, but when she came to a line like "Will we ask her to sleep with you?" in *The Voyage of Mael Dúin*, Lady Gregory, remembering what the Dear Queen would have felt, turned it into "Will we ask her would she maybe be your wife?"

Yet I think the critic in the *Times Literary Supplement* who not so long ago told us that there would be no Lady Gregory revival was probably wrong. I expect more revivals of *Spreading the News*, *The Rising of the Moon*, *The Traveling Man* and *The Gaol Gate* than of *Riders to the Sea* or *On Baile's Strand*. We have to *learn* to appreciate the work of Yeats and Synge, and in doing so lose something of its original freshness, but anyone can appreciate a Lady Gregory play just as anyone can enjoy watching a children's game. Under the Victorian complacency is the Victorian innocence, and this is a quality that does not easily date.

I DO not mean that she is unsophisticated. If Yeats had his Corneille for master and Synge his Racine, she has her Molière, and anyone who knows Molière will notice his little tricks in her comedies; as, for instance, the slow passages of elaborate exposition that suddenly give place to the slapstick stichomythia:

> MR. QUIRKE: The man that preserved me!
>
> HYACINTH: That preserved you?
>
> MR. QUIRKE: That kept me from ruin!
>
> HYACINTH: From ruin?
>
> MR. QUIRKE: That saved me from disgrace!
>
> HYACINTH: (*To Mrs. Delane*) What is he saying at all?
>
> MR. QUIRKE: From the Inspector!
>
> HYACINTH: What is he talking about?

But in spite of the Victorian complacency she had a genuine tragic sense. Naturally, it was a very limited one. She had a tendency to repeat a phrase of Yeats's, "Tragedy must be a joy to the man that dies." Even as stated it is a very doubtful critical principle because we do not go to the theater to see Oedipus enjoy himself, but as she applied it it was even more restricting because it tended to turn into "Tragedy must be a *pleasure* to the man who dies," which is a very Victorian notion indeed and somewhat reminiscent of the Father of All putting his creatures across his knee and saying, "This hurts me more than it hurts you."

But within that Victorian framework she achieves remarkable results, as she does, for instance, in *The Gaol Gate*. When the play opens we see two poor countrywomen—mother and daughter-in-law—at the gate of Galway Gaol, waiting for the release of a young man who is supposed to have betrayed his comrades in some agrarian outrage. Instead, when the gaol gate opens they are informed that his comrades have been released and that he has been hanged; and as they walk back through the streets of the town the old mother bursts into a great song of praise. Lady Gregory had been studying *Riders to the Sea* and old Maurya's great tragic tirade at the curtain, and to make certain of a poetic effect had deliberately chosen to write in a loose and ungainly meter. But even more striking is the contrast between the two climaxes, Synge's haunted by the imminence of death, Lady Gregory's by the triumph of life.

> MARY CAHEL: (*Holding out her hands*) Are there any people in the streets at all till I call on them to come hither? Did they ever hear in Galway such a thing to be done, a man to die for his neighbor?
>
> Tell it out in the streets for the people to hear, Denis Cahel from Slieve Echtge is dead. It was Denis Cahel from Daire Caol that died in the place of his neighbor.
>
> Gather up; Mary Cushin, the clothes for your child; they'll be wanted by this one and that one. The boys crossing the sea in the springtime will be craving a thread for a memory.
>
> The child he left in the house that is shook, it is great will be his boast of his father. All Ireland will have a welcome before him, and all the people in Boston.
>
> I to stoop on a stick through half a hundred years, I will never be tired with praising. Come hither, Mary Cushin, till we'll shout it through the roads, Denis Cahel died for his neighbor.

Apart from the fact that this is as great as anything in classical tragedy, it is also one of the most astonishing things in the Irish Literary Revival, for it is the work of a Protestant landowner whose own son would die as an officer in the British Air Force and who had broken off an old friendship with Scawen Blunt because he himself had occupied a cell in Galway Gaol with the Denis Cahels of his day. It makes everything else written in Ireland in our time seem like the work of a foreigner.

THERE is an even more haunting tragic climax in *Dervorgilla* of the following year, 1908. Dervorgilla has kept attracting romantic writers since Thomas Moore called her "falsest of women," and in *The Dreaming of the Bones* even Yeats denies her forgiveness for her imaginary crime. According to the chestnut, which is served up even in the most recent histories and guidebooks, she was the wife of O'Rourke of Breany and eloped with MacMurrough of Leinster, thus precipitating the Norman invasion. The writers have most peculiar notions of Irish dynastic marriages: Dervorgilla was a woman famous for her piety whose "marriages" to two unmitigated ruffians

(*Continued on page* 99)

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WERE THE POLLS WRONG?

Why the press must begin asking: whose surveys?

By ELMO ROPER

POLITICAL POLLS have probably never been used more abundantly than they are in America today. They play a major role in pre-nomination scrambles and pre-election campaigns. They are quoted in newspapers, leaked to reporters by candidates, and closely watched by those in high office. Yet they have probably never contributed less to public understanding of elections. What is the reason for this odd state of affairs?

Take November's election. Discussion before the election centered on how great a loss the Democrats would sustain in Congress. Opinion seemed to vary as to whether the loss would be below forty seats (the expectation of President Johnson) or about forty (the prediction of former Vice President Nixon), or twenty-nine, which was *The New York Times*'s estimate of the probable results. The day of the election the *Times* also mentioned, in passing, the latest Gallup Poll results, which recorded a national percentage increase in support for the Republicans since 1964 of 5.5 points, indicating to the Gallup organization a probable Republican gain of from thirty-five to fifty-five seats. Apparently this was considered an odd statistic, strangely out of joint with what "most analysts" had forecast. It was mentioned simply as one opinion among many. As a result of this prevalent expectation that the Republican gain would be forty House seats or considerably less, there was general surprise the next day when the GOP picked up forty-seven House seats and sent three new members to the Senate. (*The New York Times* headlined: REPUBLICANS STRONGER THAN EXPECTED IN OFF-YEAR VOTE.)

"Stronger than expected" by whom? This shouldn't have been a surprise to anyone. It was certainly not a surprise to me. A week before the election I concluded that the probable GOP gain in the House and Senate combined would be between forty-five and fifty-five seats, and I so stated publicly in a speech on November 2. Let me hasten to say that my prediction was not based on results of surveys done by our firm, since we have never done national polls in off-year elections. It was based on my own analysis of the Gallup figures, which required no mastery of advanced calculus, but simply an awareness of the relationship between those figures and past Congressional election results—and a respect for George Gallup.

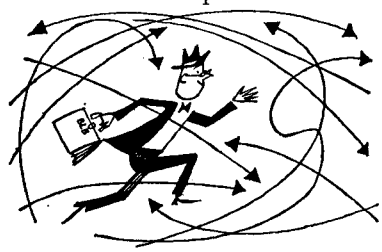
Nothing is more publicly available than the Gallup figures, and nothing has been more reliable over the years. There is, naturally, no perfect correlation between the percentage of voters in the nation planning to vote Democratic for Congress and the actual seats gained or lost, but the relationship is remarkably close and remarkably predictable. The Gallup Poll's published interpretation of its figures was slightly on the conservative side, but the basic message was clear, and a telephone call to Dr. Gallup convinced me he agreed with my forty-five to fifty-five seat gain: Republicans would do considerably better than most out-of-power parties in most off-year elections, and certainly better than most political "analysts" expected this year.

THEN there were the individual election contests. In the same speech I gave a week before the election, I also made rather flat predictions of victory on twenty-one races for governor and senator, including not only such widely expected victories as those by Reagan in California, Percy in Illinois, Cooper in Kentucky, and Case in New Jersey, but also such "close" races as those involving Nelson and Winthrop Rockefeller, Edward Brooke, and Shafer, Tower, Metcalf, Hatfield, and Levander. A really close race cannot be predicted, but none of these races was as close as the newspapers had believed they would be. Again, the accuracy of these predictions is no credit to the research of our own organization, which polled none of the races I have mentioned. It is simply a question of getting the best available information from *reliable* public polls, such as the California, Iowa, Minnesota, and Denver *Post* polls, and from reputable private polls (when available), such as those by John Kraft (except in New York this year) and Archibald Crossley. When polls give conflicting readings on a contest—and this election was no exception—it is simply a question of believing the one with the better reputation for accuracy and integrity.

Why do the newspapers—and I should add, the television networks as well—fail to take full advantage of this expert and reliable information when they make their pre-election analyses? I can only speculate. I suspect that the central reason is an inability or an unwillingness to discriminate between the available polls. To too many members of the press, a poll is a poll is a poll. Such an attitude leads, for example, to the publishing—on page 1—of a poll of a Congressman's constituents conducted by mail, while the usually reliable Gallup results are buried in the back pages. It leads to treating such polls as that run by the New York *Daily News* as seriously as polls that are much more highly thought of by professionals. And it also leads to a general skepticism toward polls, which are often assumed to be as likely to miss as to hit election results on the nose.

If the record of all polls of all types done over the years is examined, it is likely to confirm this skepticism. But the record of the scientifically conducted polls done by the organizations generally respected in the field is another thing entirely. Such polls have a record of high and consistent accuracy, and are the best available source of pre-election prescience.

It is not really necessary to predict elections at all. Election forecasts have no particular social utility, although an understanding of the mood and movement of the electorate is valuable both to candidates and to elected officials. But such forecasting is clearly here to stay. And if the press is going to continue to devote considerable time and space and money to analyzing the voters' intentions, it has an intellectual responsibility to do it with the best tools available. What is needed is a more sophisticated understanding of the polls, which will enable the press to discriminate between polls and between pollsters—learning which to trust and which to disregard—and so to be in a position to better inform the public.



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Blabbermouthism

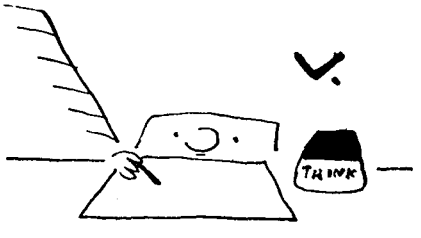
BOTH President John F. Kennedy and President Lyndon B. Johnson have sought to take advantage of any genuine indication by the Soviet government that it may be moving firmly away from the volatile policies of its former leaders and that it seriously wants to pursue agreements with the West. Among the major reasons for seeking improved relations with the Soviet Union is the stark fact of Communist China. U.S. policy-makers do not consider it in the national interest to be confronted by the combined ideological, economic, and military weight of two giant Communist powers. The prospect of avoiding such a combination is directly tied to a détente between the United States and the U.S.S.R. Moreover, it is felt that the Soviet can be a restraining element in the turbulent Far East.

The limited test-ban treaty; the "hot line" agreement; the cultural exchange program; the recent completion of direct air connections between Moscow and New York; and the renewed attempt to stop the world spread of nuclear weapons are specific measures that fit into the overall objective of enlarged understanding with the Soviet Union.

Central to any such program, of course, are the development of direct communication techniques and the slow, painstaking buildup of mutual credibility. Confidential exchanges are essential to this undertaking and must be carried on without fear of indiscretion.

This requirement, however, has turned out to be more of a critical problem than might be supposed. Consider, for example, the situation following the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. After Premier Nikita Khrushchev ordered the missile sites to be dismantled, the stage seemed set for a series of positive moves that could help prevent the recurrence of another such crisis, with its highly combustible potential for full-scale nuclear war. But standing in the way of tension-reducing agreements was the fact that the Soviet Union still maintained several thousand technicians in Cuba. It would have been difficult for President Kennedy to get Congressional backing for basic agreements with the Soviet Union so long as the Russians maintained a military presence in Cuba.

The President, in confidential exchanges with Premier Khrushchev, requested that the forces be removed. The Soviet Premier saw the point. A timetable for withdrawal was drawn up. How to handle the public announcement? The President told Mr. Khrushchev that he had no desire to claim public credit for bringing about the removal of Soviet forces. The Premier, on the other hand, believed that the President's role in helping to bring about the agreement should not be obscured. It was finally decided to issue a joint announcement on Thursday, February 22, 1963.



President Kennedy felt that the understanding on Soviet troop withdrawal from Cuba was a matter that should be communicated confidentially in advance to key members of the foreign relations committees of Congress. He had been criticized by Congressional leaders for not having taken them sufficiently into his confidence on important developments in foreign policy. On Tuesday, February 20, the President summoned the Congressmen, pledged them to secrecy, then gave a preview of the forthcoming public announcement. Within one hour after this meeting, the story was on the wires of the Associated Press. It appeared that one of the Congressmen couldn't resist the opportunity to blab to the press. The result was not just acute embarrassment over an apparent violation of an informal understanding but a situation which complicated the achievement of an important objective. It was not easy to get things back on the track.

AN even more serious episode occurred recently. Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko met with President Johnson and Secretary of State Rusk for a confidential exchange of views on important developments. A general communiqué was issued following the meeting. Last week, *The New York Times* featured a story on page 1 revealing the content of other vital matters discussed at the meeting. The *Times* disclosed that Mr. Gromyko had spoken fully and freely to the President and the Secretary about the Sino-Soviet dispute. In particular, the news story revealed that Mr. Gromyko had provided detailed information about various incidents on the border between Russia and China.

No criticism attaches to *The New York Times* for publishing information not disclosed in the official communiqué. A newspaper's job is to find out as much as it can. But the severest criticism attaches to the official in the White House or the State Department who blabbed. For this particular leak represented a violation of confidence at the highest levels of government. It came at a time when the United States was hopeful that the Soviet Union might be helpful behind the scenes in getting Hanoi to the negotiating table. To be sure, the State Department issued an elaborate denial of the *Times* story the following day. Under the circumstances, the denial was bound to be ineffectual; the *Times* is not that careless.

These two incidents, of course, are drawn from a virtually limitless number. Scarcely a major decision is made in any of the vital branches of government, including the Department of Defense, that is not leaked or even hawked in one

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manner or another. There is virtually a competition for the favor of key newsmen. The President takes pride in his reputation for being able to run a tightly knit and well-controlled administration. But the government is honeycombed with blabbermouths who seem more intent on serving as sources of confidential information than on safeguarding the integrity of the Presidency.

The nation's foreign policy agenda is long, complex, precarious. From Vietnam to Venezuela the world is coming unstuck. Sheer power cannot hold it together. New and better designs are needed—from the largest to the smallest. People have to be persuaded. The United States need not and should not abandon the field to other persuaders. There are things in American history that speak to the human condition. But if we want to be persuasive, not only do we have to assert our claim to leadership; we have to display the qualities of leadership. Reliability and discretion may not be the foremost of those qualities but they are certainly somewhere on the list.

Christmas in Vietnam

FROM VIETNAM come news dispatches about truce periods over the Christmas and New Year's holidays. According to the Hanoi radio, the Vietcong has offered a forty-eight-hour cease-fire for Christmas and a similar cease-fire for the New Year's. The news reports say that this initiative produced a flurry of consultations between South Vietnamese and U.S. officials who, apparently, had been taken by surprise. They were in the process themselves of considering a holiday truce offer when the Vietcong announcement beat them to the punch.

The news report reminded readers that U.S. and South Vietnamese officials were disadvantaged last year when the Vietcong was the first to offer a twelve-hour Christmas truce, but that the United States topped the Vietcong with a proposal for extending the truce to thirty hours.

"What authorities are weighing now," the news report said, "is the propaganda advantage of a longer truce period against the military disadvantages of giving the Communists more time to organize and concentrate their forces undisturbed. Officials also are considering how long a cease-fire should be observed at Tet, the Buddhist New Year, which falls next February 9. The Communists made no mention of that holiday period in their announcement."

If the news account is accurate, the American people can ponder the moral poverty implicit in the attitude of the officials involved. The governing principle, apparently, is not what can be done to save lives at a time when a religious holiday provides an opportunity to do so. The governing principle is whether a propaganda advantage exists and, if so, whether it can be an offset to military factors.

It is difficult to comprehend why this particular holiday-truce initiative should have remained in the hands of the Vietcong after the experience last year. It is even more difficult to comprehend why we should be put in the position of backing into a cease-fire because there is no other choice. If there is so little moral imagination in this case, what reasonable expectations are there for a wider approach to the possibilities for bringing the fighting to an end altogether? Things do not happen in isolation. If a Christmas cease-fire is regarded as a necessary evil, this says something about the prospect for mounting strong initiatives to set a stage for ending the war through negotiated settlement. The President has said that military victory is impossible. He has also made it clear that the United States believes that only a political settlement can end the war and bring peace to Vietnam. If that is the case, then a Christmas cease-fire provides an opportunity to get into the kind of reciprocal de-escalation that Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg has said represent our present intention and objective.

The protracted pause in the military activity last Christmas, far from being a liability, should be regarded as a promising precedent. This time, the United States should announce that it is willing to maintain a cease-fire indefinitely, that it will not be the first to resume the fighting, and that it is prepared to use the cease-fire as a basis for negotiations with all those involved in the fighting.

The indications are substantial that the South Vietnam government will be opposed to such a move. The South Vietnam government has little interest in a negotiated settlement, as it has taken pains repeatedly to emphasize. But this doesn't mean that the United States is obligated to have its foreign policy made in Saigon. If there is any chance to end the fighting or reduce it, we ought to grasp it with both hands.

A Christmas cease-fire, by its very nature, is a grim paradox. What it says, in effect, is that men can come to their moral senses only on special occasions. Death is deferred for a few hours; men can look up at a sky without the squint that comes from fear of raining dynamite; homes and huts can stand without jeopardy; children can come out of the tunnels in which they have spent so much of their lives. Then the period of religious significance designated by the calendar comes to a close and the world resumes it normal abnormalities. Men take up their guns and the air is filled with talk of the impossibility and inadvisability of premature settlement. It becomes too easy to make the adjustment again to the ongoing violence of the war, too difficult to say that the way to stop the violence is to stop it. Pope Paul's plan for an indefinite continuation of the cease-fire may sound to some like an unrealistic call for a prolongation of the spirit of Christmas. But all other realities have been exhausted. There is left only the reality of human decency and common sense. —N.C.

Tumbleweed

By David Wagoner

HERE comes another, bumping over the sage
Among the greasewood, wobbling diagonally
Downhill, then skimming a moment on its edge,
Tilting lopsided, bouncing end over end
And springing from the puffs of its own dust
To catch at the barbed wire
And hang there, shaking, like a riddled prisoner.

Half the sharp seeds have fallen from this tumbler,
Knocked out for good by head-stands and pratfalls
Between here and wherever it grew up.
I carry it in the wind across the road
To the other fence. It jerks in my hands,
Butts backwards, corkscrews, lunges and swivels,
Then yaws away as soon as it's let go,
Hopping the scrub uphill like a kicked maverick.
The air goes hard and straight through the wires and weeds.
Here comes another, flopping among the sage.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Order in Chaos or . . .

SUPERB! The article by Buckminster Fuller, "How Little I Know" [*SR*, Nov. 12], was, I believe, the most masterfully written article I have ever read! Your four-point description of Mr. Fuller should be expanded to include Poet, Master of Subtle Humor, and Master of the English Language! This, even, is lacking—Mr. Fuller brings to bear to the art of *teaching*, in 5,000 words or less, what few philosophers can effectively put across in the 32,000 words mentioned as filling *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*.

J. SCOTT HENDERSON,
Student,
Texas Technological College.
Lubbock, Tex.

IF RELIGION may be defined as the intellectual resolution of the unknown, then Buckminster Fuller has produced the most acceptable—and also poetic—religious statement of the century. The failure of religious statements in our times is that they tend to keep on resolving the questions of three centuries past.

Mr. Fuller has the tremendous range of understanding to grasp what the unknown is today, and the capacity to communicate it magnificently. One almost dares to hope for a race that can occasionally produce a specimen like this.

BONNIE F. BOYNTON.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

A SINCERE thank you for Buckminster Fuller's inspiring protractions of man's purpose for being.

How paradoxical that from so simple a purpose man has enmeshed himself in his present state of complex, exponible confusion. His selfishness has cast aside true value. His obsession for the material continues to displace the spiritual.

Mr. Fuller's humble self-appraisal is the stuff serenity is made of. It is surely a prerequisite for success in its true sense.

HAROLD L. HENNEBERRY, JR.
Elmwood, Conn.

TEN-TO-ONE I'm not the only *SR* reader who found Buckminster Fuller's article incomprehensible.

It appears that while Mr. Fuller's cup runneth over with enthusiasm for ideas, it is surprisingly empty of any feeling for language. His is not language; it is the digital chatter of mechanical communication. It is language given over to the noisy, clacking euphemisms of various professions and technologies. It is computerese—insipid, insensitive, and inhuman.

WILLIAM LAMBDIN,
English Department,
Northeastern Junior College.
Sterling, Colo.

DURING THE FALL SEMESTER of 1948, I attended a workshop under Robert Buckminster Fuller at the Chicago Institute of Design. At the end of the semester, the students were divided between those who saw little value in his teachings to help us become professional architects and those who were a bit perplexed but realized a bond of affection for their strange, cosmic-oriented teacher.

Today, as I sum up the values I have acquired, I see that Robert Buckminster Fuller *is living proof of what impels man to* progress; to face the unknown with joyful curiosity; to seek the truth in every conceivable relationship; to serve man with brotherly affection; to see the good in all and to recognize beauty as an element in man's expression.

SIDNEY GORDON BUDNICK,
Architect.
Sacramento, Calif.

Vietnam's Second Front

N. C.'s EDITORIAL "The Second Front in Vietnam" [*SR*, Oct. 29] is profoundly moving, especially as I read it tonight after a two-hour conference this afternoon with two representatives of the U.S. Government who have just returned from South Vietnam. Their concern and ours is with the 600,000 women and children refugees temporarily located in some 300 camps, 65 per cent of whom are children under sixteen.

The U.S. officials came to commend what the International Recreation Association has already done and to discuss the urgent need for an expanded program to be carried out by an international staff. Our demonstration last summer in Hiep Hoa proved that happiness and hope could be brought to the children and their mothers. No nation can be rebuilt without both. Yet, so far our efforts in the last few weeks to raise IRA's share—$30,000—of the $200,000 needed to run the program for a year have not been fruitful.

Will your readers help us? Contributions may be sent directly to the IRA at the address given below.

T. E. RIVERS,
Director General,
International Recreation Association.
345 East 46th St.
New York, N.Y. 10017

Uniting the Diverse

IN HIS GUEST EDITORIAL, "Man's Task: A Union of Contrasts" [*SR*, Nov. 12], Lancelot Whyte offers an interesting follow-up to N.C.'s editorial, "Is It Possible to Be an Optimist?" [*SR*, Nov. 5]. N.C. concludes that optimism is possible when man abides by a specific plan for the accomplishment of a sole purpose.

I was interested in Mr. Whyte's expansion on this concept of optimism. He immediately identifies man's initial weakness as his lack of understanding of himself and his environment. Whyte is optimistic that man can surmount this weakness through the knowledge and experience of the union of contrasts. But can man possibly be saved through the unified knowledge of emotion and intellect? I think that Whyte hints at this in saying that man's identity can be reached with the understanding of himself, his fellow man, and his environment.

With the thought of the potentialities of excessive conflict in the world, it is satisfying to read of man's hope in man.

JOYCE CUMMINGS,
Towson State College.
Baltimore, Md.

MR. WHYTE has suggested in his clear and concise essay that man's salvation and his hope for complete happiness lie in a "union of contrasts," but he is romantically idealistic in speculating that it is within man's

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powers to close this gap. Man's grace and hope lie rather in recognizing his predicament and striving to overcome it—in striving toward the union, not in effecting the union. Conflict in life is the fertile seedbed of imagination, art, and happiness; it is not an obstacle to happiness.

HARRY N. BROWN.

Banner Elk, N.C.

YOUR GUEST EDITORIAL by the British philosopher Lancelot Law Whyte is as important as any published by you in recent times. It represents the hope of humanity.

In light of this I was particularly astonished to find no mention of either Aesthetic Realism or its founder Eli Siegel. It is now more than twenty years since Siegel first stated: "The resolution of conflict in self is like the making one of opposites in art."

I have been a student of Aesthetic Realism with Mr. Siegel since 1940 and know of its large value personally and for the culture of America.

CHAIM KOPPELMAN,
President,
The Society of Graphic Artists, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

Needed: Food from Chemicals

"HUNGER IS still the enemy," as R. L. T. says in his editorial of November 19, and will continue to be until we devote a reasonable fraction of our scientific ability to the problem of feeding the increasing population of the world. For the eventual solution of hunger depends on the synthetic production of the world's food in chemical factories.

The four basic ingredients of man's food—carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen—are in amply sufficient supply to feed all the people that can crowd onto this earth's surface. Many of the intermediate compounds have already been synthesized; but a tremendous amount of work remains to be done. With sufficient chemists, a practical start might be made to supply specially hungry peoples in perhaps another fifty years—about the time the problem will become very acute.

IRVING F. LAUCKS,
Consultant,
Center for the Study of
Democratic Institutions.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Mission: Agreement

HERE IS a second to the motion made by radio-TV critic Robert Lewis Shayon [*SR*, Nov. 19] that *Mission Impossible* be voted the season's most harmful television program. It should be noted, however, that it is not alone in the romanticization and legitimization of international banditry; our chauvinistic news programs have been at it for years.

GUY R. MACMILLIN.

Saxtons River, Vt.

A Custom Worth Reviving?

PLEASE RELAY the following message to Louis Szathmary, who, in Cleveland Amory's FIRST OF THE MONTH column of November 5, is quoted as saying the status of chefs has declined because they are not organized. No, no, no, Mr. Szathmary. It is not because chefs are not organized that they no longer sit at table with the heads of state. Chefs sat at table with the Holy Roman Emperors to prove the food had not been poisoned, at least not by Count Chef. Being made a Count was a bribe.

MRS. W. D. WEBER.

Baton Rouge, La.

One Poem: Two Views

TO AN OLD MAN like me who has enjoyed the poems of Milton, Dante, Shakespeare, Swinburne, Donne, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Francis Thompson, and Ogden Nash, the three "poems" (?) by John Ciardi [*SR*, Nov. 19] are mighty small potatoes. Small, knobby, hard to peel, and, when peeled, containing very little mental nourishment.

I do like and agree with the title, "On the Poet as a Damned Poor Thing." I also agree with him when he says, "I wrote gold reams of nothing. . . ." and also when he declares, "Nothing could save his soul from incoherence."

JOSEPH N. MEYER.

St. Louis, Mo.

JOHN CIARDI writes delightfully about almost everything under the sun, from proper pigeon poisoning technique to the battle of the bulge vs. the Bourbon. The lighter side of Ciardi always provides a smile.

However, when Ciardi writes seriously he writes magnificently! He writes most magnificently when he turns to the subject of Dante or physical love. In "On the Poet as a Damned Poor Thing" he has mated these two themes to give birth to what is probably the most beautiful poem I have ever read.

LYN VENABLE.

Galveston, Tex.

The Eels in Ely

WEARE HOLBROOK'S poem "Census" in THE PHOENIX NEST of October 29, to have quoted Gilbert White of Selborne correctly, should have said that there are two, rather than six, sorts of eels in the Island of Ely. Nevertheless, it was a very amusing poem.

ROBERT G. CAMPBELL.

Kernersville, N.C.

Where Did All the Readers Go?

IN TRADE WINDS of November 19, Jerome Beatty, Jr., wants to know why the adult reader has quit reading. That's easy: because he hasn't the $4 to $7 it takes to buy the book he wants to read.

Did you say, "Get it at the library?" The books that we read about now and want so desperately do not become available for a year or more. And rental outlets average about one per 100,000 population, situated through forty blocks of heavy traffic, and what book is worth that?

Why can't we have a Best Seller Exchange, A Trotting Readers Club designed to circulate books, even at $1 or $1.50, with rules to move the book along after a stated time? I'd love to belong.

QUIN BONEBRAKE.

Lodi, Calif.

"If he meant what I think he meant, I'm glad I didn't understand it!"

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Nerve System of an Airplane: A report from General Dynamics

Next time you take a trip in your car, try to drive there without steering wheel, accelerator or brakes.

Impossible, of course. They are vital to the job. Without them, the car won't do what it must, even though the chassis, body, motor, power train, tires, fuel, driver—and passengers—are all there.

The function of any vehicle is to deliver something from one place to another. The family car is a passenger-delivering system. A military aircraft is a weapons-delivering system. Avionics are vital to that job.

Extending human will:

In a modern military aircraft, the human crew is the intellect and the will. Avionics—or what used to be called aviation-electronics—are its nervous system, extending the human will through machines for tasks that require accurate control, sustained precise effort, or ultra-fast computation.

Here are some of the things current avionics do:

- Provide exact and unjammable navigation.
- Help the crew fly smoothly and safely, so low that detection and tracking capability of enemy radar will be sharply reduced, or so high and fast that it can circumvent other forms of attack.
- Assist the easy transition from one flight regime to another.
- Detect potential sources of attack from air or ground.
- Help fire any combination of weaponry with precision.

The F-111 fighter-bomber being built by General Dynamics is a case in point.

The F-111's variable-sweep wing, which makes it possible to redesign the aircraft *in flight*, is one of the great aerodynamic advances.

This airplane can fly fast or slow; 12 miles high or skimming the treetops; drift through the air for hours, or attack at two and a half times the speed of sound; ferry itself across an ocean without refueling, and land or take off from rough tactical fields in short distances.

All in all, it is the most versatile aircraft ever designed.

But first and foremost it is a weapons-delivery system. Its avionics, much more sophisticated than those of earlier airplanes, are a good indication of what is required nowadays.

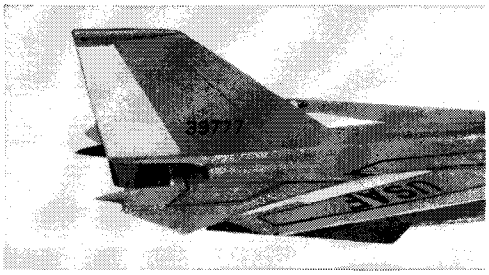
A generation ago, aviation-electronics consisted mainly of radio. Today's avionics include a large assortment of separate systems which are segments of a larger fully integrated electronic system. This, in turn, is integrated with the airframe, the engines and weaponry. To see how it ties together, look at a few of the F-111's avionics parts.

The triply redundant, self-adaptive flight-control system relates directly to the unique ability of the F-111 to vary the way it flies.

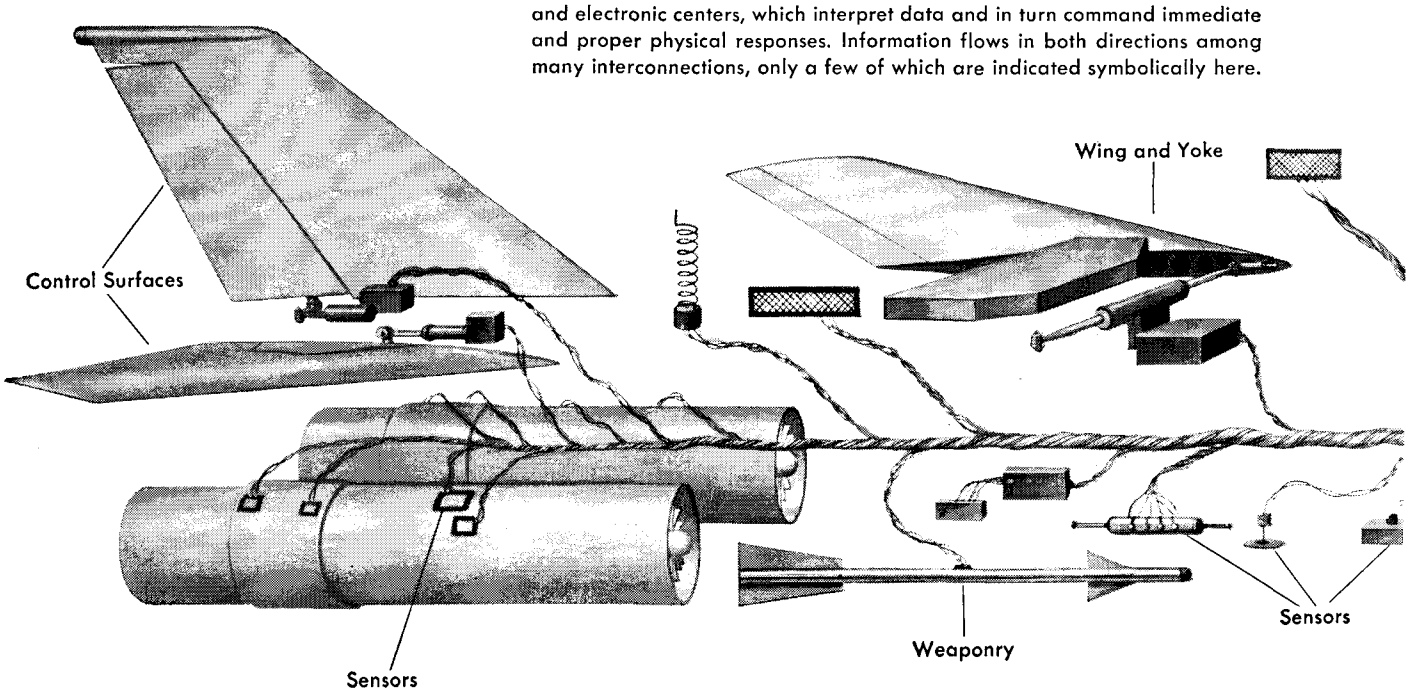
A complex of electronic sensors and computers measures motions of the aircraft and commands, through hydraulic and mechanical components, any necessary compensation to control surfaces.

In case of sudden change in atmospheric conditions (i.e., clear air turbulence or strong gusts), or rapid shift in altitude or direction, the self-adaptive flight-control system will automatically make any necessary adjustments for pitch, roll or yaw—often before pilots even know they are needed.

When wings change position, changes in other control surfaces take place simultaneously. The plane never loses its desirable flying qualities at any speed,



Seeing, hearing and feeling devices receive and transmit impressions to crew and electronic centers, which interpret data and in turn command immediate and proper physical responses. Information flows in both directions among many interconnections, only a few of which are indicated symbolically here.



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or change in speed, from takeoff through Mach 2.5.

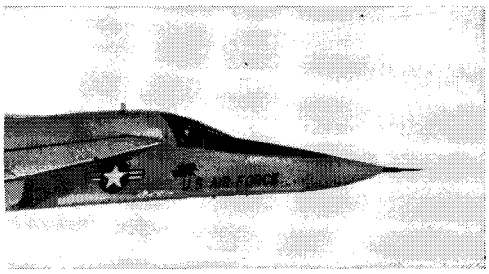
An inertial navigation system eliminates the uncertainties inherent in earlier magnetic-compass, radio or radar navigation techniques.

The inertial system measures every inch of passage, fluctuation in direction or change in speed. At any given moment, the pilot knows precisely where he is in relation to his takeoff point, his target and his return base.

"Hideability":

Terrain-following radar (TFR) improves mission efficiency.

A fast low-flying airplane which can be "seen" only fleetingly is troublesome for ground search radar. For maximum "hideability," the aircraft's terrain-following radar can be set at an optimum clearance close to the ground. The plane can now dip into the valleys and skim the peaks at supersonic speed in any weather, day or night. It can keep on a direct path, yet make the enemy's problem of detection far more difficult.



The TFR constantly looks both down and ahead, and relays its information to the self-adaptive control system. The complex adjusts the entire aircraft far faster than could unassisted human reflexes. Even over particularly jagged territory, the ride is relatively smooth.

The pilot can fly through zero visibility, protected against physical obstructions ahead. Should any of the TFR's circuits fail, the overall avionic system is programmed to put the aircraft automatically into a very sharp climb to higher altitude.

The ultimate function of the F-111, however, is the delivery of weapons—a mix of many types, long and short-range, for defense and attack, with different methods of firing. This calls for three closely related systems.

Finding a target:

A bomb/navigation system, connected to every weapon, constantly measures the plane's speed, altitude, attitude and position. These are computed against information, already stored, on the particular drop or firing pattern of each weapon and the location of the target.

A "head-up" system projects flight and other data, in color bar form, to a transparent reflective plate at pilot's eye level. Through it, he can see all the information necessary to fire guns and missiles without moving his eyes from the target itself.

To extend his sight in bad weather or at night, *high resolution ground mapping radar* provides a clear picture of the terrain or of airborne targets, simultaneously reporting the changing range between plane and target.

With these reinforcing the pilot's judgment, the specific weapon needed can be released, manually or automatically, at the split second when it is most likely to hit its target exactly.

Each of the "separate" systems has a distinct job, yet all are, to some degree, interdependent. For maximum reliability, self-test devices check, before and all during flight, for any malfunction. Should one occur, the "work" can be shifted quickly to back-up equipment—and assure that the mission will not be impaired.

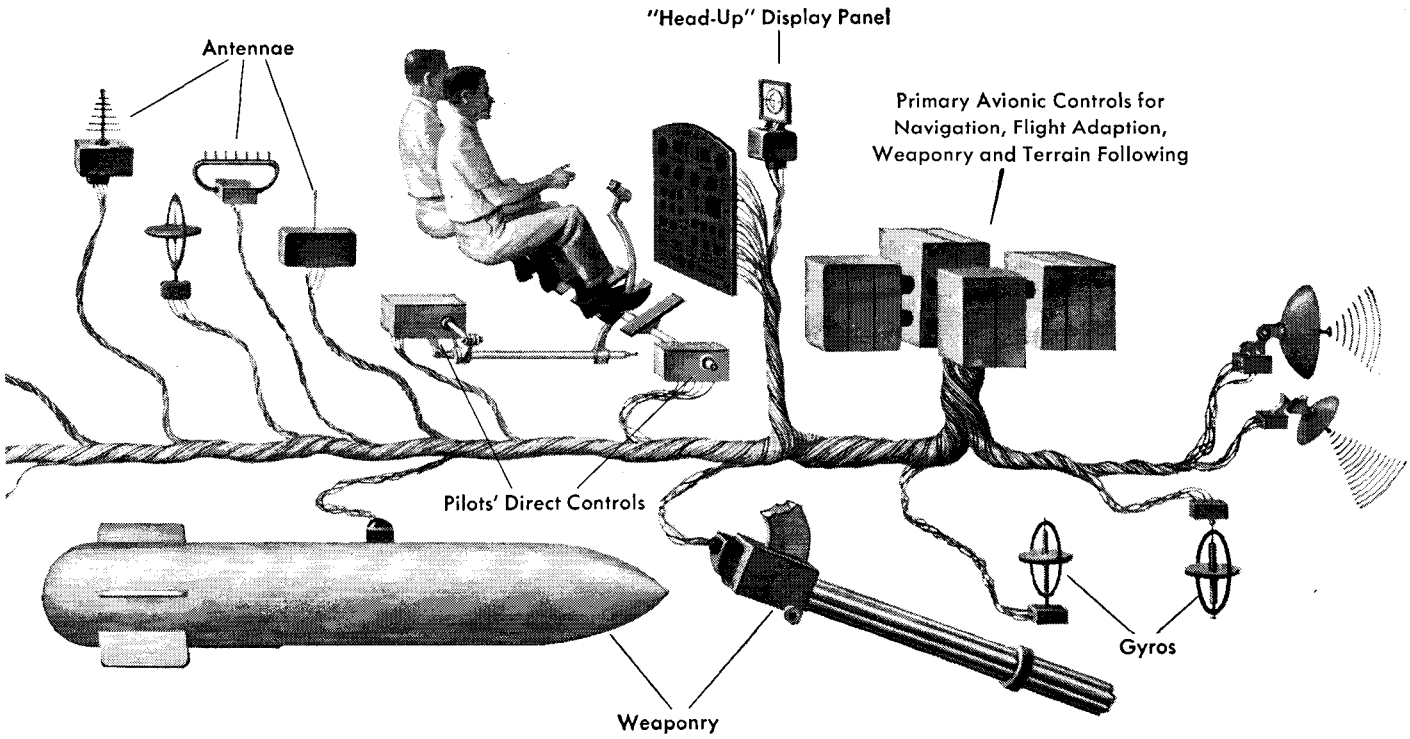
Even though the current avionic systems are advanced over anything that has gone before, newer and improved versions are already being jointly developed by General Dynamics and its many subcontractors who produce the individual systems that make up the whole.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

Reprints of this series are available.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020



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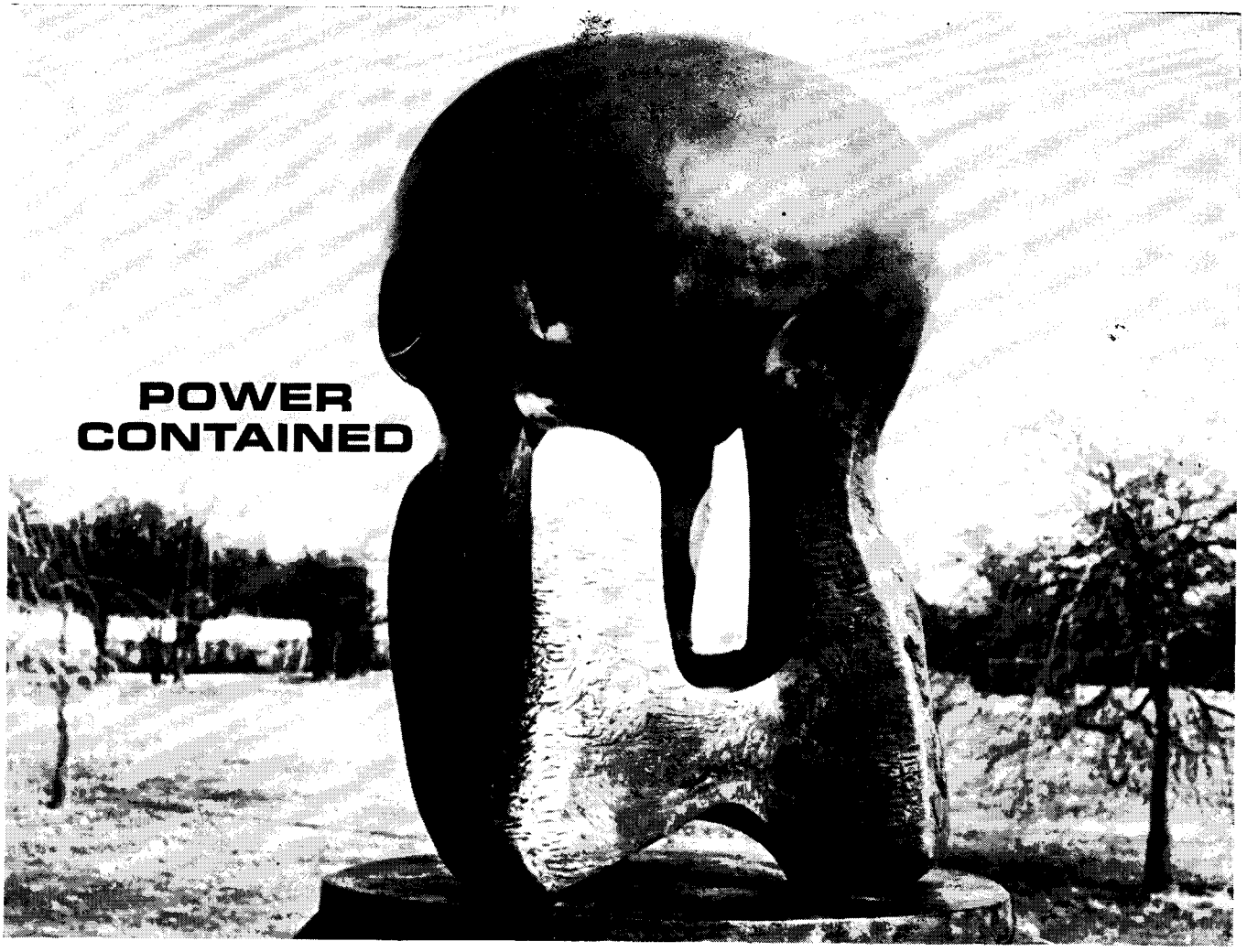
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



This Henry Moore statue commemorates the first controlled release of nuclear energy at the University of Chicago on December 2, 1942. When in place, it will be one of the major Moore sculptures in this country. It will also be one of the few works of art to commemorate a major scientific revolution.

In art, in science, in all areas of intellectual adventure — nothing is so powerful as an idea that has come of age. This statue presents such an idea: the intertwined themes of embryo, mushroom cloud, and skull containing the cathedral-like vaulting of human hope.

Ideas that have come of age are the life of a scholarly press. At the University of Chicago Press our explosive power is contained in the books and journals we publish.

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By David Apter. 481 pp. $7.50

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Books

20 Check List of the Week's New Books
41 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Smart Set," edited by Carl R. Dolmetsch, and "Echoes of Revolt: The Masses," edited by William L. O'Neill
42 Letters to the Book Review Editor
43 European Literary Scene, by Robert J. Clements
44 Nobel Prize-winners: 1966
48 "Poor Kids," by Alvin L. Schorr; "Beyond Welfare," by Herbert Krosney; "The Poorhouse State," by Richard M. Elman; "The Airtight Cage," by Joseph P. Lyford; "The Ground Is Our Table," by Steve Allen; "The Despised Poor," by Joseph P. Ritz
50 "18 Stories," by Heinrich Böll
55 "The Heirs of Cain," by Abraham Rothberg
56 Books for Young People
58 "La Vida: A Puerto Rican Family in the Culture of Poverty," by Oscar Lewis
60 "Paper Lion," by George Plimpton

LITERARY HORIZONS

Something Wonderful Happened

TWO BOOKS have appeared in time for Christmas giving that are suitable for the purpose inasmuch as they would look good on any living room table and could be picked up and glanced through with pleasure. Surprisingly, they also make useful contributions to the study of American cultural history. They are *The Smart Set*, edited by Carl R. Dolmetsch (Dial, $15 until Dec. 31, $17.50 thereafter), and *Echoes of Revolt: The Masses*, edited by William L. O'Neill (Quadrangle, $12.95).

I had an idea of what to expect from *The Masses* anthology because I had read the magazine carefully, not when it appeared, from 1911 to 1917—in those years I was reading the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*—but in the middle Thirties, when I was working on a biography of John Reed. *The Smart Set*, on the other hand, meant little to me; I saw occasional copies of it in the early Twenties, when Mencken and Nathan were editing it, but it was *The American Mercury*, which they left *The Smart Set* to found in 1923, that came along at the right time for me not only to read but also to contribute to.

I now learn that *The Smart Set* was an older magazine than I supposed when I encountered it in 1921 or 1922. As Dolmetsch tells in his long and instructive introduction to the anthology, *The Smart Set* came into existence in 1900, as one of the money-making schemes of a somewhat questionable character, Colonel William D'Alton Mann. On the cover of the first issue it described itself as "A Magazine of Cleverness," and that remained its boast. Among the editors through the years were Charles Hanson Towne and Willard Huntington Wright, but it was only under Mencken and Nathan, who took over in 1916, that the magazine won literary prestige. It seems clear, however, that *The Smart Set* did more for them than they did for it.

Many writers of some eminence contributed at one time or another: O. Henry, Zona Gale, James Branch Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Edna Millay, James Joyce (through the agency of Ezra Pound), Anatole France, Dorothy Parker, Eugene O'Neill, and Scott Fitzgerald. But, if I can judge from the anthology, few of the writers gave the magazine their best work. It caught several of them when they were young, which is to its credit, but it lost them as they grew older and better. Although the anthology itself is a useful and agreeable sort of book, it does not leave the reader with a high impression of *The Smart Set*. It seems to me that the magazine was cursed from start to finish by the idea of "cleverness" which it proclaimed on its cover. Its pseudosophistication in the early years is painful, and even under Mencken and Nathan it could be pretty phony. The volume contains an agreeable personal reminiscence by S. N. Behrman, who found *The Smart Set* a financially significant part of his market.

Echoes of Revolt is no disappointment but a great satisfaction. Because I considered myself a revolutionary when I was going through the files of *The Masses* thirty years ago, I might, I thought, have exaggerated the quality of the magazine. Not at all: the material seems better to me now than it did then. The astonishing truth is that *The Masses*, a magazine with a most serious purpose, not only displayed a more sophisticated literary taste than *The Smart Set* but was wittier and gayer.

One advantage that O'Neill has over Dolmetsch derives from the fact that *The Masses* printed cartoons and other drawings by some of the best people in the business, including Art Young, John Sloan, Stuart Davis, Robert Minor, Maurice Becker, George Bellows, Boardman Robinson, H. J. Glintenkamp, and, at least once, Pablo Picasso. When these people wanted to attack what they believed to be evil they hit hard, and there are cartoons in the anthology that can still make one wince. But if an artist happened to be in a playful mood the editors printed his work just the same.

Mencken and Nathan found the short stories of Sherwood Anderson too daring, but Floyd Dell accepted several for *The Masses*, including one of the most controversial, "Hands." The anthology also contains stories by James Hopper, Adriana Spadoni, Floyd Dell, and John Reed that no other periodical would have published. The poetry is not so distinctive as the short fiction, but there are satirical poems of considerable force, and now and then one is touched by a lyric that paradoxically found its way into the magazine. Floyd Dell did most of the book reviewing, and did it well, and there were occasional literary pieces of interest, notably Anna Strunsky Walling's fascinating memoir of Jack London.

Properly enough, in view of its Socialist position, the magazine specialized in polemics and exposés. Although he was an astute and generous editor, Max Eastman was no great shakes as a theoretician; but he was a good reporter—almost as good as John Reed, who was one of the best. Both Dell and Eastman were strong feminists, and they not only advocated woman suffrage but talked about such phenomena as prostitution and birth control with unprecedented can-

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dor. As O'Neill points out, the magazine was also outspoken on the subject of religion, more outspoken than any present-day periodical I can think of. It printed Sarah Cleghorn's "Comrade Jesus" and Carl Sandburg's "Billy Sunday" and some truly lethal cartoons. On the Negro question, however, as again O'Neill says, it was rather weak. (But in 1913 Eastman was urging black citizens to "arise and demand respect in the name of power.") From 1914 to 1917, of course, the great issue was war, and the magazine's intransigence on that subject led to its suppression.

The volume contains, in addition to a short history of *The Masses* by the editor, an introduction by Irving Howe and an afterword by Max Eastman. Howe, who has been conspicuous among his contemporaries because of his unfashionable concern with politics and his dedication to Socialism, writes about the magazine with wistful enthusiasm. "It is hard, in the 1960s," he says, "for a Socialist writer and editor to avoid some feelings of envy—together, of course, with a large affection—as he looks back upon the life and times of *The Masses*." There has been nothing quite like it since, and nothing could be less like it, as Howe regretfully admits, than his own magazine, *Dissent*. The spirit that created *The Masses* couldn't have lasted long even if the magazine hadn't been suppressed; but for just those few years something wonderful happened, and we have a monument to it in this volume.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1218

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1218 will be found in the next issue.

HEKDU FBD QGD HWPY PWXD

EX F NEIUQBA: KEBFPWQA NEB-

BDMVEUYM QE ZFKD PFHM.

—FUEUAKEIM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1217

Many get the name for being witty, only to lose the credit of being sensible.

—Gracian.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Crisis-Notes

Granville Hicks's alertness to what counted for him at the Chicago Arts Conference [*SR*, Nov. 19] caused him to cry havoc about the state of the arts. Fortunately, his cry was so lucid that it witnessed against its own pessimism. Are things so bad when so many artists, scholars and critics make as much sense as Mr. Hicks discerned? Conferences and colloquia center about problems and naturally tend to promote crisis-thinking and -speaking. Each participant consults his own degree of agitation to what may or may not have been a problem for him and pushes himself to voice it. The colloquium becomes a form in itself, part-social, part-artistic, drama, arena, forum, confessional, even party. Mr. Hicks reported the forum-arena aspects of the Chicago Conference, and he gratifies its sponsors' hearts. Others may report the dramatic and confessional schemes. If their versions have a touch of Mr. Hicks's lucidity, they may not be as gratifying to the sponsors, but they will, among other things, counter the most pessimistic of all the crisis-notes sounded last month, that of the "erosion of artistic subject matter."

Richard Stern.

Chicago, Ill.

Way to Happiness

In his review of *The New Bohemia* [*SR*, Oct. 15] David Hales casually speaks of Kerista as if it were a free-love cult. But it isn't. Kerista is a religious idea to promote happiness, and Keristans apply the idea by expressing rather than extinguishing themselves.

The teaching with regard to sex is dynamic, but reference to the publications will show that promiscuity is not the idea. For those who like promiscuity, well, it is not really our business. On conduct Kerista does not rely especially on "thou shalt not." In our age it is just as important to act as to abstain.

Herbert Harvey.

Morrisville, Pa.

Trashiness and Trashiness

Reader Joseph N. Meyer [Letters to the Book Review Editor, *SR*, Nov. 19] asks, "How and why does a mediocre novel get on the best-seller list, move to the top, and stay there for weeks or months?" His own citations present the raw data. Of course, it all depends upon the definition of "mediocre," but I wonder if Mr. Meyer has read any of the canonized books on *his* list lately. Of the titles he names specifically, only Owen Wister's *The Virginian* might have some claim to distinction beyond the mediocre—but not very far beyond. . . .

Like Mr. Meyer, "I'm pretty old" too; but I refuse to grant myself—or him—the privilege of ignoring objective facts in favor of subjective reminiscences. The best-seller lists have always been loaded with trash; only the *kind* of trashiness has changed. *The Shepherd of the Hills* is sentimental, pseudo-religious trash; *The Group* is hard-boiled (which is to say inverted-sentimental), pseudo-psychological trash.

The "literary taste of the general public" has not "deteriorated." Its vulgarity has merely come of age, with the help of television. What vulgarian in his right mind would read the vulgarities of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* when he can watch the spicier vulgarities of *Peyton Place* twice or three times a week?

Will C. Jumper.

Ames, Iowa

Nonplussed

At a time when written English appears to have lost almost all standards, I was nonplussed to read the following statement in European Literary Scene [*SR*, Nov. 5]: "I found the book compelling and predict that it will be Englished." Surely this was an editorial oversight! If not, I can only be reminded of the line from Cicero's third oration against Cataline: "Oh the times, oh the morals."

Malcolm Bondy.

Silver Spring, Md.

Editor's note: *See Webster's Unabridged, Second Edition: "English: v.; Englished; Englishing. Transitive: 1. To translate into English; . . ."*

Exception

Have you "raised Cain" with the proofreader for Sanford J. Fox's review of *A Sign for Cain: An Exploration of Human Violence* [*SR*, Nov. 19]? If not, you should after reading the first paragraph which begins, "In spite of Fredric Wertham's assertion that few people except he are deeply concerned, etc." Please don't tell me no one except I found this error.

Dorothy Munger.

Champaign, Ill.

Editor's note: *In "The Careful Writer" Theodore M. Bernstein observes: "Let the grammarians who maintain that except is a conjunction . . . and those who maintain that it is a preposition governing an objective case . . . battle it out. The writer may comfortably sit it out on the sidelines, unneutrally taking the side of the prepositionists. . . ."*

Better, ASP?

In *SR* Nov. 19 I came upon the abbreviated term "WASP." This seems a bit redundant to me. Where, pray tell, might one encounter an Anglo-Saxon Protestant who is not white?

David L. Freeman.

Memphis, Tenn.

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European Literary Scene

After its stunning success in other capitals, Weiss's *Marat/Sade* has finally been staged in Paris at the Sarah-Bernhardt. Obviously, it contained many scenes which the French would find hard to take, such as the one where the lunatics of Charenton sing *La Marseillaise* with lusty credulity and savage patriotism while the playwright cynically reminds us of the betrayals of the populace that would follow the first heroic stages of the Revolution. As they did after seeing Genet's *Paravents* ("Screens") earlier this year, the critics vented their spleen on the author as well as on the play. The eminent philosopher-critic Gabriel Marcel, predicting that it will unfortunately have a long run, takes consolation in his theory that the play has nothing to do with France, but is an allegory denigrating West Germany in favor of East Germany. He is annoyed that this leftist son of a Hungarian-Jewish convert to Catholicism, now enjoying the hospitality and freedom of Stockholm, should be "receiving large author's royalties from countries against which he unleashes his fury while declaring himself a supporter of the so-called Democratic Republic. He should choose. Why doesn't he go live in Dresden or Leipzig?" (M. Marcel hasn't done his homework; Weiss has already admitted that he could not live under Ulbricht.) Unlike M. Marcel, Jacques Lenormand in the *Figaro littéraire* is not "disgusted," but his comments are grudging as he admits the "partial success" of the play.

The confrontation had to come, and the results were predictable. This basically leftist play views French history cynically, even mockingly. It makes a brilliant and tolerant observer of the Marquis de Sade, in real life a perverted egotist who actually undermined and endangered the achievements of the *libertins* during the Enlightenment by preposterously setting himself up as the model *libertin*. Even in a France free of the current Gaullist atmosphere *Marat/Sade* would make the average playgoer brace himself at the traditional three knocks announcing curtain-time.

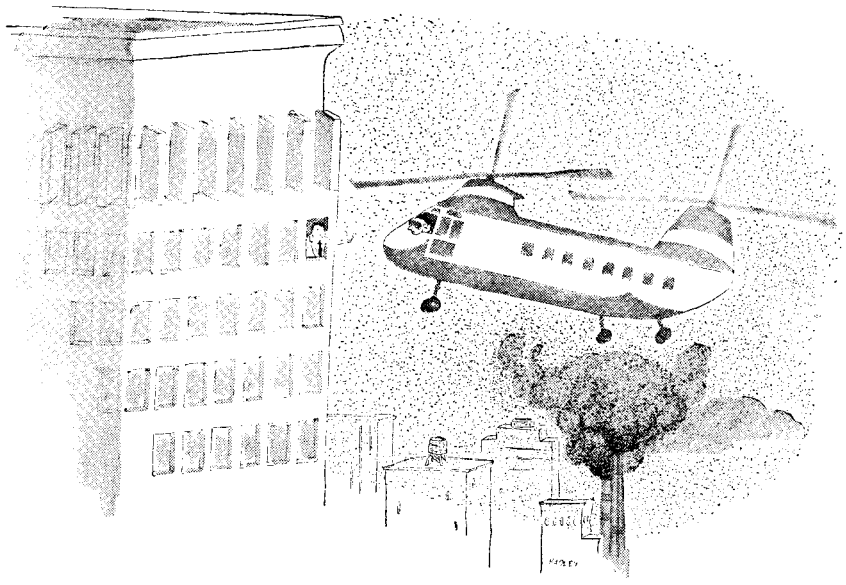
Would you like to know to what extent Voltaire's *Oedipus* was influenced by André Gide's? Pierre Brunel and Denis Huisman's new history of French literature (Fernand Nathan) runs backward from the aforementioned *Paravents* of Genet to the *Song of Roland*. The authors claim they were influenced by Minister Malraux's order to "sandblast France's historic monuments and rediscover the immaculate whiteness they displayed at the time they were built." In his preface Marcel Brion, never at a loss for comment, hails this topsy-turvy approach for destroying the idea that literary history implies progress and improvement. The adult, he recalls, is always superior to the child, a trip upstream on a broad river is sometimes more interesting than one downstream, et cetera. Although the possibilities seem frightening and limitless, I hasten to report that I did not find such titles as *Next Year at Marienbad* or *Anticipation of Things to Come*.

It is a happy month for readers when Lawrence Durrell brings out a new book. *Sauve qui peut* (Faber & Faber, to be issued by Dutton Jan. 26) is a collection of nine stories retrieved from *Playboy, Mademoiselle, Harper's, Weekend Telegram*, etc. They are peopled by comic characters we remember from Durrell's *Esprit de Corps* and *Stiff Upper Lip*, and they have a zany quality that usually comes off successfully. As the *Times Literary Supplement* summarizes it, "Sometimes we feel as if Trollope, P. G. Wodehouse, and Gwyn Thomas were collaborating on a drama of the idiotic for a company of puppets." This is not the recipe one usually hears for Durrell: one part Henry Miller to two parts D. H. Lawrence.

Leonardo Sciascia lives a charmed life in Sicily, where he writes novels about the Mafia without being mowed down by a *sicario* (triggerman). His damaging and depressing novel *Il giorno della civetta* ("The Day of the Owl") should have been Sicily's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Aware that it hardly ruffled the Honored Society, Sciascia has now switched to irony in *A ciascuno il suo* ("To Each His Own"), published by Einaudi, to be released here by Harper & Row. In a small Sicilian town a professor accidentally discovers the background of the dual murder of a chemist and a physician. The lawyer who engineered the slayings has the professor rubbed out and marries the physician's new widow. Justice does not prevail. As in his other indictments of an *omertà*-ridden society, Sciascia shows that most of the townspeople know the facts which the authorities seek in vain. Either Sciascia was born under a very lucky star or his *mafiosi* neighbors see him as the local hagiographer.

This year's Nobel Prize for Literature (see page 44) awards caught most of Europe flatfooted. Leading candidates had been Moravia (Italy), Kawabata (Japan), Miguel Angel Asturias (Guatemala), and Borges (Argentina). However, in early October the *Nouvelles littéraires* leaked the news that Nelly Sachs would probably be chosen. Last October she won the annual Peace Prize of the German book trade and publishing industry awarded at the Frankfurt Book Fair to writers and thinkers who have made significant contributions to peace. This proved a timely honor. This column was one of the few in America that had ever mentioned her (Jan. 29, 1966). While no work of hers is yet available in Eng-

(*Continued on page* 62)



"Veer left over the U.N. building and then sharp right over the East River."

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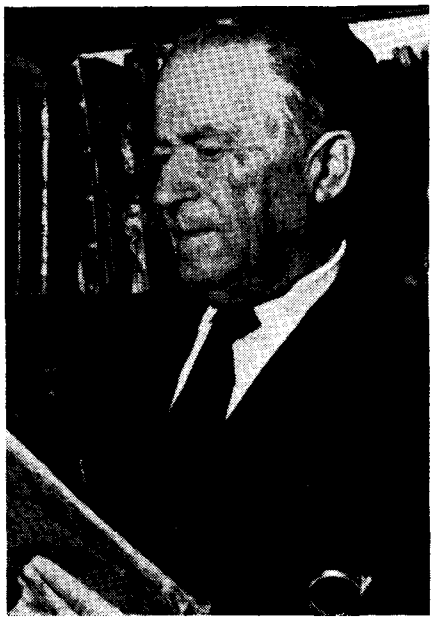
Nobel Prize-winners: 1966

1. *S. Y. Agnon*

By ROBERT ALTER

THE JEWS of Galicia are proverbially noted for wiliness, at least among other European Jews, and Hebrew readers of Shmuel Yosef Agnon, co-winner of this year's Nobel Prize for Literature, are not likely to forget his origins in that eastern province of what was then the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Agnon's Galician hometown of Buczacz, which he left in 1906 at the age of eighteen, figures directly or obliquely in the greater part of his fiction. It plays an important role in all three of his major novels, serving a triple function in them and elsewhere in his work as an image of the undisturbed piety of pre-modern Jewish life, as a point of convergence for forces of cultural and spiritual dissolution (he sometimes gives Buczacz the fictional name Shibbush, suggesting "breakdown" or "corruption" in Hebrew), and, finally, as a broken, twisted testimony to the brutal destructiveness of twentieth-century history.

But the way Agnon uses his Buczacz background is also one of many indications that he has more than a generous share of the alleged Galician wile. The image of himself which he likes to project to the general public in interviews and to his readers through his narrating persona is that of a simple, pious, unworldly man, indeed, a kind of archetypal Young Man from the Provinces—like the naïve Galician hero of his long novel, *Just Yesterday*—who now to his amazement finds himself acclaimed as a literary genius. The coyness of this studied pretense is apparent in Agnon's quoted statements since the Nobel announcement. While *The New York Times*, in its formidably humorless fashion, reports as plain fact that Agnon is astonished anyone reads him, or that he hopes his being honored by the nations will encourage his own people to examine his books, he actually has an avid and informed interest in his reputation at home and abroad, and he knows perfectly well that his collected works are on the bookshelf of almost every educated Israeli, his stories even having been made required reading in the schools.



—*Israeli Cultural Office.*

S. Y. Agnon—"an art of the abyss."

AS a rule, Agnon chooses to give the impression that he is much more withdrawn from the modern world than he is in fact. To be sure, from his earliest years he has steeped himself in the vast and variegated literature of Jewish tradition, and he has no formal secular education, but since his youth he has been reading his way through European literature with the zest and energy of the classic autodidact. He knows German literature intimately and extensively—he lived in Germany from 1912 to 1924—and in German translation he has also studied the major Russian, French, and Scandinavian writers. Agnon, who tends to be reticent about what he has read, is occasionally vehement in denying influences, but this is hardly surprising, for a kind of provocative elusiveness is an essential part of his whole artistic method.

He is similarly coy about his relationship to his immediate social and cultural surroundings in Israel. For more than four decades he has lived in the quiet neighborhood of Talpiot in the southeastern corner of Jerusalem, where his house at the end of a secluded street looks out through a grove of evergreens toward the Temple Mount in Jordan. A man with no political involvements or commitments to public life, Agnon often presents himself as an isolated artist, standing at his lectern—a relic of the Talmudic academies which he prefers to a desk—inscribing Hebrew characters in his minute, calligraphic hand with the loving patience of a Torah scribe, his ears closed to the stridencies of the contemporary reality around him. This image does faithfully represent one aspect of Agnon the man and the writer, but no more than that.

It is true that only rarely in his fiction has he attempted to deal with present-day Israel, and even then the local setting is for the most part deliberately abstracted, distorted, symbolically reconstituted. But Agnon has an appetite for all kinds of actualities as he has an appetite for all kinds of books: though he complains of being continually plagued by visitors, he receives people warmly, eagerly, and, in his engaging, uninsistent, shrewdly humorous way, he often questions his guests at length about their personal and family histories, the people they have met, the things to which they aspire. From behind the camouflage of his artist's seclusion, Agnon is constantly sending out sensitive probes to the world around him; and if modern Israel has received little direct representation in his writing, some of the deepest spiritual dilemmas confronting the reborn nation have been given unforgettable expression in the boldly imagined indirection of his symbolism.

Since Agnon's first published stories nearly sixty years ago, a major portion of his work has been symbolic in one way or another. His imagination is restless and extraordinarily inventive, so that one finds in his fiction everything from simple parables and folk-tales cunningly woven with strands of symbolic imagery to nightmarish expressionist stories and novels carefully patterned with symbolic leitmotiv. Agnon, it must be remembered, is a close contemporary of Mann, Kafka, Eliot, Yeats, Lawrence, and the other classic modern writers, and in some important respects his interest in symbolism resembles theirs: the literary symbol affords him a means of holding together through an act of the imagination a world where mere anarchy has been loosed and all the old centers no longer hold. Many of the symbols he uses, moreover, enable him to set humanity, as the classic modern writers have characteristically sought to do, under the aspect of eternity, aligned with the timeless powers of life and death, seeming and being—the moon and the sun, darkness and light, sea and earth and sky, the ancient gods and the wandering spirits of later folklore.

But Agnon's quality of archness also

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exerts its subtle pressure on the contours and movements of his symbols. There is often a peculiar note of piquancy in his symbolism, as he manages to toy with the reader even at the most drastically serious moments of his fiction. Let me offer a double example which happens to be available in English translation. In two of Agnon's most intriguing stories, "Edo and Enam" (in *Two Tales*, recently published by Schocken Books) and "Forevermore" (in *Israeli Stories*, a Schocken Paperback edited by Joel Blocker), all the characters, and most of the places, have names beginning with the Hebrew letters *'ayin* or *gimel*. Since these are the first two letters of Agnon's name, one may interpret them as a kind of signature, a dramatic way of reinforcing the bizarreness of the stories while suggesting that their haunting worlds belong uniquely to the privacies of the author's imagination. It is clear, however, that if such an explanation allays puzzlement, it does not fully elucidate the function of the ubiquitous alliterative names.

In "Forevermore," one is tempted to associate the *'ayin*-people of the story with a sphere of commitment and the *gimel*-people with a sphere of empty worldliness: the numerical value of *'ayin* is seventy, the decade of sevens sanctified by Jewish tradition, and *gimel* is three, the first incomplete number after unity and balanced duality. But if Agnon encourages us to play such interpretive games, he discourages us from thinking we have won them. The characters of "Forevermore" almost fall into the neat polarity I have just suggested, but there are enough ambiguous cases, possible exceptions, to leave us wondering about the adequacy of the scheme. And the ancient Scroll of Gumlidata uncovered at the end of the story, with its parade of brilliantly fantastic details —a mantle woven with bands of calves' eyes, a princess giving suck to asses, and more of the like—invites the interpreter to go to work while defying him to be satisfied with his efforts.

The most central expression, however, of Agnon's calculated elusiveness is one that can scarcely be intimated in translation, for it is his style. Agnon is a master stylist; he has been dedicated throughout his career to the kind of painstaking revision, the subtle adjustment of nuance and rhythm, which one associates in European literature with figures like Flaubert, Joyce, Babel. In one major respect, though, the whole function of his beautifully wrought style is unique, for he writes in medieval Hebrew. Here and there he will introduce a modernism, for satiric effect, or because he wants a particular shade of meaning, but his language is clearly centuries away from the language of the streets, or even the schools, of Israel; lexically, syntactically, idiomatically, it is a finely tempered synthesis of the Hebrew found in the traditional post-biblical texts – the Mishnah and the Midrash (respectively, the earliest compilations of rabbinic law and homiletic commentary), the later biblical commentaries, the writings of the medieval mystics and moralists, the literature of Hasidism.

AGNON'S decision to use a fundamentally medieval Hebrew for his fiction is, to begin with, an implicit protest against twentieth-century reality. Even as he involves his personages profoundly in the events of recent history, both in Europe and in Israel, his style suggests that this reality is not quite legitimate, that it need not be accepted on its own newfangled, self-admiring, meretricious, morally chaotic terms. "My language," Agnon writes in one of his stories, "is the language of the generations that have gone before us and also the language of the generations to come." He would like to set his own work with the great Hebrew literature of the ages, not with a passing literary fashion, and so he uses the language in which a hundred generations of pious Jews studied, wrote, gave shape to their inner world.

Through this artfully archaizing Hebrew, then, Agnon evokes a double world in his fiction, a twentieth century which reverberates with echoes from the distant past. He has a sophisticated young woman speak to her lover in the forms with which the Talmudic sages were addressed by their disciples; a female vampire dies of starvation because, in Agnon's Mishnaic idiom, "she had already forgotten the science [literally, torah] of eating human food"; modern scenes of claustrophobic entrapment and landscapes of universal mutilation are rendered in the placid, understated language of rabbinic legend.

The effect of this doubleness is itself double. On the one hand, the pervasive presence of the past is oddly reassuring: as with so many modern writers, Agnon's work is at least in part an art of the abyss, but through his style he has been able to preserve a vision of wholeness and sanctity in a world utterly broken and stubbornly profane. On the other hand, his style touches the imagination almost eerily as the beautifully ordered dream of a world vanished forever, and because of the poignant contrast, the radically disordered world about which he frequently writes seems even more disturbing, more pathetically incomplete.

One is not quite sure, finally, how to take Agnon, and this ultimate ambiguity strikes me as very much a part of his artistic design. He is one of those writers who has to be lived with, whose accents and implications change as the reader changes. For instance, his long novel about the living death of European Jewry, *A Guest for the Night* (to be published in English next year by Schocken), ends with the restatement of a rabbinic legend about a future restoration of Diaspora Judaism on the soil of Israel. I find it difficult to be certain how this ending really reads: is it merely a pious wish tagged onto the bleak evocation of a wasteland of maimed spirits and bodies, or does it flow naturally from the imaginative logic of the midrashic imagery and style that have pervaded the whole novel? As one tries to fix Agnon with the critical eye, he shimmers in strange half-lights, flickering between the poles of desperate affirmation and negating despair. This is certainly one of the hallmarks of his distinctiveness; it is also, I think, a measure of the complexity of his vision.

"On a Night Like This . . ."

RACHEL HEILPERIN wore the appearance of being happy, while Leah Luria was happy indeed. "On a night like this . . ." she cried excitedly, and great untellable longings trembled in that lovely voice. Since she knew no way to sing the praises of the night, she stretched out her delicate arms and stared into the hollow of the universe. And night assigned that hollow its own starlit mightiness. "On a night like this . . ." she cried again, and again stopped short. But since she could not still the tumult within her, she called to the others, "Girls, girls, just look! Look!"

Sea and sky, heaven and earth, and all the space between were grown into a single living being; a luminous calm enveloped by azure, or an azure transparent as air. Up above, and under the surface of the sea, the moon raced like a frenzied girl. Even the sands were moonstruck and seemed to move perpetually. Like the sands, like all the surrounding air, the girls, and with them Rechnitz, were taken up into the dream. If they looked overhead, there was the moon running her race, and if they looked out to sea, there she was again hovering upon the face of the waters. Heaven and earth, land and sea, had become a single whole; and this was contained in yet another, greater whole that no eye could see.

—From "The Betrothed," by S. Y. Agnon.

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2. *Nelly Sachs*

By GERTRUDE C. SCHWEBELL

"LET US walk together into the future to seek again and again a new beginning; let us try to find the good dream that wants to be realized in our hearts." This is Nelly Sachs, who just received the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Born in 1891, the only child of a well-to-do manufacturer, she grew up in the Tiergartenviertel, the most distinguished neighborhood of Berlin. She studied music and dancing and, at the age of seventeen, started to write poetry—pretty, highly polished verse in the traditional manner. In accordance with her wish, this poetry was not included in her collected work.

With the Nazi rise to power, Nelly Sachs's world collapsed, but she stayed on in Berlin until 1940, when she and her ailing mother were taken to Sweden, where, acting on the request of Selma Lagerlöf, Prince Eugene of Sweden had interceded on her behalf. They arrived in Stockholm, shaken and afraid, for Selma Lagerlöf had died. However, a friend of the novelist welcomed the fugitives. By then almost fifty years old, Nelly Sachs started to write the sweeping poetry that has now brought her world-wide renown.

She wrote during the night to find herself again, wrote about "The Houses of Death" where her friends were perishing, wrote "Eclipse of Stars," "And No One Knows Where to Go." She wrote in German: her mother tongue was the only home left. Nevertheless, Nelly Sachs studied Swedish, and soon she was translating Swedish poetry into German, perhaps to find a way into the new world that had received her. Here Miss Sachs's sensitive language penetrates the innermost confines "into the mysterious that blurs all boundaries." Her first anthology of Swedish poetry, *Welle und Granit* (Wave and Granite), was published in West Berlin in 1947; *Aber auch diese Sonne ist heimatlos* (But Even This Sun Has No Home) followed in 1957. Such books brought well-deserved recognition to Swedish poets: Gunnar Ekelöf, Johannes Edfelt, Karl Vennberg, Erik Lindgren, to name only a few. In 1958 Miss Sachs received the Prize of the Swedish Poets' Association.

Neither the first collection of her own verse, *In the Houses of Death* (*In den Wohnungen des Todes*), printed in West Berlin in 1946, nor her second volume, *Eclipse of Stars* (*Sternverdunkelung*), printed in Amsterdam in 1949, received much attention since there was no communication within Germany in those years. Life was but a bleak struggle for survival. In 1950, Swedish friends had published 200 copies of her *Eli: A Miracle Play of the Sufferings of Israel* in a private edition. A copy found its way to West Germany, where it was read over the radio station Süddeutscher Rundfunk in the same year. Later *Eli* was turned into a radio play and became widely known in West Germany.

—*Wide World.*

Nelly Sachs—"beyond our time."

Nelly Sachs's next two books, *Und Niemand weiss weiter* ("And No One Knows Where to Go"), published in 1957, and *Flucht und Verwandlung*, ("Flight and Metamorphosis"), which came out two years later, brought her deserved acclaim as a lyric poet. Rainer Gruenter writes in a review in *Neue Deutsche Hefte*, "Her poetic voice descends from Luther down to Trakl, yet is entirely the speech of today. There also is a sisterly echo of the Lamentations of Jeremiah. . . . Miss Sachs does not have the attitude of Job, who in his misery ascertains the Lord's love in testing him, nor does she feel the security in God that the Prophets have, which rests on their knowing about good and evil, about guilt and punishment. . . ."

Hugo von Hoffmannsthal said that suffering is the only business we shy away from, but suffering is our lot. Nelly Sachs accepts in her poetry the suffering of creatures for nothing but suffering's sake, a conception which raises her beyond conventional morality—with good and evil for touchstones—into the realm of a cosmic trust. "Man," she wrote in *Nightwatch*, "will always become guilty. Wherefore? Therefore. This is his tragedy on earth. This most terrible question, one of the essential questions of mankind, permeates the whole: why is evil necessary to create the saint, the martyr? No one will ever be able to answer this—Mars and the Moon would rather give up their secrets before this eternal sigh of mankind will find an answer." Miss Sachs is not speaking of revenge and of the wrath of the angry God, nor is she using the word forgiveness. She does not feel that she has to forgive the horrors of our apocalyptic times, but she accepts the forces of evil that live on forever in our bipolar world. This is her greatness.

The arc of Nelly Sachs's poetry reaches from "The Houses of Death" over "Metamorphosis" to the "Journey Into the Beyond" (*Fahrt ins Staublose*), the title she gave to her collected poetry. ". . . Strictly speaking, she has been writing one book," says H. M. Enzensberger in his introduction to *Ausgewählte Gedichte* (Selected Poems," 1963). "This priority of the whole over the detail is not just a formal feature, it is not just implied in the composition, as a cyclic or an epic structure: its roots are deeper. The idea on which her work is based is of religious origin." Her bond with the fate of the Jewish people, with their and with Germany's literary tradition is the source of her work, a psalmodic lyric in free rhythm, austere and rich in metaphors.

IN A TIME when lyrics are not meant to have moving qualities, the stirring poetry of Nelly Sachs has great impact. It is not easy reading; one must have patience and the will to enter into her poems. But they are not written in a code, calculated or estranged. Her metaphors come naturally: "Butterflies/over the burning bush/feeling the weight of life/and death/on their wings." At times she uses simple sentences, shimmering with transparency: "How light/the earth will be/only a cloud/of evening-love." "Someone/will come/who will take the ball/from the hands of the terrible players. . . ." "Where ever man is/under the sun/the shadow lily guilt/is cast upon the sand." "We, who were saved/—Death was ready to cut his flutes from our hollow bones/Death was ready to use as chords our sinews/—our bodies are still aching/with their mutilated music." But in spite of anguish and dread she finds words like these: "We, the mothers/who guard in the cradles/twilight memories/of the Day of Creation—/The rhythm of breath/is our love song's melody./ We, the mothers/are rocking the heart of the world:/the melody of Peace."

Great and powerful is her gesture of a new beginning. Nelly Sachs has risen beyond our time, and her lyrics cross the boundaries of one people and one time and one language. This has enabled the

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Gertrude C. Schwebell, author of poetry, short stories, and articles, has translated numerous works from the German. Her renderings into German of Marianne Moore's *Selected Poems* and John Berryman's *Homage to Mrs. Bradstreet* will be published in Germany in 1967.

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youth of Germany to receive the poet as their own. "The young Germans are coming to me in Stockholm," she told Erika Guetermann during an interview in 1960. "Young people, the young poets; they say: You are speaking our language. I received marvelous letters! Paul Celan, Max Frisch, Ingeborg Bachmann, Hermann Kasack—they all held me in their arms. All the dear people. It was like a dream. I do not know how I ever shall be able to earn this.This youth—that they want me! It was almost a shock. I live quite secluded in Sweden. . . . Certainly, I have a small circle of friends, and young Swedish poets used to visit me. But I had no access to modern German poetry. I was so completely by myself. . . ."

In contrast to the language in her poems, that in Nelly Sachs's *Szenische Dichtungen* (scenic poetry, as she calls her plays) initially had the simplicity of the medieval miracle plays of the Christian church, especially the first three: *Eli, Abram in the Salt,* and *Nightwatch,* written between 1940 and '44. Ten years later she wrote eleven more of these plays, some of them very short sketches. Her language now is more complicated, fraught with ambiance—but her attitude towards suffering and sufferance never changes. Especially remarkable are *Simon Plunges Through Thousands of Years: A Dramatic Happening in Fourteen Scenes* (1955) and *Beryll Gazes Into the Night, or the Lost and Refound Alphabet* (1961). In the appendix to the latter she writes, "The German mystic, Jakob Böhme (1575-1624) said: 'Nothing is the search for Something.' He knows about the inexhaustibility of the creative forces. So does the magnificent Sohar, the book of Hebrew mysticism. . . . I have always endeavored to raise the unspeakable onto the transcendental level to make it bearable thus, and to let a glow of the holy darkness fall into this night of nights."

In a discussion of her scenic poetry with Erika Guetermann Nelly Sachs explained: "I tried to say in a dramatic form what cannot be expressed in lyrics. . . . I was a dancer, once. I try to let the world develop into movement, and back into the new word, as in the choruses of the dramatic poetry of antiquity."

During the excavations at Ur in Chaldea the archeologists found impressions in the earth left by objects that had completely turned to dust. In *Abram in the Salt* Miss Sachs tries to bring back to life this handwriting of that which has become invisible. The scene takes place in post-Flood time in Ur, where the cult of Zin, God of the Moon, demands human sacrifice. Abram, the fifteen-year-old, returns from the cave of the dead—the first human being to long for an invisible god. "Longing born of thirst" might be the topic of this play. In her stage directions she says, "The stage-design should always seem to be far away, only outlines like the hunting scenes in the caves of the Ice Age. The salt landscape should be abstract—a skeleton in white—the left-over after the Flood (and in the salt originates the thirst of mankind). The choruses of the thirsty, the mothers, the possessed shall accompany the scenes like Greek choruses. There is also a touch of the Japanese Noh play in the musical themes; these themes come from far away, as from the faraway past."

WHEN Nelly Sachs received the Nobel Prize in Literature she was virtually unknown beyond Germany and Sweden. Nevertheless, her poetry had received a number of previous awards. The first was the West German *Kulturkreis,* given by German industry, in 1959; then came the *Annette von Droste Hülshoff Preis* in 1960, when for the first time she returned to Germany; she was the initial recipient of the *Nelly Sachs Preis* established in her honor by the city of Dortmund in 1961. On the occasion of Miss Sachs's seventieth birthday the publishing house Suhrkamp Verlag brought out her collected work—*Fahrt ins Staublose,* her poetry, and *Zeichen im Sand,* her plays, as well as *Nelly Sachs zu Ehren,* a volume of poetry, articles, and memories about her by such writers as Ilse Aichinger, Beda Allemann, Ingeborg Bachmann, Paul Celan, Hilde Domin, Günter Eich, Hans Magnus Enzensberger, and others. In 1964 Miss Sachs received the prize of the Börsenverein; in 1965, the *Friedenspreis des Deutschen Buchhandels.* When she received the peace prize at the Paulskirche in Frankfurt in October 1965, Nelly Sachs addressed her acceptance especially to the young German generation: "In spite of all the horrors of the past, I believe in you. . . . Together, full of grief, let us remember the victims, and then let us walk together into the future to seek again and again a new beginning—maybe far away, yet ever-present; let us try to find the good dream that wants to be realized in our hearts."

O The Chimneys

(translated from the German by Michael Roloff)

And when after my skin this dust is destroyed,
Then without my flesh shall I see God.
—Job 19:26

By Nelly Sachs

O the chimneys
On the ingeniously conceived habitations of death,
When Israel's body drifted through the air
As smoke—
When it was welcomed by a chimney sweep
That was a star, a star that turned black,
Or was it a sunray?

O the chimneys!
Freedomways for Jeremiah's and Job's dust—
Who conceived you and laid stone upon stone
The way for refugees of smoke?

O the habitations of death,
Invitingly appointed
For the host who used to be a guest—
O you fingers
Laying a threshold
Like a knife between life and death.

O you chimneys,
O you fingers,
And Israel's body as smoke through the air.

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POVERTY: PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE

By WILSON C. McWILLIAMS

THE NEW analysts of poverty begin with a perspective which, ironically, is derived from ancient proverbs: that it is fundamentally a thing of the spirit. Not that they are unaware of the material dimension of the spiritual malaise; all pay quite proper attention to the driving needs of the poor and the inadequacy of welfare, both in the amount of aid provided and in the numbers it covers, to meet those needs. Yet the insistent contention is that material aid is not enough if it is provided through agencies which approach the poor in an atmosphere of bureaucratic suspicion, paternalism, and "welfare colonialism," and in an environment which degrades and dehumanizes those who inhabit it. Nor is there a lack of evidence to support this argument. Alvin L. Schorr in *Poor Kids: A Report on Children in Poverty* (Basic Books, $5.95) points out that the percentage of Americans classified as "poor" has remained the same despite rises in income since the turn of the century. Herbert Krosney observes in *Beyond Welfare: Poverty in the Supercity* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.50) that Harlem would rank with the five wealthiest nations in per capita income.

Wilson C. McWilliams is a member of the Department of Government at Oberlin College.

Poverty is associated with low income, but it cannot be identified with it. To be in a state of poverty is to be entrapped: that is, to be in a situation without choices, an environment without options. Hence, adherents of the New Left who plunge themselves into the ghetto, or graduate students in the major universities whose material conditions are not significantly different from those of the poor, are not actually impoverished; for them there is always another place: the middle-class environment to which they can return, the future toward which they can strive. Poverty produces the sense of being shaped by forces beyond one's understanding and control, which renders the self insecure in all its aspects —physical well-being, personal relationships, moral and intellectual beliefs. Finally, and as a result of these conditions, poverty is a feeling of personal unimportance. The conviction that the *self* is worthless is what distinguishes modern poverty from the "honest poor" of old or the ascetics of religious tradition.

This aspect of modern poverty is one which all the new analysts recognize, at least in part, and it sharpens their criticism of the current welfare system. Basically, that system was designed to remedy the ills resulting from the Depression, ills conceived of as temporary. Assistance could therefore be temporary, the alleviation of a specific "condition," leaving any long-term remedy to the return of economic prosperity. This argument has obvious defects: it does not help the children who are suffering from the effects of poverty nor the young, reared in poverty, who must now make decisions regarding education, employment, and marriage. Moreover, our doctrine of welfare is static; it contains no notion of what is really needed to help men out of poverty. We provide aid to children who lack fathers, and deny it to those who have fathers, thus making it difficult for an unemployed father to remain with his children, or for a deserted mother to marry another man unless his financial support will be greater than the aid that will be lost. In effect, our concern for the stability of the family encourages instability in any family that has a sense of responsibility toward its children. It does not occur to us to reward with greater assistance those families that remain together.

That sort of stupidity in the American welfare system—and there are a multitude of others—is bound to produce outrage. The literature of outrage is always of uneven quality. For example, Richard Elman's indignant *The Poorhouse State: The American Way of Life on Public Assistance* (Pantheon, $5.95) is puerile in analysis and lacking in impact, although some of its case studies are brilliant.

Outrage blinds the critical faculty and destroys perspective. Programs that have a chance of adoption are urged as though they were panaceas, and their limitations are rationalized away. Most widely accepted of current proposals is the negative income tax, which would have great merit in reducing the role of bureaucracy in the life of the poor and in making assistance a matter of right. Yet its advocates tend to ignore several facts: (1) that the "floor" proposed for income is invariably absurdly low—from $1,500-$2,000; (2) that the "poverty index" is highly debatable, $2,440 a year being deemed adequate to support an urban family with a child; (3) that the proposal is based on material income, which all current analysts are too sophisticated to accept as a determinant in other areas.

Krosney, the most strident defender of NEGIT, even urges as a virtue of the program the notion that it will "spur" the poor to work. He presumes NEGIT would mean an end to minimum wage laws, and would leave income so low as to compel the poor to seek employment at jobs below the "social minimum wage" —that wage for which men feel it worthwhile to work eight hours a day. Will it

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add to the dignity or the sense of worth among the poor to be spurred to work at jobs society judges to be worthless?

Moreover, Krosney's zeal forces him to accept the argument that automation has not produced "structural" defects in our economy and to assert that work can be found for the unskilled. Yet what his proposal implies is not that work exists, but that it can be made by forcing wages below the social minimum. Why does Krosney reject the obvious alternatives, such as federal public works programs, for creating work above or at the social minimum? Because—and here the defective reasoning is clear—it is politically impracticable.

The weakness of utopians in America is their insistence on being "realistic." When those who dream "beyond welfare" limit themselves to the standard of the practical they do not become realistic; they betray the dream. Hence Krosney offers the fact that the number of persons on relief has declined since 1961 as a proof of the availability of work for the unskilled; he does not mention "employment" in Vietnam, and notes only as an aside that aid to dependent children has risen in the same period.

Such defects are multiplied by a more serious effect of outrage: parochialism. To see injustice is to be angry, and anger may cause forgetfulness of the injustice that is not seen. Of the books here reviewed, Steve Allen's *The Ground Is Our Table* (Doubleday, $3.95) alone draws attention to the fact that the overwhelming majority of poor people in the United States live in rural areas. Few writers have observed that riots in the city reveal a possibility for action that rural areas lack. Watts can force Los Angeles to notice it; the red-clay hills of the South cannot arouse the attention of New York.

Low visibility is a menace to the poor. We like to identify poverty with some obvious, finite aspect of our society. If welfare agencies war against juvenile gangs with success, we are on the whole content to see that pathetic outlet for the young eliminated; we choose not to observe the correlation between such success and the deeper want that is reflected in increasing narcotics addiction.

Only Joseph Lyford in *The Airtight Cage: A Study of New York's West Side* (Harper & Row, $7.95) remains free enough to be imaginative in prescription, with such suggestions as a proposal for rural "reserves" around the city based on the recognition that the city itself has become obsolete in an age of technology.

Lyford knows more of America than many of his fellow authors. (His earlier study, *The Talk in Vandalia*, showed the growing impoverishment of the small town, afflicted by the flight to the great cities.) He points out that the American poor have middle-class values and that, like the middle class, they divide the world between themselves ("the people") and the "others," the social problems, the outsiders and outcasts. This suggests a question: If the culture of the poor is basically that of the middle class without the consolations of affluence, is not American culture "poverty-stricken"?

Elman comments, rightly, that middle-class Americans despise "welfare chiselers" and are eager to insure that the poor "work for a living" because they themselves work hard at meaningless jobs; their rage against the poor is a reflection of self-hate. The savagery of employers toward farm labor, Allen discerns, is related to the Darwinian world of the Southwest, where no "aristocracy" exists, where social stability is lacking, where men must fight desperately to rise and even more desperately to avoid falling. The same observation can be applied to rural America generally, or to the South as a region: underorganized, marginal in relation to the centers of economic and social power, lacking the stability necessary to permit the growth of a welcome, if condescending concern for the conditions of the disadvantaged.

Lyford's book becomes a chronicle of "auto-anesthesia," the tendency of men to blind themselves to the facts around them and to retreat into some private universe that gives them an illusion of dignity. For the poor, lacking a material retreat, this may take the form of semi-catatonia or the self-induced dream-world of narcotics. Yet Mr. Lyford finds the same phenomenon in the middle class: The welfare agencies, terrified of criticism, spy on their subordinates, who in their turn spy upon clients. Bureaucratic higher-ups who cannot control the vast lower-level structure, who desperately fear being found out by press and public, retreat to the safety of technical explanations and officialese. The police, sensing the lack of support from a community that no longer exists, fearfully seek to isolate themselves from civilians and politics. Nor is the situation better, in Lyford's analysis, among the friends of the poor. The schoolteacher, aware that he cannot cope with the social ills that wreck children before and after school, retreats into discussions of "educational theory."

Yet the teacher is Lyford's closest approach to the hero. Dr. Edward Gottlieb, principal of P.S. 165, near Columbia University, bulks as large in this study as Max Gottlieb did in *Arrowsmith*, partly, one suspects, because Lyford, like Sinclair Lewis, needed a faith

(*Continued on page* 58)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

DEDICATIONS

The second column is a list of the people to whom the works in the first column are dedicated. William L. Nance of El Paso asks you to match each work to the right dedicatee. Check your guesses on page 97.

Boswell: *The Life of Johnson* ( )
Capote: *In Cold Blood* ( )
Conrad: *Nostromo* ( )
Eliot: *The Waste Land* ( )
Erasmus: *The Praise of Folly* ( )
Faulkner: *Sartoris* ( )
Galsworthy: *The Forsyte Saga* ( )
Hemingway: *Winner Take Nothing* ( )
Lewis: *Elmer Gantry* ( )
Melville: *Moby Dick* ( )
Paine: *The Rights of Man* ( )
Shakespeare: *Sonnets* ( )
Shelley: *The Cenci* ( )
Spenser: *The Faerie Queene* ( )
Eudora Welty: *The Robber Bridegroom* ( )

1. Sherwood Anderson
2. Nathaniel Hawthorne
3. Leigh Hunt
4. Archibald MacLeish
5. Mr. W. H.
6. George Washington
7. Katherine Anne Porter
8. Sir Joshua Reynolds
9. Sir Walter Raleigh
10. John Galsworthy
11. Harper Lee
12. Sir Thomas More
13. "My wife"
14. Ezra Pound
15. H. L. Mencken

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At the Fringes of the Miracle

18 Stories, *by Heinrich Böll, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (McGraw-Hill. 243 pp. $5.50), satirizes the indignities and absurdities of making a living in postwar Germany. Edward M. Potoker is an assistant professor of comparative literature at the City College of New York and a free-lance writer and critic.*

By EDWARD M. POTOKER

HEINRICH BOLL, whose prose is remarkable for its vitality, lucidity, and color, now enjoys a reputation, well and scrupulously earned, as one of contemporary Europe's most influential writers. Achieving international recognition in the immediate postwar years, Böll was hailed as the analyst—indeed, the laughing vivisectionist—of the German generation that promoted and somehow accommodated Hitler. With an integrity that must have been painful to sustain, he scrutinized Germany's so-called "undigested past," in the process rendering it clear but by no means more digestible. In his probe of the modern German condition he uncovered the quirks that lay, like noxious organisms, beneath Germany's values and social institutions, and uncovered as well the dangerous illusions which Germans cherished about these quirks.

Böll has always been a moralist in the sense that Kafka and Camus were, but his artistry, like theirs, generally triumphs over the occasional excesses of his moral passion. His novels, especially *Billiards at Half-past Nine* and *The Clown*, received high critical acclaim in this country, and his readership has been growing steadily since 1962. However, since Böll began his career with short stories and continues to write them, it is gratifying to have finally available a representative collection of his work in that form.

18 Stories, written over a period of nearly two decades, shows the imaginative range, power, and wit that we expect of Böll. More important, these pieces, in a shrewd and skillful translation by Leila Vennewitz, allow us to perceive easily that Böll is a master of short prose, even if all the stories included are not masterpieces. For the most part, Böll's techniques are conventional: his narratives tend to be straightforward and realistic. Because he can write stories that are cogent, dramatic, and immediate, he seems to eschew experimental methods.

There are, unfortunately, no convenient rubrics in this collection, dates are not provided, and the order of presentation is haphazard. Nevertheless, from the satirical masterpieces scattered throughout the book a central theme emerges, one that deals with the indignities and absurdities of making a living in postwar Germany. Böll's protagonists, naïve or clownish or both, hover at the fringes of the German economic miracle, sufficiently alienated from the efficient burghers whom they mock. These protagonists frequently stem from the lower middle class, to which Böll is somewhat romantically attached, but they are not, in the inelegant speech of sociologists, "upward mobile." On the contrary, they are weirdly static. Their grotesque confrontations with higher middle-class values and occupations provide the cutting edges of these stories and much marvelous buffoonery.

"Action Will Be Taken," subtitled "An Action-Packed Story," has as its anti-hero a nameless narrator who gets a job in a factory renowned for efficiency and furious activity. His frantic boss constantly goes about shouting, "Let's have some action!" The required reply from all employees is, "Action will be taken!" One day the narrator hesitates in answering the boss's unchanging invocation, thereby shocking him to death. At the funeral he receives an offer from a firm of undertakers to join their staff as a professional mourner. Easily persuaded that he is a "born mourner," he happily pursues his true vocation, in which pensiveness is essential and inactivity his duty.

"The Thrower-Away" is about a complex stooge whose activity is devoted entirely to destruction: he throws away. Employed by a large insurance company, he uses an elaborate system for sorting first-class mail from the oppressive junk that threatens to inundate every business enterprise. Travel folders, brochures from political parties and religious sects, notifications from charities and lotteries he gleefully throws away. Suspected of nihilism, he knows that his punch-card file in the City Hall contains the symbols for "mental case" and "anti-social." These symbols are the price he must pay for his chosen activities.

The tactics in both pieces, of course, are those of Kafka, who, like Böll, was a master cultural pathologist. However, Böll's work is never as depressing as

"'Someone's been eating my vitamin B enriched energy-giving porridge,' cried baby bear. . . ."

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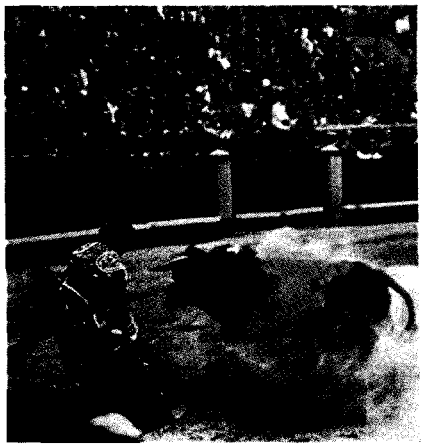

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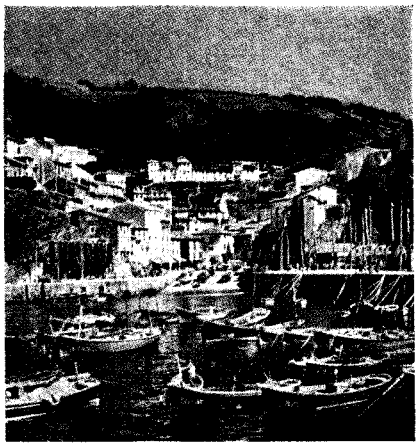

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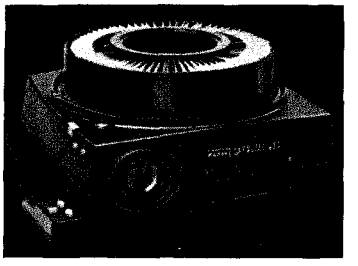

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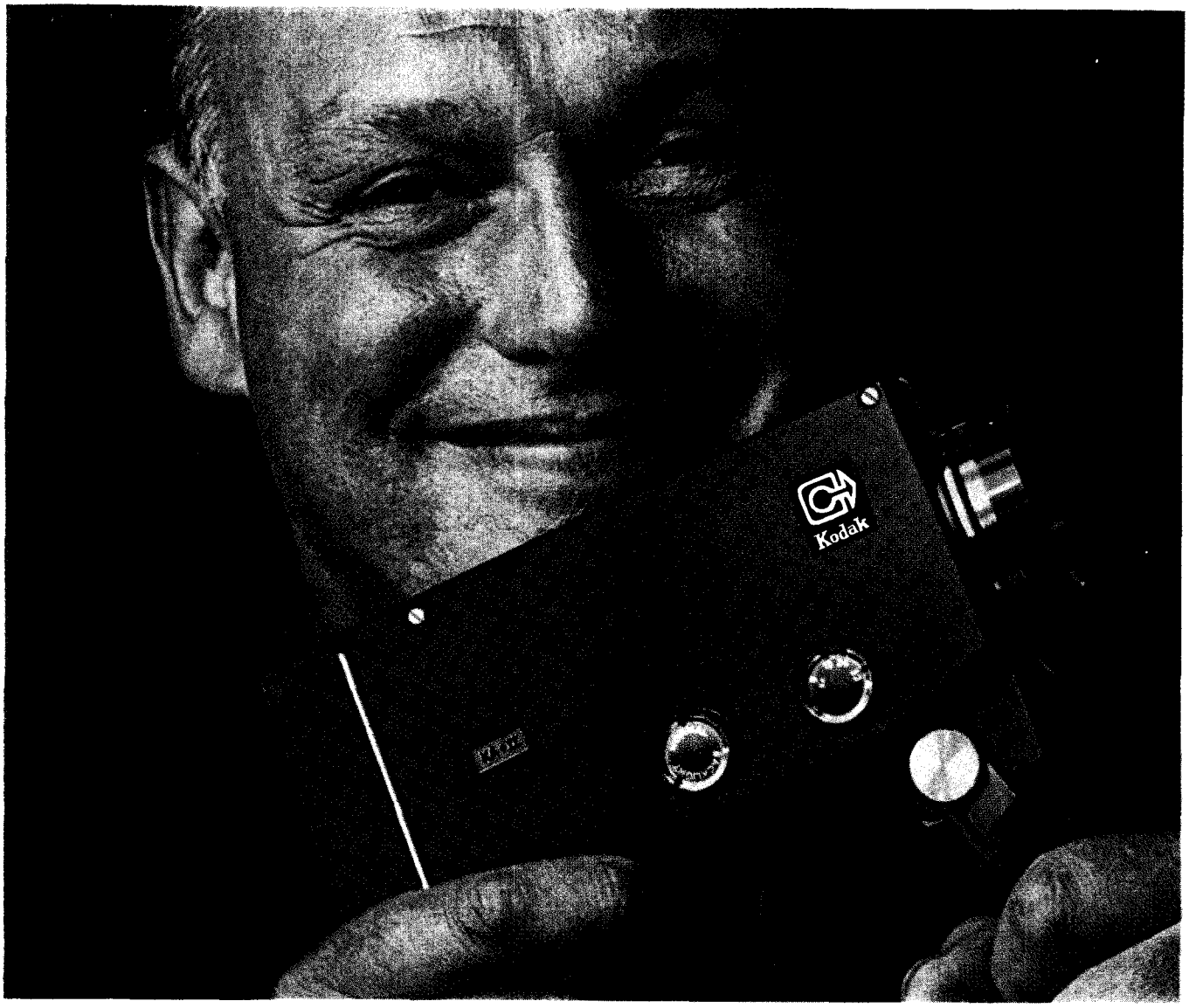

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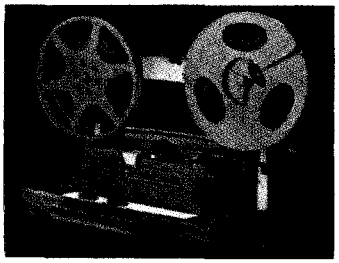

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Since you'll only have dinner once tonight, why not do it right the first time?

ONE OF FIVE SPARKLING WINES BY PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA, © 1966

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Kafka's. There is a dash of Fielding in him that always mitigates the effects of his paranoia, a gusto and vigor that enable him to envision, eccentrically but firmly, human order as well as ordure.

Although many of these stories have political overtones, most are not overtly political. The chief exception is "Bonn Diary," which does in twelve pages what Kirst did in *The Night of the Generals*. The German military caste and its postwar re-emergence are mordantly satirized. General Erich von Machorka-Muff, a forthright soldier and to his old superiors an "idealist," sees his pet project become a reality: the Bonn Government, with special prodding from the Ministry of Defense, has decided to erect an "Academy for Military Memoirs, where every veteran from the rank of major up is to be given the opportunity of committing his reminiscences to paper." The General delivers the Academy's first lecture, fittingly entitled "Reminiscence as a Historical Duty." He is especially pleased that his dream came to pass in a democracy. "A democracy in which we have the majority of Parliament on our side," confides a high-ranking bureaucrat from the Defense Ministry, "is a great deal better than a dictatorship."

Inevitably, such a large collection has its duds. When Böll writes about the sexual problems of adolescents ("In the Valley of the Thundering Hooves") or the religious anxieties of adulterers ("The Adventure") he is sentimental and unconvincing. Nevertheless, this volume, which contains only a few examples of Böll's sporadic gaucherie, is about as distinguished and satisfying as any collection of short stories can be.

Balancing the Book of Horrors

***The Heirs of Cain**, by Abraham Rothberg (Putnam. 319 pp. $5.95), a departure in suspense fiction, rakes to its impulse the burning hatred that impels a victim of the Holocaust to turn to espionage for revenge. Barry Hyams edited "Theatre: Vol. I" and "Theatre: Vol. II."*

By BARRY HYAMS

TWO YEARS ago in *The Thousand Doors* Abraham Rothberg dropped clues to an ulterior design in his writing of international intrigue. In the course of his first novel, which concerned a manuscript spirited from behind the Iron Curtain, Mr. Rothberg provided a Baedeker to the backroads of Balkan politics. Tucked into the adventure, the lesson proved to be the superior reward.

The Heirs of Cain is a further departure in spy stories, a change of pace for devotees of the chill-and-kill genre. In it Mr. Rothberg advances the theme introduced by Elie Wiesel in *Dawn*. The simplistic criticism of the Jew, allegedly passive in the face of annihilation, is countered with a visceral view of his heritage: The rabbis regarded the fable of Adam less as an account of a miracle than as the cardinal ethic. "Who destroys one human life is as if he had destroyed the whole world; who sustains one life is as if he had created the world." *The Heirs of Cain* poses this ethos to a Jewish assassin.

The setting in neutral Switzerland is mainly the city of Berne. The prey are two vacationing German physicists whose liquidation will delay Egypt's nuclear arms program against Israel. The slayer is an agent of the dreaded Shin Bet, the secret service of Tel Aviv. Behind the threat to expunge Israel with nuclear warheads lurks a grand plan for the recrudescence of German military power and world domination. Involved —sometimes abetting, sometimes outflanking each other—are the Swiss security police and spies from Egypt and the French Surêté.

Mr. Rothberg flings the gauntlet down in the very opening line of the novel. "My name is Jacob," says Nissim, echoing Melville. Ahab hunted the killer whale; Nissim kills because he was hunted. Both seek revenge: one against insensate nature, the other against insensate man. Jacob Nissim is no conventional killer, neither adventurer nor psychopath. Thrown by his father from a cattle car bound for Auschwitz after witnessing his mother's suicide, he suffers guilt at survival and unconscious anger at his abandonment by those he loved and who loved him and with whom he would rather have died. Now an arrow of hate from the bow of the Holocaust, Nissim turns to righting the wrongs done his people, to balancing the book of horrors—an avenging angel at odds with his mission, for by the very nature of his Jewishness he abhors violence. Flashbacks skillfully heighten the story as it speeds from Berne to Poland, Palestine, the United States, France, and Israel, filling in the crises since Jacob's childhood, many evoked on his analyst's couch.

Mr. Rothberg explicates the schism between Diaspora Jews and Israeli *sabras* who, "like Christians, think of themselves as an improvement over the Jews," and whose "respect for military power is infinitely greater than their admiration for strength of the spirit." At great length and with good reason, the novel explores the mores of Europe, particularly Switzerland, whose neutrality has been the result of her desire "to make the best of a bad geographic position." The Swiss inspector regales Nissim—and the reader—with the history of Europe's playground, of a people without a major creative impulse who cashed in on tourism by erecting sanatoria, first for the tubercular, then for the neurotic; provided asylum for Arnold, a twelfth-century churchman, and for Lenin, a twentieth-century atheist; made Berne *Judenrein* for 400 years and housed the Zionist Congress in Basel.

The new novel gives the impression that Mr. Rothberg has had pent up for years the flood he has loosed in *The Heirs of Cain*. Dangerously close to pretension are the quotations he pours from the Talmud, the Bible, Goethe, Shelley, and the prose the author makes of book titles by Freud and lines from Shakespeare. He overexercises the wry paradox. A killer, Nissim is himself expendable, a Jew who has adopted the Nazi rationale: duty absolves inhumanity. The girl he loved bore the tattoo of "whore to the army of Hitler"; she had been made a prostitute and had chosen not to remain one. Nissim had not been made a murderer but had elected to become one. A final contrived irony is his flight in a boxcar, recalling his earlier journey toward extinction. Nevertheless, the flaws are stylistic and do not diminish the originality and driving force of *The Heirs of Cain*. The book is not sheer entertainment. It is not sheer in any sense.

A Portrait of the Poet

By Gerald Jonas

AMONG the jobs
I held when I was young
was one on the bottom rung
of a firm that fitted doorknobs,
which was not the field
I planned to make my mark in
but just another way to win
my daily bread while I congealed.
Sometimes I didn't get to sleep
till very late
because I liked to free-associate
in the dark. I couldn't keep
my eyes open at all
one day. "So you think I'm
paying you to dream on my time?
Turn in your ball
and chain," (the boss said)
"and get out." Now that I'm old,
I eat my words with a blindfold
on, and make believe it's bread.

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Stories for a Christmas Morning

—From "A Christmas Carol."

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

HOW IT started, I can't remember, but Christmas Eve at our house meant reading aloud the *Just So Stories*; the evening ended with a spirited mass assault on the "Hallelujah Chorus," a performance that didn't improve noticeably from year to year. But Christmas morning! Each child had a book in his stocking, and that meant peace and quiet for the adults and joy for the absorbed readers.

Although almost any good book will be welcomed by the child who likes to read, there is a special pleasure at Christmas in receiving a book about Christmas. This year there are many such; one for all ages is *The Christmas Story*, edited by Margaret Northrup (Metropolitan Museum of Art, $3.75), in which selections from the Gospels of Matthew and Luke are on pages faced by full-color reproductions of paintings of the Nativity from museum collections. A beautiful book.

For older children, Claire Huchet Bishop's *Yeshu, Called Jesus* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.50) describes the boyhood of Jesus with emphasis on the fact that this was a Jewish boy in a small Jewish community. Another story with historical background is *A Donkey for the King*, by John and Patricia Beatty (Macmillan, $3.95). The Christmas Show at the Hayden Planetarium provides the basis for *The Christmas Sky*, by Franklyn M. Branley (Crowell, $3.75). In it Dr. Branley, director of the Planetarium's educational program, discusses with straightforward simplicity the historical and astronomical evidence about the nature of the star of Bethlehem. Blair Lent's illustrations are handsome and dignified, as is *The Christmas Sky* as a whole.

Most of the new Christmas books are for the very young child. Joe Kaufman's *The Christmas Tree Book* (Golden Press, $1.49) is brief, easy to read, and mediocre; it has, in its illustrations, the appeal of familiar scenes. *Mouse at Home*, by Mary DeBall Kwitz (Harper & Row, $1.95), is a small book with a slight story about a mouse's year that culminates in a celebration of the holiday season. First published in England, Lettice Cooper's *The Bear Who Was Too Big* (Follett, $3.50) is a saccharine tale about a toy bear who was afraid he wouldn't be purchased and become a present. Marie Colmont's *Christmas Bear*, translated from the French (Golden Press, $1.95), describes a toy bear who runs away, helps a white reindeer distribute toys, then lies down alongside the bed of a "poor little sick boy"; it's stale spun sugar. Dare Wright's *A Gift from the Lonely Doll* (Random House, $2.95) is the story of a doll's present to a family of toy bears; the pictures are photographs of cleverly posed toys.

A pocket-size treasure is *A Christmas Panorama* (Doubleday, $2.50), which isn't really a book but a nice stocking-filler. The colorful, accordion-folded pages—illustrated by Virginia Parsons in ornately medieval style—open out to show "The Friendly Beasts" on one side and "A Partridge in a Pear Tree" on the other. Another welcome stocking gift would be the paperback edition of Helen Siiteri's *The Adventures of Nicholas* (Scholastic, 45¢), an imaginary (but not imaginative) explanation of many Christmas customs, with emphasis on the Santa Claus legend.

Carol Fenner's *Christmas Tree on the Mountain* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $2.50) is a gentle, low-keyed story in which three children climb a butte in search of a perfect tree. The only family Christmas story this season, it is both realistic and pleasant.

Philip Reed has illustrated an attractive edition of Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* (Atheneum, $4.50). Six Christmas legends and six carols, as well as a personal anecdote, are included in Ruth Sawyer's *Joy to the World* (Little, Brown, $3.95). The tales are from Arabia, Serbia, Ireland, and Spain. Superbly told, they are excellent for reading aloud. Also fine for this purpose is Tasha Tudor's *Take Joy!* (World, $4.95), a profusely and rather sentimentally illustrated book comprising poems, stories, carols, and some of the legends and customs of Christmas. Last, for the musical child there is Donald Swann's compilation of carols, *Sing Round the Year* (David White, $6), first published in England last year. Among the many songs from modern sources are some composed by Mr. Swann.

All of the books reviewed below would make delightful gifts for children; you may even enjoy reading them yourselves. Remembering my own sins of commission, I adjure you to read before you wrap or wait your turn; then you won't have to hear a reproachful, "Hey, that's *my* book!"

The Homework Caper. *By Joan M. Lexau. Pictures by Syd Hoff. Harper & Row.* 64 *pp.* $1.95. Bill and Ken, who are friends in and out of school, are puzzled about the disappearance of Bill's homework and the meaning of the page of cryptic symbols that has appeared in its place. It finally occurs to Ken that his little sister, The Pest, has had something to do with the mystery. She has. She has generously given her scribbles of pretend homework to her brother, putting them in the wrong arithmetic book. The story is easy to read and, with its realistic dialogue, more fun by far than Dick and Jane. Cartoon-style illustrations show an interracial friendship. Ages 6-7.

Mommy, Buy Me a China Doll. *By Harve Zemach. Illustrated by Margot Zemach. Follett.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. This is surely one of the most appealing books by the Zemachs; the illustrations have a quiet humor, and the stylized technique is less bold than in previous books. Adapted from an Ozark children's song, the tale consists of cumulative verses that propose assorted ridiculous shifts in household sleeping arrangements after Daddy's bed is traded as initial payment for the doll. Daddy will sleep in the horsey's bed, the horsey in Sister's bed, and so on. The ending is as warm as a hug. Despite its title, the book may appeal to some small boys as well as to girls. Ages 3-7.

Sarah and Simon and No Red Paint. *Written and illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Delacorte.* 48 *pp.* $2.75. Sarah and Simon in this entertaining, tongue-in-cheek story are the children of a struggling young artist who has sold most of his possessions so that he can finish his masterpiece; but, alas, they are so poor they cannot afford the red paint needed for the final strokes. Down to their last crust of stale bread and some old cheese, the little family is saved when rich old Scrooge-like Uncle Robert repents, relents, and subsidizes. Written with bland, ingenuous simplicity, the book is engagingly illustrated. Ages 5-8.

Sea Beach Express. *By George Panetta. Pictures by Emily McCully. Harper & Row.*

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64 *pp.* $3.95. Happy is the Mama the sun shines on, and what Tony's Mama wants is a day at Coney Island. Tony fully supports the program, but Papa goes along reluctantly on the Sea Beach Express, away from the heat of New York to the delights of the ocean, hot dogs, The Whip, and cotton candy. They are a delightfully real Italian-American family. The author's style is breezy, his humor outweighing the sentiment. And it's rather nice to have a fat, jolly mother as the feminine lead. Ages 9-11.

Shaw's Fortune: The Picture Story of a Colonial Plantation. *Illustrated and written by Edwin Tunis. World.* 63 *pp.* $3.95. For the first time, Mr. Tunis has created a book for youngsters of nine or ten; his exquisite draftsmanship and meticulous research have long been popular with older children. Here he describes the founding of a Virginia plantation and how it becomes by the year 1752 a complex, almost self-contained life. Although he comments that "the Shaws didn't think they did anything wrong by owning slaves, but the slaves thought they did," the author infrequently intrudes. Somewhat fictionally embellished, the text is descriptive and wonderfully detailed.

The Fireside Book of Children's Songs. *Collected and edited by Marie Winn. Musical arrangements by Allan Miller. Illustrations by John Alcorn. Simon & Schuster.* 192 *pp.* $6.95. Included here are more than 100 nursery songs, silly songs, singing games, old favorites, translated foreign songs, lullabies, rounds, even quiet songs. This promises to be as durable a favorite with children and adults as the older Fireside song books. It is illustrated with decorations and pictures that are striking in design, and the accompaniments are easy enough to be sightread by most amateur guitar players or pianists. All ages.

White Bird. *By Clyde Robert Bulla. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Crowell.* 79 *pp.* $3.75. Unlike Mr. Bulla's previous books, which have been simple and direct, *White Bird* is poignant, subtle, and deeply moving. Profound in mood and economical in structure, it tells of a solitary family that moves away from an isolated valley home, leaving a grown son and the small foundling boy whom he is rearing. Luke is hostile and stern; he wants to keep young John Thomas from seeing other people, but the boy runs away in search of the stolen white bird he has tamed. He doesn't find the pet, but he does find people and so learns that there is a goodness in the world that Luke has denied. When he also learns that he is not yet ready to be on his own, John Thomas goes back to Luke, knowing that in his fashion the man has loved him. Ages 9-12.

The Kelpie's Pearls. *By Mollie Hunter. Illustrated by Joseph Cellini. Funk & Wagnalls.* 112 *pp.* $3.25. A felicitous blend of realism and fantasy, this charming book is set in the Scottish highlands, where a crone meets a kelpie, an exceedingly surly one. Being a water sprite, he offers her river pearls but the old woman turns them down. What Morag wants is a friend, which the kelpie becomes: when she is suspected of witchery, the kelpie takes her to Tir-nan-og, the land of eternal youth. The plot is tightly knit, the characterization good, the dialogue convincingly Scots; and the magical elements are, somehow, most plausibly presented in a modern setting. Ages 10-12.

The Bayeux Tapestry: The Story of the Norman Conquest 1066. *By Norman Denny and Josephine Filmer-Sankey. Atheneum.* 72 *pp.* $6.95. Even the preface to this attractive book is a pleasure to read. Each strip of embroidery is described in large-size type, while a smaller font is utilized in separate paragraphs devoted to less essential details or historic data. To show the action more clearly, a uniform light beige, linen-textured background has been provided. Thanks to the excellent quality of the photographs, the color and vigor of the tapestry figures are startling. Written knowledgeably and with zest, the text is simple enough for the child of eleven, although the book will probably be enjoyed by the older reader as well.

Chancy and the Grand Rascal. *By Sid Fleischman. Drawings by Eric von Schmidt. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 179 *pp.* $4.25. Mr. Fleischman is a master of the robust and garrulous tall tale. His Colonel Plugg, a combination of flagrant liar, snake-oil merchant, and born fleecer of widows and orphans, is the man who has defrauded the orphaned protagonist, Chancy. The latter, traveling to Paducah to find his little sister, is saved by the appearance of his Uncle Will, who manages to out-fox and out-lie all the villains. It's a romp. Ages 10-12.

Devil-in-the-Fog. *By Leon Garfield. Illustrated by Antony Maitland. Pantheon.* 205 *pp.* $3.95. Brought up in the English countryside as the eldest son of a family of strolling players, George Treet is told when he is fourteen that he is really the child of Sir John and Lady Dexter, having been taken when an infant to the Treets. George discovers that the Mysterious Stranger who has appeared at intervals over the years is an agent. An agent for whom, the boy wonders. The dastardly uncle who is heir to the family estate? It proves to be Sir John, who has for many years been insane; indeed, George is a Treet after all. The swashbuckling eighteenth-century mystery story has elements of Dickensian characterization, of a brooding, Brontë-tinged atmosphere, and of the throbbing romance of Hervey Allen. It's a cracking good story, deftly written. Ages 12 up.

Looking at Art. *By Alice Elizabeth Chase. Illustrated. Crowell.* 119 *pp.* $4.50. Profusely illustrated with reproductions of works of art and with illuminating diagrams, this is a fine introduction to artistic interpretation. Miss Chase, an art historian, describes the use of space and the elements of composition, as well as the artist's role in selecting and expressing his ideas about the human figure or landscapes. For pictures, Miss Chase, who is authoritative, sensible, and lucid, draws upon a wide range of sources and periods. Ages 12-14.

Up a Road Slowly. *By Irene Hunt. Follett.* 192 *pp.* $3.95. The author of *Across Five Aprils*, runner-up for the 1965 Newbery Award, has again written a book of distinction. Julie Trelling is seven when her mother dies and she is sent to stay with a maiden aunt of fierce integrity. From Aunt Cordelia Julie learns to be discerning, and from an alcoholic uncle, who is a poseur, she learns to be tolerant. She acquires a pitying understanding of a disturbed neighbor and finds, in changing relationships with her family and friends, a clearer perspective on her own role as she matures. The slow accrual of a set of values is handled with realism and restraint; the writing style is dignified but not stiff. Ages 12 up.

The Falcon and the Dove. A Life of Thomas Becket of Canterbury. *By Alfred Duggan. Decorations by Anne Marie Jauss. Pantheon.* 217 *pp.* $3.95. Always impressive by the extent to which he could simultaneously entertain and instruct, the late Mr. Duggan is again superb. His candid, percipient biography of Becket gives a marvelous picture of the intricacies of twelfth-century feudal society and of the complexity of the relations between Church and State. Ages 12 up.

—From "Shaw's Fortune."

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Poverty

Continued from page 49

that somewhere in the crush of frightened and impoverished men a hero existed. Lyford has few bright hopes. The rhetoric of the reform movement does not delude him, for he is able to see through "liberalism" to the individual neuroses of the middle class that lie behind it: a desire for status, a sense of exclusion that leads to the need to feel "in" and renders its members suspicious, sectarian, and doctrinaire.

Add to all this Richard Elman's case studies of the slumlord and the slum grocer, which show these archetypical "exploiters" as desperate men who have been forced to rationalize inhumanity in order to survive, and what emerges is the kind of picture Frank Norris painted in *The Octopus*: a "system" that dehumanizes all who are part of it but drives home the realization of indignity only to the poor.

A final demonstration can be found in Joseph Ritz's *The Despised Poor* (Beacon, $4.95), a study of the welfare crisis of 1961 in Newburgh, New York. Newburgh represents the best in the American past: the sense of local pride, the democracy of the small town, the spirit of community. Yet all these values are slowly perishing as the suburb and shopping center erode community life and divide people into isolated clusters of households. Nothing in the American myth leads citizens of a town like Newburgh to foresee such a result from their labors, and it is asking too much to expect them to realize that the myth was hollow and that Newburgh is being destroyed by forces beyond its control. Natural enough, then, that they should seek to find the cause of decay in something they can control—the poor and the Negro—and that they are driven to the brink of frenzy when denied even those wretched scapegoats.

NOR is it surprising that Newburgh should have found a champion in City Manager Joseph McDowell Mitchell. Mitchell was not a townsman; with his suburban house and his salmon-colored convertible he was, in fact, part of the forces helping to destroy the town. A product of government bureaucracy, Joe Mitchell was a kindly, ineffectual little man, desperately eager for status and security, willing to cast off his heritage of Christian charity in order to gain support from a right-wing town council. In so doing he discovered something better: national status and applause as the hero of right-wing organizations and racist politicians. For a moment, in the echo of that applause, he felt himself significant. Mitchell is the counterpart, even the symbiote, of the ghetto rioter. Liberal society has failed both; it has made it impossible for either to gain even the illusion of importance or dignity without stamping out the roots of self, without transforming the desire for affection, stature, and individuality into pointless violence or cruelty. One is forced to wonder if the case is much better among the suburban middle class, cushioned against material insecurity but not against boredom, nor provided with the support of community and fraternity against the ineluctable insecurity that is part of life.

America, in short, is increasingly an "impoverished society," and while this does not deprecate pragmatic efforts to ameliorate the lot of those who are poor in material terms, it does suggest that such efforts are at best part of the battle. More important is the fact that social impoverishment creates the defensiveness, the anxiety, and the anger among middle-class Americans that stand as a constant obstruction to dealing intelligently with the problem of material poverty. Perhaps the most hopeful aspect of the present war on poverty is the books that have grown out of it. Discussion of poverty has become respectable, and Americans have finally escaped from the old banalities of liberal-conservative political debate about the virtues of the New Deal. Perhaps our mental straitjacket has been loosened enough so that eventually we will be forced to confront the social realities that exist outside individual versions of the "air-tight cage."

Hopes and Fears of All the Years

La Vida: A Puerto Rican Family in the Culture of Poverty—San Juan and New York, *by Oscar Lewis (Random House. 699 pp. $10), reproduces the sights, sounds, and smells of slum life and the yearnings of those who live there. Barbaralee D. Diamonstein, formerly a member of the White House staff, is now Deputy Director of Cultural Affairs, New York City.*

By BARBARALEE D. DIAMONSTEIN

A CENTURY from now historians looking back on the civilization of the 1960s will no doubt note an arresting fact: In the middle of an affluence unprecedented in human history, at a time when the nation was not stirred by great crusading zeal, the United States nevertheless embarked on a sweeping war on poverty. The historians will have to add that no other nation has ever done quite the same thing under quite the same circumstances.

The reasons for this phenomenon are many, complex, and debatable; but one factor is clear—the powerful role of the written word in producing the drive against squalor. First, in 1962, Michael Harrington's rousing volume *The Other America* was published. Then, with trip-hammer force, came a whole series of other studies, hortatory, descriptive, and analytical. Now the literature of poverty is intensified and ennobled by this extraordinary work of Oscar Lewis.

Mr. Lewis, professor of anthropology at the University of Illinois, has long been known as a craftsman in an especially human and humane type of anthropology, and to many of us his "autobiography of a Mexican family," *The Children of Sánchez*, is something of a masterpiece in its genre.

In *La Vida* he applies a similar approach to the Puerto Rican, implemented by a greatly expanded variety of techniques. The basic point is that Mr. Lewis is avoiding the easy anthropological or social generalization. He seeks the truth, or at least the highest possible authenticity, through the closest possible knowledge of individual families. His tools include questionnaires, the Thematic Apperception, Rorschach, and Sentence Completion tests, in addition to his ever-present tape recorder capturing one human being talking to another.

Of course all of this raises a bedlam of questions, some of which Mr. Lewis himself discusses in a fortright introduction. Just how reliable are these techniques? Are the dangers of overgeneralization any greater than the inadequacies of overindividualizing? Precisely what is known when we know, in minute detail, about one specific family?

BUT the questions dissolve as one reads on in this haunting, shocking, and fascinating volume. Here is the Ríos family of La Esmeralda, an "old and colorful slum" in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and of New York, New York. There is the mother, Fernanda Fuentes, a woman of forty, now living with her sixth "husband" in San Juan, and her children, grandchildren, uncles, and aunts, their lovers, common-law husbands and wives. In chapter after chapter, largely organized according to the individual, each member of the family reveals his hopes, fears, aspirations, degradations,

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angers, and solaces. The title, *La Vida*, suggests many emphases of the book. Fernanda greets her new, nineteen-year-old lover as "*mi vida*" ("my life"); when engaged in intermittent prostitution, the Ríos women refer to themselves as being "in the life."

La Vida remarkably reproduces the sights, sounds, and smells of poverty, whether scrimpings, beatings, pimpings, hungry bellies, or the eternal yearning of human beings to find some way of asserting the dignity of being human.

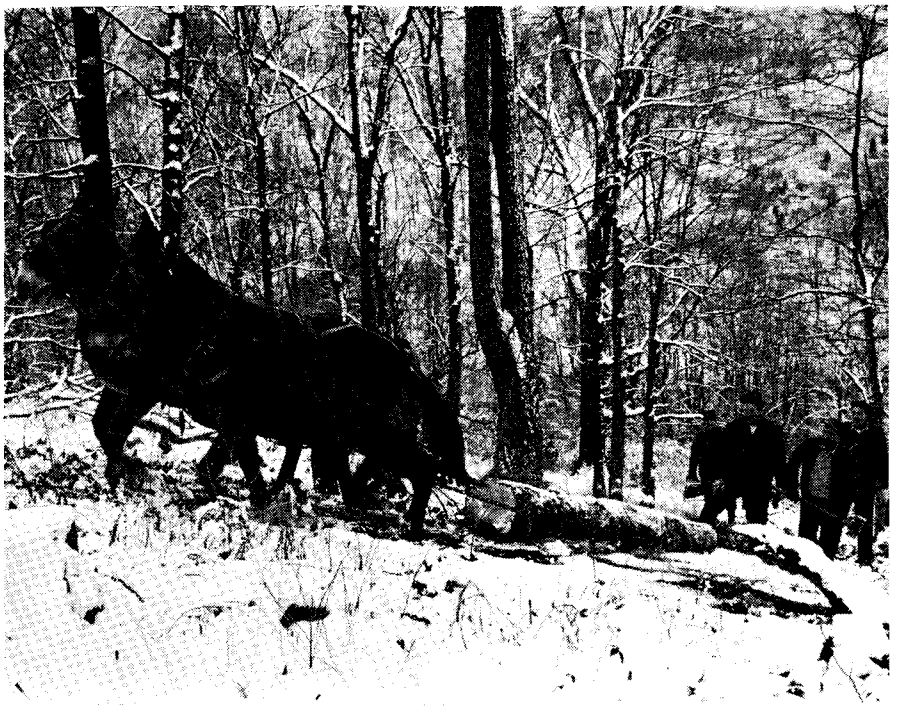
Here, expressing purest bitterness, is the twenty-five-year-old daughter, Soledad, forced to turn to prostitution to support her three children: "We are living in a time when nobody cares about anybody . . . I hate the rich . . . I never had any affection from anybody . . . what I feel toward men now is a desire for revenge. . . ."

Here is the weird, jumbled world of nine-year-old Catín, recently arrived in New York City: "Men are bad, all of them. There isn't a single good one. That's why when I grow up, I am not going to get married. I am going to be a man. That way you can be alone and work and earn a lot of money . . . [maybe] when I go back to Puerto Rico I can put on the Zorro clothes and get a horse and begin helping the poor people and kill the rich ones. They have to get what's coming to them, and I will kill the crooks too."

THE men make a pathetic effort to be males in a rampantly matrifocal society: "Ever since I separated from Soledad I have lived alone rather than go around looking for another woman. Nowadays, women are more powerful than men. Once a man gets married, his wife's the boss. . ."

And always, like some incessant drumbeat of the life of poverty, there is sex—sex as love, sex as hate, sex with and without marriage, and peculiarly poignant sex in a life where there is so little else that has any meaning whatsoever.

La Vida is the first in a series of volumes which Oscar Lewis plans to write on the Puerto Rican poor, basing the whole work on the study of some one hundred families from four slums of greater San Juan and their relatives in New York. The completion of this monumental study will certainly further Mr. Lewis's goal. ". . . to bridge the gap in communication that still exists between the very poor and the middle-class personnel . . . who bear the major responsibility for carrying out antipoverty programs. It is my hope that a better understanding of the nature of the culture of poverty will eventually lead to a more sympathetic view of the poor and their problems and will provide a more rational basis for constructive social action."



SNAKING A TENNESSEE WHISKEY TREE back to Jack Daniel's might seem like a lot of trouble, but not if you consider the results.

If we could use a maple from down below, our mules might have an easier time, but we'd end up with a different whiskey. We have to use *hard maple* from *high ground,* for when it's rick-burned in the open air, it produces the special charcoal needed for Charcoal Mellowing. That's the process that gives our whiskey its rare smoothness. So, if we tried to spare the mules, we'd also be slighting Jack Daniel's.

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Observations of a Rookie

Paper Lion, *by George Plimpton (Harper & Row. 362 pp. $5.95), tells of a month spent by The Paris Review editor as a very green rookie on a pro football team. Richard L. Tobin is managing editor of Saturday Review.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

GEORGE PLIMPTON, of New York, Harvard, and Cambridge, is editor of *The Paris Review* and corollary publications, but he is above all a professional reporter who knows how to listen to spoken language. Up to July 1963 his athletic career had been chiefly confined to week-end hockey with Ethel Kennedy when she was seven months pregnant, and maybe a little touch football. But for four weeks in the midsummer of 1963 George Plimpton, aged thirty-six, experience nil, became an unheralded rookie at the Detroit Lions' football tryout camp, and *Paper Lion* is the delightfully hilarious result.

Books on sports are among the most difficult to write, because athletic contests are so much a thing of the moment. The fact that you know how a game came out destroys much of the conflict. The sports story for children is something else again, of course; but *Paper Lion* is no juvenile version of Dink Stover or Harwell against Yates. This is the McCoy. And when you're finished you begin to understand for the first time what pro football is all about, because you've just read what is probably the best book about pro football ever written.

Plimpton became part of the Detroit Lions, physically and emotionally, during his month as a football rookie, and the reader becomes a Lion fan. You're astounded at the amount of hard drinking that goes on after practice sessions, at the complexity and brutality of the practical jokes, at the almost feminine

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sensitivity of a nail-chewing linebacker named Joe Schmidt or a 300-pound defensive tackle called Roger Brown. You hear Night Train Lane using Negro language so perfectly recorded that you don't have to be told what the great defensive star is like—you *know*. You see Yale Lary as a talented boy, swinging his leg into a punt in the street outside his house:

> The street lights would go on, and he would punt the ball up through the cover of darkness, gone, and then forty or fifty yards down the street it would suddenly re-enter the street lights' glow, startlingly white, and bounce erratically upon macadam and rock to a rest. He would stroll down the street, stepping off the yards to check his progress, to retrieve the ball and kick it back up into the night sky toward his front gate.

The Detroit Lions find George Plimpton something utterly foreign to their experience, yet they take to him as quickly as he does to them. He is, after all, 6′ 4″ tall, and weighs 192 pounds, so it is not out of the realm of possibility that he may make it as a quarterback. One night in the shower he hears them imitating his signal calling: ". . . fawty-foah, fawty-tew." He learns to keep out of the "pit"—an area along the scrimmage line and perhaps ten yards behind it, where the Neanderthal struggle between linemen weighing 270-300 pounds begins the moment the ball is snapped. One thing to remember when you get hit, he is told by a kindly mastodon lineman, is to "try to fall in the fetus position, curl up around the ball and keep your limbs from being extended, because there will be other people coming up out of the pit to see you don't move in, and one of them landing on an arm that's outstretched, y'know, can *snap* it." One lineman comes to training camp weighing more than the training room scale allows for, so they take him over to an Ypsilanti feed and grain store. On a thousand-pound dock he weighs in eight ounces short of 350 pounds, and is promptly called by the other rookies "the two biggest men in northern Michigan."

Astonishingly, the professional football players' world is far more sophisticated than, say, the world of the military outpost. There's a lot of money around even for the rookies. Bars and women and fights and cards and fast autos and liquor and stiff fines are all a part of the daily—and nightly—routine. One thing above all else startles the reader, though he may think he knows something about professional sports: the immense complexity of the modern game of pro football and the sheer disaster awaiting any player who makes the slightest error in either offensive or

defensive assignment. Then there is the whole spectrum of personalities, from the dramatic pass-catching ends and backs who are forever on stage to the incredibly refined butchers in the middle of the line. Listen to what Nick Pietrosante, the first-string Lion fullback, has to say about Alex Karras, one of the truly great linemen of all time:

> "He's a type of guy you'd never think is ready. But with the ball in the air, he is: he has everything, the Johnny Unitas of his position—instinct, size, ability, the moves of a ballet dancer, *dainty* . . . Well, one of the nicknames for him is 'Tippy-toes'—hard to believe, I mean the fellow standing still looks like he's sunk in the ground. But then he takes one step and you can spot that he's all springs and coils inside."

On one occasion, the intra-squad exhibition scrimmage at Pontiac, George Plimpton, the rookie with 0 as his number, faces his own moment of truth when Coach George Wilson puts him in as quarterback substitute for Earl Morrall and Milt Plum. Naturally he's smeared and lucky to survive. Yet the excitement of actually playing in a pro football scrimmage makes him want to get back into a profession for which he has absolutely no training or physical equipment.

The book is at its excellent best when the rookie quarterback is relating dormitory dialogue with such unbelievable accuracy you know that it's kosher. The older players tell story after exciting inside story about the controlled mayhem that has become the great American Sunday game. There are hilarious passages about insurance for Plimpton before he ever steps on a practice field; heartbreaking stories of all-Americans who will never make it in pro football—or anywhere else. You come away with awe for the intellectual proficiency of the so-called illiterate behemoth who can last at best ten years in the most demanding and accident-prone sport on earth.

The one small demurrer is an occasional misspelled name, but Harper & Row's editors and not George Plimpton have to be faulted here. On page 56, for instance, Bo McMillin is spelled "Bo McMillan" and on page 99 it's "Bo McMillen." But this is a tiny speck on what is for one correspondent that rarest of all books: a true sports classic.

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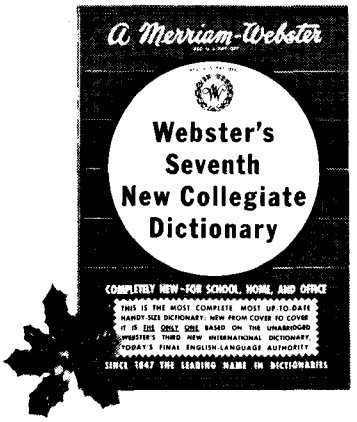
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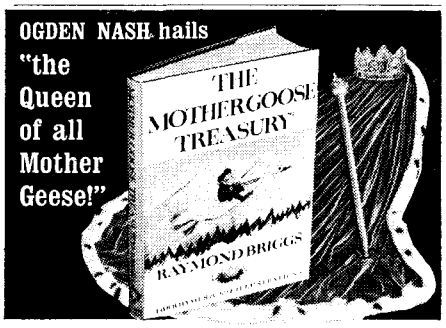
European Scene

Continued from page 43

lish, Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish in the United States and Canada its first selection of Miss Sachs's poems and plays in the fall of 1967. The poetry, which will appear in dual-language editions, will be translated by Michael Roloff and Michael Hamburger. Schocken has already brought out several works by her fellow laureate, S. Y. Agnon, and is planning to reissue the novella *In the Heart of the Seas* and *The Bridal Canopy*, published by Doubleday in 1937. They will also issue *Guest for the Night* in English. New York University was perhaps unique in announcing a graduate course on Agnon before the award.



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Poland's recent literary history is not overcrowded with writers of Freudian anti-novels. Only two come to mind: Bruno Schulz (1892-1942) and Witold Gombrowicz (born in 1904). Nor does Gombrowicz really fit in, having emigrated to Argentina in 1939. To counteract his influence on younger Polish writers, the authorities have banned his books in his homeland. His third novel, *Pornografia* (Calder & Boyars), has just appeared in England, to the same critical accolade it received in France. In this curious story two old men flee to the country while Hitler's armies are destroying Polish cities. They conspire to mate two youngsters, Henia and Karol, who are scarcely aware of each other's sexual attractions until made so by the elderly voyeurs. The heroic campaign against the Germans in the background is shrugged off by Gombrowicz with slurring remarks about patriotism. This would seem to bespeak cynicism and even scorn. Yet the reviewer in the *Times* asks, wisely, "To what extent, one wonders, is Mr. Gombrowicz's scorn an effort 'to distract our attention from the real speech, the speech without words, beyond words and full of meaning that words could not convey?' As agent provocateur (a role he would like) Witold Gombrowicz may well turn out to be a more effective Leftist writer than, perhaps, he aims to be."

The fifteenth Komsomol Congress last May established a prize to encourage wavering writers to stay on the correct ideological track. "The Leninist Komsomol supports, promotes, and encourages works whose heroes are inspired by the idea of the creative transformation of the world." What loyal, budding novelist won the first award? None had such luck. It went to the late Nikolai Ostrovsky (1904-1936) for his novel *How the Steel Was Tempered*, the ardent narrative of a young Communist who throws himself into the Revolution and the subsequent planning of the New State. It is no surprise that the hero also fights against paralysis, for Ostrovsky composed his novel after blindness and paralysis had made him unable to serve the New State in any other way. No one came away disappointed from the bookstores after this award, as they did in the case of the Nobel Prize-winners, for *Steel* was translated into forty-two languages (most of them within the USSR), and its 170 editions have totaled 3,000,000 copies.

José María Gironella's *Un millón de muertos* ("A Million Dead") has just reached its fourteenth edition (Planeta, Barcelona). Now viewed in Spain as a rival to Cela, Gironella was an uneducated lad from Gerona, nineteen years old and a "buttons" in a bank, when the Civil War broke out. Gironella joined the insurgents, from whom he acquired political viewpoint. After the war he opened a bookstore, and, like Sholokhov, started to compose a great trilogy on the convulsive revolution he had participated in. *The Cypresses Believe in God* (1953) established him as a major conservative writer. *A Million Dead* (1962) increased his fame and unleashed even more critical controversy. He claims to be objective, but his opponents regard him as an outright Franquista. He claims to write only what he observes, but his critics see him ever present in both his descriptions and his dialogues.

At the previous rate, the third volume of the trilogy should have come in 1972, by which time an autarch might not be running Spain; then, perhaps, readers would have had a chance to assess to what an extent Gironella could live up to his vaunted objectivity. However, the third volume, *Ha estallado la paz* ("Peace Has Broken Out"), 800 pages reflecting the changes in Spain from 1939-41, has now appeared, too early to be a test of his disinterestedness. But such a test may come later: in *ABC* critic Guillermo Díaz-Plaja predicts that this trilogy will be extended to a *roman fleuve*.

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

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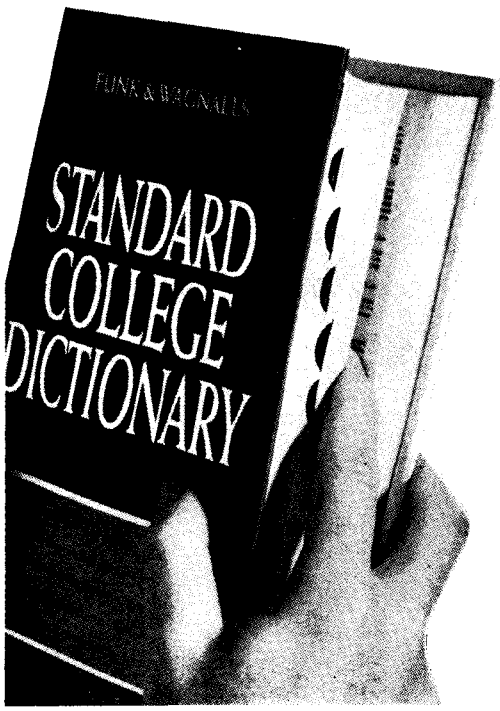

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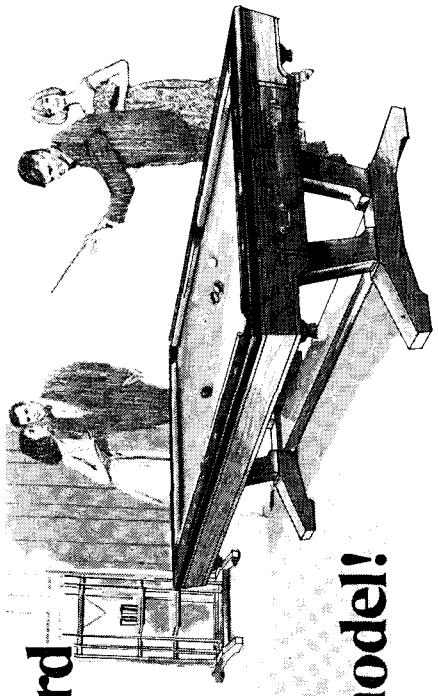

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Not Quite a Camera

FROM THE MOMENT we enter the theater to find a huge concave mirror facing us from a bare stage, we sense a theatrical audacity that promises much from the new musical, *Cabaret*. Since the mirror shows us the reflected image of the audience in other parts of the theater, we immediately feel ourselves participants in some bizarre charade. And when an overly rouged nightclub emcee, beautifully played by Joel Grey, opens the show with a poisonously cheerful rendition of a song that "welcomes" us in three languages, we join the gaudy artificiality of 1929 Berlin.

So far, so good. *Cabaret* has brilliantly depicted one pathological symptom of a national sickness whose cure turned out to be worse than the disease. And we keenly anticipate seeing the story of *I Am a Camera* retold within this larger framework. But here, the adaptor, Joe Masteroff, has made choices that weaken the original.

The first is to make the saga of Sally Bowles less central, a portion of a wider panorama. Then, in place of the frustrated love affair between a young man and a Jewish girl, we have a frustrated love affair between a middle-aged landlady and a Jewish fruiterer. Since Sally Bowles and Christopher Isherwood (now called Clifford Bradshaw) are played by two attractive but not very dynamic young performers, Jill Haworth and Bert Convy, and the landlady and the fruiterer are portrayed by two of Broadway's élite, Lotte Lenya and Jack Gilford, this decision makes sense and might have worked had Mr. Masteroff and songwriters John Kander and Fred Ebb found a way to keep the young writer the devastatingly honest observer and Sally the innocent amoralist they were in the play. Unfortunately, the British "Herr Ossyvoo," whose nonsexual friendship with Sally permitted a remarkable frankness, has been replaced by the romantic American Bradshaw in a more ordinary plot about a promiscuous girl who, upon being made pregnant by her lover, has an abortion so that she can continue her nightclub career in preference to becoming an American housewife. More ordinary, too, becomes the writer's disillusionment with the rise of Nazi Germany, as represented by the landlady-fruiterer subplot, by the deterioration of his friendship with a young German who turns out to be a Nazi party worker, and by the raucous nightclub interludes.

Obviously, to enjoy *Cabaret* one must resign oneself to losing many of the values of *I Am a Camera*. Yet the assets of the musical are neither sustainedly strong, nor significantly interconnected. There is, to be sure, one thrilling moment when designer Boris Aronson and dance director Ronald Field transform an empty stage into a noisy and garish nightclub, replete with an all-girl band and telephones that permit B-girls at one table to contact a customer at another. But as the evening wears on the ensuing nightclub numbers are redundant, and with the possible exception of "Wilkommen" none of the songs seem especially interesting.

The show's most dramatic episodes are those involving Miss Lenya and Mr. Gilford. While the strength of Miss Lenya's personality tends to make the landlady's capitulation to Nazism unconvincing, she is marvelous as a middle-aged woman telling her not very dashing but most willing suitor, "I can tell you already, you have good reason to be very, very optimistic." Furthermore, they make their duet, "Married," so gently joyous and fully alive we find ourselves imagining a whole new show in which theirs might be the main plot.

Director Harold Prince has kept the proceedings energized and fast-moving, trusting that this and the audience's predisposition to accept a nominal indictment of Nazi Germany will somehow result in an impression of fulfillment. Very probably it does. But for the discerning theatergoer, *Cabaret* disappoints by neither recapturing the wonder of *I Am a Camera* nor really achieving the richly authentic portrait of an era as promised in its bold opening scene.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE Theater of the Living Arts's production of the 1937 farce *Room Service* is an example of what an enterprising permanent company can do when they turn their protean inventiveness loose on comic byplay. While the actors unashamedly exploit every traditional comic device, director Harold Stone has seen to it that their conviction of the urgency of each situation is so intense that their devices all seem legitimate—if fantastic—attempts to extricate themselves from the play's inexhaustible series of crises. Ron Liebman as the shoestring producer, Merwin Goldsmith as his sidekick director, and Jerome Dempsey as the hotel executive trying to evict them, stand out, but this is a stunning company achievement which should be kept in the Philadelphia repertoire for years to come.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Know the Enemy

THE FILM of actuality which, for want of another term, has long been designated as the documentary, is generally regarded by distributors as a commercial misfit, and yet the form remains viable, and sometimes results in surprising successes. It can also result in visual excitement, implicit commentary, and, in the case of *Eyewitness . . . North Vietnam*, saddening reflection. This forty-five minute film was made by James Cameron, a well-known British journalist and specialist in Asian matters.

What he gives us, is an undoctored glimpse of such places as Hanoi, Haiphong, and Cam Pha, with all the public manifestations of what is obviously a Marxist society. For an American it is an unsettling experience to see the United States viewed as a powerful, ruthless, and unfeeling enemy, especially when the bombers pass overhead and the civilians—men, women, and children—cower in their multitude of shelters. But the most powerful impression of all is made by the faces of the people, for these faces, whether showing fear, pride, or joy, as when they parade the pieces of a downed aircraft, are the faces of human beings, and their beauty is sometimes throat-catching. This is the film's major comment. These simple, innocent people are among the enemy (as, from their point of view, we are). Their deaths are, at the same time, tragic and meaningless.

As for the issues, little of any consequence is revealed by the film. There is a bland interview with the North Vietnamese premier, Pham Van Dong, and Cameron himself, in his narration, contents himself with a few ironic barbs, as when he notes the fact that a military objective such as a bridge can also be uncomfortably near a hospital. *Eyewitness . . . North Vietnam* isn't going to settle any debates over the advisability of our Vietnamese engagement, but it does have a way of illuminating those statistics which inform us of how many we have managed to kill on a particular day. The viewer can decide for himself whether he likes the idea of these people being killed for reasons of policy.

Cameron obviously had his difficulties when it came to achieving purely cinematic fine points, and, ironically, it is in the unpolitical world of sport that the documentary makers have lately been achieving the most. As an example, there is *Goal!*, a British-produced film that captures the frenetic excitement of the World Cup soccer series played in England during July of 1966. Here there was no problem of resources. Obviously, several camera teams were at work, all determined to catch every bit of action on the field and every expression of the faces of the players and the fans, among whom were Queen Elizabeth and Prime Minister Wilson. And the directors, Abidene Dino and Ross Devenish, must have studied Kon Ichikawa's *Tokyo Olympiad* for hints on technique and interpretation.

I make reference, by the way, not to the truncated and chauvinistic hour-and-a-half version of the *Tokyo Olympiad* presently being shown in theaters, but to the nearly three-hour-long Ichikawa version, which is undeniably one of the greatest of all documentaries, and which had anything but a partisan meaning. The British have not been so successful as Ichikawa at maintaining a detached, all-embracing view of their cherished event, for, as it turned out, the British won the cup, with all the consequent rejoicing. In addition, the narration, written by Brian Glanville, is much too cozily knowledgeable, and Nigel Patrick, the narrator, has a way of announcing a goal before the actuality occurs. I, American that I am, would have preferred to remain in doubt.

BUT it is still stimulating and perhaps forlornly hopeful to see Russians engaged in friendly, if furious, competition with West Germans. And North Koreans taking on the whole Western and Eastern world. Participants with sprains and torn ligaments strew the field, fouls occur with regularity, but it's still a lot better than people killing each other. It's also noticeable that soccer allows men of varying sizes and weights to engage in competition, unlike our own football, where agility must be adjoined to beef. Anyway, whether it's sport or good cinema that is preferred, *Goal!* is certainly something to see.

And so is *The Endless Summer*, which has been creeping around the country in one successful engagement after another. Made by Bruce Brown, the narration written by Bruce Brown, and spoken by Bruce Brown, this account of an around-the-world surfing expedition has an artless, zany charm. It simply tells of two young male surfing enthusiasts who follow summer around our planet, always in search of that ideal wave that will make surfing a year-long joy. The waves they find are placid little curlers and fearsome mountains. Along the way they meet other surfers and compare waves and experiences. Brown's photography is first-rate, the narration fun-filled and witty, and his two surfing companions—who eventually find a wondrous wave on the coast of South Africa—seem delightfully unconscious of the tracking camera.

With the end of the year approaching, I notice that some films of consequence have been neglected in this column, mainly because Arthur Knight and I have been spending a lot of time tracking down the ideal film festival. Certainly *The Shameless Old Lady*, starring the incomparable French actress, Sylvie, should have been given its due, because it is one of the best of the year's imports. Sylvie is seen in it as a seventy-year-old lady who refuses to descend into loneliness and habit when her husband dies, and instead decides to take in something of the life she has missed while dutifully raising her children and keeping house. Selling most of her possessions—to the alarm of her children and grandchildren—she goes to the races, buys a car, stakes some friends to a holiday. In eighteen months she, too, is dead, and the film, which is based on a tale by Brecht, ends with a benign little commentary by the author. The director of the film was René Allio, and his style is an interesting blend of the modern and the traditional in French cinema.

Roman Polanski's new film, *Cul-de-sac*, was almost literally blasted out of the theater a few days after its New York opening by some severe and, it seemed to me, unnecessarily harsh reviews by the local newspaper critics. "Ah ha!" they seemed to be saying, "and this movie was awarded prizes by those myopic juries at Berlin and Venice."

Well, I happened to be on one of those juries, and because I participated in discussions that were loud, long, and contentious before *Cul-de-sac* was awarded a Golden Bear at Berlin, I know that the film did not win the approval of all members of the jury. But it won the approval of the majority, and for reasons of its directorial skill, not to say brilliance. To be sure, the substance of the film is often unpleasant—a gravel voiced, brutal gangster invades the wacky peace of a truly odd couple who have hidden themselves away in a modernized castle on an island in the north of England. But Polanski is presenting his own comical and at times nightmarish vision and also seems to be saying that people who retreat from the real world are hardly likely to be able to resolve the problems they bring with them as well as those that present themselves. A film that makes that point—and well—can hardly be all bad. Polanski, in addition, also demonstrates that he is a superb cinematic story-teller, and, *I* insist, deserved his prizes.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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The Morning of the World—I

—*H. S.*

Mengwi Temple at Taman Ajun—"Like an island of Renaissance men adrift in time, set apart from today's world by a handful of centuries."

Pool at the Intercontinental Hotels's new Bali Beach Hotel—"One does not necessarily lose points by inhaling the island's joys in comfort."

OF ALL THE GOLD threads which the romantics have spun about Bali, none has moved me more than Nehru's simple evaluation made during his visit in 1954. "Bali," he said, "is the morning of the world."

The world's dewy morning shimmers with the splendor of festivals—festivals for cremations, festivals for the arrival of adolescence, festivals for the filing of teeth. And then there are the dances, the dances that are pure theater, the trance dances to exorcise the spirits; the kris dances when men jab themselves with daggers and don't feel the pain. Then there is the holy life of the Hindus with the spirits being appeased each day by small floral offerings placed at the thresholds of the houses, and at the feet of the great stone demons that rise at the crossroads, where in Western life we might have planted a monument and a rusted machine gun to honor the dead of some long-ago war. The blonging of the gamelan orchestra comes ringing across the island sounding like a thousand hypnotizing temple bells. And everywhere there are the flowers, the gilded costumes, and, in the hills around, the carvers and the painters recreating the ever-present spiritualism and mysticism and the pure beauty of the land—the green of the rice terraces and their square mirrors of flooded paddies. It is like an island of Renaissance men adrift in time, set apart from today's world by a handful of centuries, by a narrow channel that separates it from Java, and not the least by an airline that flies on fitful schedules and until now has deterred all but the most determined.

When I was last in Indonesia, in 1959, the old hotel Duta Indonesia in Jakarta was no longer a hotel but a convenience for high-ranking army officers and politicians who used up most of its rooms, leaving exactly five for visiting tourists. There was just no positive way of being assured a room in the nation's capital, much less a comfortable journey to Bali, a trip of two air hours, at least. In his book *The Scrutable East, New York Times* correspondent Robert Trumbull tells of his experiences in Bali when Sukarno took the Garuda Airlines Electra out of schedule in order to make it available for the Crown Prince of Japan. As it turned out, the Crown Prince had a cold and declined to travel anyway. For Trumbull and other stranded passengers it meant five unlooked-for days in Bali. Now that is not exactly punishment, but for travelers on an international schedule, with airline connections to meet and hotel reservations booked ahead, it becomes a trial.

Thank heavens I can say that all of these difficulties, handicaps, and harassments have been cleaned up. The old Duta has been supplanted by the mammoth Hotel Indonesia which, operated

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now by Pan Am's Intercontinental Hotels, is run by Cornell graduate Kane Rufe with more precision than one has a right to expect in Indonesia. Mr. Rufe has been given the added responsibility of Intercontinental's new Bali Beach Hotel, an incredible pile sitting alongside the strand at Sanur, not far from the beachhead where the Dutch landed in the early 1900s and the Japanese landed in the early 1940s.

Bali is an island of small village houses and of small, if often ornate, temples. Rounding the curve on the way to Sanur, the road bursts out of the heavy, overhanging trees and onto flat plains of rice. The fields were just coming into harvest, greener than the emerald of Ireland, and the farmers were protecting their crops with an elaborate system of moving scarecrows, dangling wires, and noisemakers which, when activated by the wind, should send the birds scurrying away. Far at the end of the plain one could see the giant cement fortress of the hotel. From a distance its similarity to a State Penitentiary was remarkable. At that, the size of the final product marked a compromise between Intercontinental Hotels and Sukarno, who really had wanted something taller. In a fashion not altogether untypical of him, he had, years ago, waved away the plans prepared by Hawaii's Pete Wimberly which called for a delightful Balinese-style cottage colony by the sea. Wimberly's plan didn't supply one of the necessary appurtenances of a newly emerging nation—a giant, multi-storied, air-conditioned, balcony-hung hotel.

Westerners who live in the East have told me with some sort of super in-snobbery that they will not stay at the Bali Beach Hotel. Too modern, too un-Bali, and all that rubbish. My guess is that they will change their minds, for one does not necessarily lose points by inhaling the island's joys in comfort. The hotel is a massive wall of 300 rooms with balconies looking down on a splendid pool decorated with fierce, stone carvings, each carved and signed by a Balinese artist. The sea expands in one massive sweep, spreading out from the beach and the palm-covered inlands. It is perfectly possible to sit in the Baruna Pavilion—elevated to take advantage of the seaside expanse, open on the sides to trap the breezes, covered on top to fend off the sun—and order a Bali beefburger or, heaven forfend, frankfurters and baked beans. Anyone who thinks this is a desecration of the spirit of Bali had better turn to the *ajam bumbu Bali*, which is diced chicken simmered in a snappy sauce and bedded down on rice. When the peppers explode on the plate one can always douse the fire with a strawberry milk shake.

The same fare is served indoors in the hotel's coffee shop, or as it is properly

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called, after the Indonesian, the Kopi Shop. On the morning I dropped in, one of Intercontinental's staff imported from Rome for the occasion was drilling the handsome Balinese waitresses in the vagaries of eggs, bacon, toast, and other epicurean mysteries of the American breakfast. Fierce Balinese masks looked down from the wall, gargling small light bulbs, and guests were seated in smart little booths separated by bamboo screens to give them a rural Balinese effect without their ever having to step outside the air-conditioned room.

One night during the opening festivities, an elegant dinner in the ballroom concluded with a parade of waiters carrying flaming Baked Alaska. They marched and countermarched at the clap of the maître's hands as smartly as if they had been reared in East Prussia, and while I don't fancy many large conventions coming to Bali just yet, it was all enough to bring tears to the eyes of a Rotary wife on a tour. It brought just a glimmer of glistening dew to the eye of one proud lady of Indonesia who leaned over and confided to an American friend, "I'm so proud we could do something like this." She might have been prouder still had she stayed on after the opening crowd had departed and the hotel settled down to dinners in the Raja Room, a formal international restaurant. The waiters are fastidiously dressed and the headwaiters impeccably trained, if still a bit self-conscious. The fork and spoon held in one hand were dexterously handled, one for the steak, frozen in and imported from the United States, a second set for the vegetables, and yet a third for the potato. It would have brought a cheer from the graduating class at Cordon Bleu U.

None of this is to say that the hotel or the coming encroachments of sophisticated tourism have forgotten their surroundings. Rather, it is because the rural, unspoiled, mystical, theatrical, and supremely religious aspects of Bali make the presence of twentieth-century hotelkeeping seem all the more unreal. Nowhere was this better brought home than at the dedication ceremonies held in a great straw compound built for the occasion in front of the hotel. The compound was, first of all, screened from the outside by palm fronds. The huts of the priests and their assistants had been raised off the ground and stood on stilts. The searing heat of the morning sun dizzied the uninured Westerner, but the holy men sat under their canopies in their two-foot-high crowns ringing bells, burning incense, flicking flower petals at the altar, and listening to the incantations of the wailers. They wore wisps of Ho Chi Minh goatees, festooned their ears with strings of beads and crystal droplets, and in that raiment occupied themselves by dipping paint brushes in

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pots of holy water and splashing the drops about them.

There were nine Pedanda priests of the Brahmin caste who could officiate anywhere. One was a Sengguhu—a lower caste—who sat in his own straw pulpit, an ecclesiastical authority summoned to officiate at the sacrificial offering. And at the opening of the Bali Beach they sacrificed everything but a skewered tourist. In a pit in front of the priests lay a dead pig, a dead dog, a calf, a goat, a bird, and perhaps more. Whatever the grisly carcasses, they seemed not to deter the phalanx of photographers, most of them taking home movies, who crashed into the compound the moment the dancing girls, bearing offerings atop their heads, made their appearance. They trampled through the grounds as they would never have dared to do in their home church, and it would have pleased me well if one or more had been committed to the sacrificial pit as well.

While Bali is intoxicated with festivals, most of which have religious overtones, this was more than marryin' Sam's ordinary $2 wedding. As a Balinese explained to me later, the hotel, to get right down to the bones of it, is haunted, and Balinese don't live in a haunted place. Hence, the spirits had to be exorcised. The hotel is haunted because it was built on land formerly occupied by a cemetery. For instance, my friend said, take the case of room 926. Before the official opening the hotel took some guests, presumably to give the staff a chance to warm up, as it were. One day an order came down to the kitchen to send food up to room 926. A search was made to find the slip on which the order had been transcribed, but no such order was ever found. The next morning there were plates full of food inside the room, but the door was still locked, the room was unoccupied, and nobody would admit going inside with the groceries. It was clearly a case for John G. Fuller.

On another occasion an official was sent upstairs to see if all the rooms had been properly locked. He saw people going to and fro on the ninth floor, yet the hotel had not at that time opened its doors. He pointed out that the new Samudra Beach Hotel in Pelabuhan in Java had set aside one of its guest rooms for the use of the sea goddess. Offerings are made every full moon and every dark moon.

In the building of the Bali Beach Hotel all the accidents happened the same day, proving, my friend said, that some days of the calendar are simply inauspicious. To offset the unfriendly spirits, offerings of coconut leaves had to be placed in ten different places every day, and holy water had to be sprinkled on the buildings by women. "I believe, but I don't believe," my friend said in a sort of tortured way as we sat there in the tenth-floor Bali H'ai supper club enjoying the *paté-de-foie-gras* and the roast beef. "My mind is Western, but my heart is Balinese." That dichotomy may be Bali's problem, but it will also be its deliverance in the dizzying days ahead that will ultimately bring it direct jet travel from the West.

HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the first of two articles about the island of Bali.)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Steinberg, Dvorakova—Handel Series

THE New York Philharmonic has not recently sounded so much like a great orchestra as it did in the program which began William Steinberg's lengthy engagement as its "principal guest conductor" in Philharmonic Hall. The program itself, devoted to Barber's *Toccata Festiva,* Respighi's *Fountains of Rome,* and the First Symphony of Brahms, could be described in the words Lowell applied to Poe—"three-fifths genius, two-fifths sheer fudge"—but Steinberg supervised its production with a steady sense of all the relevant values, not the least of them tonal.

In recent concerts here in Carnegie Hall with his own Pittsburgh Symphony, especially the one with Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen,* Steinberg showed that his long association with that group has now produced a tonal surface that glows like well polished old wood. That he carries the sound in his ear wherever he goes and has made it the criterion of what he expects from the Philharmonic was the first, if not the only, lasting impression of his day's work.

This has not always been the case with Steinberg, whose methods on some past occasions have been rough and ready (sometimes more rough than ready). But if he has come to the conclusion suggested by recent events—namely, that the great instrument to which he has devoted his life's effort has one voice for Respighi and another for Brahms, and it is as much a mistake to make the first meaningful as to make the second colorful—then it can only add a dimension to those he already commands. In searching out the qualities that comprise the individuality of each, he gives back to the listener a sizeable share of what the composer put into it. With Respighi it was the charm of Rome seen through somewhat opaque glasses, but from the heart, nevertheless; with Brahms, a spacious perspective of the symphonic structure as he perceived it. In the slow movement, particularly, Steinberg used the glistening sound of David Nadien's solo violin as an aural reminder that there is richness as well as strength in this orchestra (given the opportunity to assert itself). In the Barber *Toccata,* which is less festive in spirit than in name, Steinberg labored neither its pretentions nor its lacks. Catharine Crozier was the able soloist.

The second *Tristan* of the Metropolitan season was a more even affair than the first, not because there was any miraculous improvement in the conducting of Georges Prêtre or the Tristan of Ticho Parly, but rather because the quality standard was not the Isolde of Birgit Nilsson but of Ludmilla Dvorakova. This Czech-born singer, who made her debut last season as a none too impressive Leonore in *Fidelio,* is rather more suited by appearance and (within well defined limitations) vocal endowment for Isolde.

Dvorakova belongs to the average or effortful kind of Isolde who does not dominate the role's vocal requirements as the unaverage ones do (Nilsson being the latest in the line of Flagstad and Traubel), but must conduct a running battle not to be dominated by it. She is a more youthful-appearing performer than most of those average ones, relatively slim and becomingly blonde. Her vocal resources may be graded as strong at the top, fair to good in the middle, weak at the bottom. She can sing with quality and also with volume. But, as the second act revealed, for a theater of this one's size there is not much volume in the quality, and not much quality in the volume. Her first act showed a methodical, well studied marking of verbal and musical points, with some well turned phrases in difficult spots that suggested a thoroughly experienced Wagnerian behind her preparation. But it is, as yet, more a recitation from memory of what she has been taught than a vital recreation on her own. The second act has somewhat more warmth of manner, but, as yet, not much warmth of sound. Dvorakova attempted, courageously, the two top Cs of Act II, but, after brief contact, it was not a neighborhood in which she chose to linger. She is intelligent, diligent, and painstaking, but whether her vocal strength endures while she strives to make the role her own poses the crux of her problem. Parly's Tristan showed he has recuperative power to do the role twice within a week, but not much more. Thus the vocal accomplishment of the evening was Irene Dalis's Brangaene, which is solid, secure, sometimes even sumptuous.

As for the unsettled and unsettling conducting of Prêtre, it is the present dismal example of the Metropolitan management's willingness to settle for a token of quality rather than quality itself. A qualified interpreter of certain specialities, Prêtre lacks both the big line and knowledge of the tradition that produces it in such a score. Why else would he slow the music that precedes Tristan's entrance in Act I to a funereal pace rather than building it to a proclamation worthy of a hero ten feet tall? Or follow Wagner's tempo directions literally, without a sense of the ebb and flow, the phasing out and the blending in, that make for tonal drama? Prêtre's ignorance of such matters is his own, for better or worse: The Metropolitan's apparent ignorance of his ignorance is ours, and wholly for the worse.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

NEW YORK's Handelians, baroque opera enthusiasts, and connoisseurs of expressive florid singing have been offered rare opportunities for pleasure recently. After the New York City Opera Company's stylish production of *Giulio Cesare,* the newly formed Handel Society of New York reached Carnegie Hall with condensed concert performances of two more Handel operas, each played twice. Under the knowing directorship of Brian Priestman, the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Martin Isepp as the excelling harpsichordist, supported adept vocal soloists in what—with some changes in cast—amounted to live renditions of the Westminster recordings of *Rodelinda* and *Serse.* These performances did not solve the concert-opera problem as well as the American Opera Society solved it in the recent *Anna Bolena,* but used projections on a backstage screen, effects of colored lighting, and a raised platform to provide some entrances and exits up and down a short flight of steps.

In *Serse,* Mr. Priestman had the benefit of seven singers all of whom, in varying degree, could manipulate the baroque vocal hazards (trills, roulades, double-dotting, delicately accurate placement and shading) comfortably and brilliantly enough to be expressive: Maureen Forrester (Serse), Teresa Stich-Randall (Romilda), Janet Baker (Amastre), Maureen Lehane (Arsamene), Alpha Brawner (Atalanta), John Shirley-Quirk (Ariodate), and Yi-Kwei Sze (the *buffo* character of Elviro). In *Rodelinda,* Mesdames Stich-Randall (Rodelinda), Forrester (Bertarido), Lehane (Unulfo), and Mr. Shirley-Quirk (Garibaldo) preponderantly excelled; only Regina Sarfaty (Eduige) and Charles Bressler (Grimoaldo) seemed not to have captured the Handelian secrets. Carnegie Hall showed large areas of empty seats at all four performances, though it may well be years before New Yorkers will again be offered such a wealth of Handel's great operatic music so excellently played and excitingly sung.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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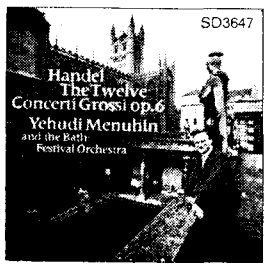

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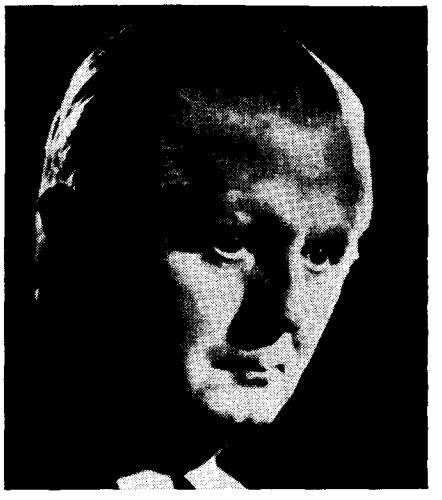
MOZART WITH (AND FOR) A SONG

HAPPIEST NEWS of the holiday season for the record buyer with a weakness for Mozart—a fairly inclusive category—is the almost incredible appearance on the Turnabout label of the great Glyndebourne recordings of the Thirties, plus the Beecham *Zauberflöte*, at a fraction of the price at which they were last marketed, and a mere pittance beside the rates they commanded in their original, exclusive form of Society issues. They still bear the description, "Mozart Society Edition," but the rates are now uniformly $7.50 per set, of which the relevant numbers are: *Nozze di Figaro*, TV 4114-16; *Don Giovanni*, TV 4117-19; *Così fan tutte*, TV 4120-22; and *Die Zauberflöte*, TV 4111-13.

How these breathless bargains (some of the discount shops find profit in selling them for $3.99 *per set*) came about is an interesting example of high finance in the record business. When the *Figaro* first appeared in the American market as RCA Victor albums 313-14-15 on nine 78 rpm records in 1935, it was considered a rare bargain at $18 per set. Even though it lacked the *recitativo secco* (too much of a risk, it was decided in those days, to expect the buyer to invest in the necessary additional records that this would require), it was far closer to the score by Mozart than anything previously available here. *Don Giovanni*, in its entirety, a few years later, came to $24.50 and was soon followed by *Zauberflöte* at slightly less. *Così*, however, was not considered a marketable item until much later, as its original RCA Victor album numbers (812-13-14) indicate.

If the costs of production were not repaid from the world-wide sales in their original forms, the early LP counterparts should certainly have equalized any remaining deficit. And now, from "mothers" derived from metal prepared for Electrola use, Turnabout's budget-priced reissues should certainly add to the earnings of the original producers. Thus, the old contention that "classical records do not pay" depends very much on the order of talent involved, and how long what they produce remains in demand. For Walter Legge, who produced these trophies originally, their continued saleability is complete endorsement of foresight.

Those who have not had occasion to re-hear these records recently will likely discover, as I did, that time has added to



Fritz Busch—"one irreplaceable factor."

the volume but not to the quality of later recordings of *Così*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Zauberflöte*. *Figaro*, because it lacks the *secco* recitatives and some of the recording know-how that went into its successors, is more a relic than a reality, superseded by the Kleiber-led version of the early stereo years. But all of the others have the stamp of one irreplaceable factor: in the case of *Don Giovanni* and *Così*, the leadership of Busch; in the instance of *Zauberflöte*, the impetus provided by Beecham. To single out the qualities of this vocalist or that, or to dwell on the ensemble that was developed before a work was considered suitable for recording in those days is merely to labor the obvious. However good any subsequent version of each work may be, it cannot duplicate the qualities that make these three unique and enduring. Compliments are in order to Turnabout not only for enterprise, but also for providing a uniform, boxed package handsomely embossed with an autographed likeness of the composer (each opera has a distinctive color). A pairing of the traditional Christmas colors of red and green would bring together *Così* and *Zauberflöte* in a way to honor the tastes both of the giver and the getter.

ALSO worth investigating in recently issued operatic Mozart is DGG's *Entführung aus dem Serail*, for which the conductor with the orchestra and the chorus of the Munich Opera is Eugen Jochum (DGG 39213-15; stereo, 139213-15, $17.37). Some will cherish it for no other reason than the Belmonte of the late Fritz Wunderlich—one on the now unfortunately curtailed list of operatic roles for which he appeared destined to be the preferred interpreter for years to come. Such collaborators as Erika Köth (Constanze), Kurt Böhme (Osmin), and Lotte Schädle (Blondchen) perform with steady competence, but the whole does not develop quite the flavor of Beecham's version (on Angel).

DGG's thoughtful choice for half of Side 5 and all of Side 6 of this issue is the frequently mentioned, seldom performed *Bastien und Bastienne* (a product of Mozart's twelfth year), for which Helmut Koch is the conductor and Adele Stolte (Bastienne), Peter Schreier (Bastien) and Theo Adam (Colas) make up the compact cast. A thoroughly welcome addendum for those disposed toward the Jochum *Seraglio*, it may leave some others fretting about its inaccessibility in a three LP set. Here again Turnabout comes to the rescue with its own *Bastien* (Eva Düske) *and Bastienne* (Mimi Coertse) with Wolfgang Ebert conducting the Hamburg Symphony, and Horst Günter as Colas (Turnabout TV 4053, $2.50; stereo, TV 34053 S, $2.50). The charming sound of Coertse is particularly suitable to the music of *Bastienne*, leaving little else to be desired in a version well conducted by Ebert.

Most improbable pairing of the year is to be found on Vanguard's version of the great B-flat Divertimento (K.361) in which a wind ensemble from the American Symphony is directed by its music director, Leopold Stokowski (Vanguard VRS 1158, $4.79, stereo, VSD 71158, $5.79). It does not take the experienced listener long to realize what he is in for: The exaggerated *forte-pianissimo* in the opening measures tell him clearly enough. Those to whom Stokowski-style Mozart is congenial will find this version rich in full blown sonorities and rather more spice than the eighteenth-century recipe calls for. Part of this is provided by the use of not merely the thirteen instruments specified by Mozart, but also by the presence of double bassoon and *two* double basses (some prior interpreters have alternated string bass with wind bass). The indisputable credit here is to the players, identified as: Leonard Arner, Charles Kuskin, and Louise Scribner (oboes); Janita Byars and John A. Koljonen (clarinets); William H. Lewis and Paul E. Howland (basset horns); Fred Klein, Tony Miranda, John L. Rossi, and Les-

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ter Salomon (French horns); Alan S. Brown and Ryohei Nakagawa (bassoons); Sabatino Masucci (contrabassoon); and Stuart Sankey and Kenneth A. Fricker (double basses). For my aural taste, the added instruments tend to swell the middle range sound and make the bottom unduly heavy.

For those who have not yet found a version of the E-flat Divertimento (K.563) to their taste, DGG 39150; stereo, 139-150, $5.79, is worth investigation. It offers a rare sampling of Italian string artistry vis-à-vis Mozart, the performing group, which styles itself the Trio Italiano d'Archi, being made up of Franco Gulli, violin; Giacinto Caramia, cello; and Bruno Giuranna, viola (the last remembered as the viola d'amore virtuoso of I Musici, the first as soloist with the Virtuosi di Roma and similar groups). Technically it is immaculate and tonally it recalls that the best violins were played by Italians before they fell into the hands of others. However, the style is a little broad and oversuave for the best service to Mozart's intertwining lines in this mature masterwork.

The other end of the Divertimento-Serenade-Cassation line is set forth definitively by Bernhard Paumgartner and the Camerata Academica of the Salzburg Mozarteum on Angel 36377, $4.79; stereo, S-36377, $5.79. It presents, sequentially, the first essay of Mozart in each of the modes of expression enumerated above (K.113, K.100, and K.63). The performances are according to Paumgartner's thoroughgoing manner, and well reproduced.

Finally, a correction of a mis-statement in RECORDINGS REPORTS II for November 26. The performances of the *Sinfonia Concertante* K.297b and 364 were directed by Karl Böhm, not by Herbert von Karajan. The admiration ascribed to a performance of the *Concertante* with wind quartet from the Berlin Philharmonic stands uncorrected.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Colin Davis—"unsleeping attentiveness."

Two Centuries of "Messiah"

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

WITH HANDEL'S *Messiah*, as with many other popular long compositions, a survey of all the recorded versions from which a purchaser can choose has become impossible. Thus one area that used to be in the reviewer's province has been all but completely barred to him. Only in increasingly rare instances can he say to a questioning reader: "Version L is the one to buy."

Two new complete recordings of *Messiah* can, however, be compared and judged in relation to one another. One of them is RCA Victor's "first recording of the 1752-53 version" (LM 6175, $14.37; stereo, LSC 6175, $17.37). Conducted by Robert Shaw, its soloists are Judith Raskin, Florence Kopleff, Richard Lewis, and Thomas Paul. The other, conducted by Colin Davis and boasting of the "original instrumentation," is on the Philips label (PHM 3-592, $15.37; stereo, PHS 3-992, $18.37). Its soloists are Heather Harper, Helen Watts, John Wakefield, and John Shirley-Quirk. Both recordings use up six LP sides, but whereas Mr. Shaw's interpretation takes two hours, twenty-three minutes, and eight seconds, Mr. Davis needs two hours, twenty-seven minutes, and thirty-six seconds. One indicative reason for this discrepancy of four minutes and twenty-eight seconds shows up in the "Hallelujah Chorus," for which Davis needs almost half a minute more than Shaw. The uncomfortable sensation of being rushed by Shaw is increased by the fact that the "Hallelujah Chorus" is permitted to start before the final notes of "Thou shalt break them" have quite died away.

In those places where Handel left more than one voice possible for a solo, the two directors also have different ideas. Thus, Davis has "But Thou didst not leave his soul in Hell" sung by the tenor, Shaw by the soprano; Davis has assigned "Thou art gone up on high" to the bass, Shaw to the contralto. The Shaw Chorale here numbers forty voices, Davis's London Symphony Choir only thirty-one voices. The Robert Shaw Orchestra includes four oboes, three bassoons and contrabassoon, whereas of the London Symphony Orchestra Davis has used two oboes and two bassoons. The number of strings in the RCA Victor recording is not specified, but it sounds larger, lusher, and less idiomatically right than the London Symphony's ten first violins, eight second violins, six violas, and three double basses. In fact, the overall sound image is much richer, fuller, and more romantic in Shaw's recording (which is also much more forward, nearer to microphone and home speaker) than in Davis's comparatively lean, life-sized version.

The choice between these two recordings can be made easy by considerations of style and approach. Shaw's is much more "traditional," clearly a *Messiah* filtered through Victorian times (but he should be credited for restoring the correct "Who is this King of Glory" where Davis has unthinkingly allowed the flat, traditional "the King of Glory" to stand). Davis's is lighter in texture, being a generally successful attempt to accept twentieth-century musicologists' descriptions of how *Messiah* must have sounded in the eighteenth century, before Handel's death. It makes extraordinarily enlivening capital, for example, of the legitimate freedom of both singers and instrumentalists to decorate their melodic lines. No earlier recording with which I am familiar is, in this sense, so properly Baroque throughout (though Joan Sutherland, alone among her colleagues, showed the way in a London Records *Messiah* conducted by Boult).

The Davis version also pays careful, rewarding attention (as we learn first from the excellent descriptive annotation by Igor Kipnis) to the practice of double-dotting, that is, of lengthening dotted notes at the expense of the notes that follow them. It is musically more expressive, because more alive, than the more emotionally conceived, but somehow plushly dated Shaw version.

Both recordings, unhappily, fail to give sufficient prominence to the sound of the harpsichord in the continuo. But a lesson in the real meaning of period style can be learned by listening attentively to the trumpet of James Smith in the RCA Victor recording, that of William Lang in the Philips—both in "The trumpet shall sound." Both performers are technically able. But whereas Mr. Smith is asked to give nothing but an accurate, traditional reading of his notes, Mr. Lang has been required to perform Baroque music in a genuinely Baroque manner. Because of Davis's unsleeping attentiveness to such formative details, the Philips recording may well be the most faithful likeness of Handel's *Messiah* that the gramophone has been afforded to date.

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WHILE NOT EXACTLY a dime a dozen, American pianists—and brilliant virtuosi at that—exist in staggering numbers. Everyone is quick to admit that among them are some of the finest in the international current. But that we have produced an equally impressive amount of topnotch American piano music is hardly recognized. And no wonder, when so many of the finest and most publicized young pianists pursue their anachronistic careers oblivious to the creative surge about them. There are, of course, exceptions: David Tudor, Beveridge Webster, George Pappastavrou, Leon Fleisher, William Masselos, and Robert Helps, to cite a few.

It is to the efforts of three of them that we owe a group of current recordings which both prove and belie the position of American creative skills. Some of the works are bona fide masterpieces while others, particularly among the smaller pieces, range from excellent to banal. But this new lot merely scratches the surface of a bulk of excellent American music awaiting discovery.

Webster has chosen three major works that are among the most important we have produced: Copland's Piano Variations, Sessions's Second Sonata for Piano Solo, and Elliott Carter's Piano Sonata (1945-46). Perhaps they will not seem to be immediately beguiling to those hearing them for the first time, but they wear well. Copland's Variations, dating from 1930, are based on a brief and rather restricting four-note motif. While confining himself, though not too rigidly, to this microcosmic theme, he ranges through a series of seventeen variations which, despite his skillful attempts at variety, tend toward the gloomy side.

Occupying a full side is Webster's brilliant and sympathetic performance of Elliott Carter's Piano Sonata. This is his second recording of this difficult and foreboding work. The first appeared in the early Fifties on a disc released by the American Recording Society. For nearly a decade and a half Webster has lived with and performed the Sonata, and his projection of it now is a marvel.

In this work, Carter attempted, he tells us, "to translate into a special virtuoso style my general musical outlook, my thoughts and feelings. I approached writing for the piano as if it were an art all of its own. . . ." He proceeds then to explore all manner of rhythmic ideas and pianistic devices. The second movement is in three sections: an Andante, followed by a brilliant fugue, and then a concluding Andante whose measures are as poignant as many in the last sonatas of Beethoven.

Written in 1946—the same year as Carter's Sonata—was the Second Sonata for Piano Solo by Roger Sessions, a work conceived in the conventional three movements. The first is a busy Allegro con fuoco, fraught with a kind of Ivesian bustle. It is in the second movement that the work reveals a somewhat melancholy lyricism—though by no means as attractive, I find, as the uninhibited lyricism of Sessions's First Piano Sonata which dates from 1930. Sessions's earlier Sonata has been brilliantly recorded (CRI-198) by Robert Helps, who was Sessions's composition student, and hence approached his task with utmost sympathy.

This First Sonata, like that of Carter's, is, for all its intricacy, a work charged with a high poetic content. It was one of the first of his works that Sessions considered to embody his own developed personal style, with an opening that has all of the romantic allure of a Chopin nocturne (a rare quality among much of today's output).

On the companion side is a performance by Masselos of a sonata by William Mayer. Mayer may be a new name to many, but among his colleagues he is regarded as one of the very gifted writers of today. Although it is cast in a set of well defined movements, it is more in the nature of a fantasy than a conventional sonata. William Masselos's performance is stunning.

Webster and Masselos have both built substantial followings, but Robert Helps is as yet less known as a pianist. But this should not be for long. As a composer, he has had his First Symphony recently released on a Columbia disc. As a pianist, he has not only appeared with several major American orchestras but is represented on records in performances of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* and *The Book of the Hanging Gardens;* Milton Babbitt's *Du,* and Mel Powell's *Haiku.*

He was, for these as well as other reasons, a logical choice to record works by twenty-four contemporary composers on a two-disc set released by RCA Victor as *New Music for the Piano.* The genesis of this recording was the publication of a series of pieces selected and edited by Joseph Prostakoff. He was a disciple of the late Abby Whiteside, a

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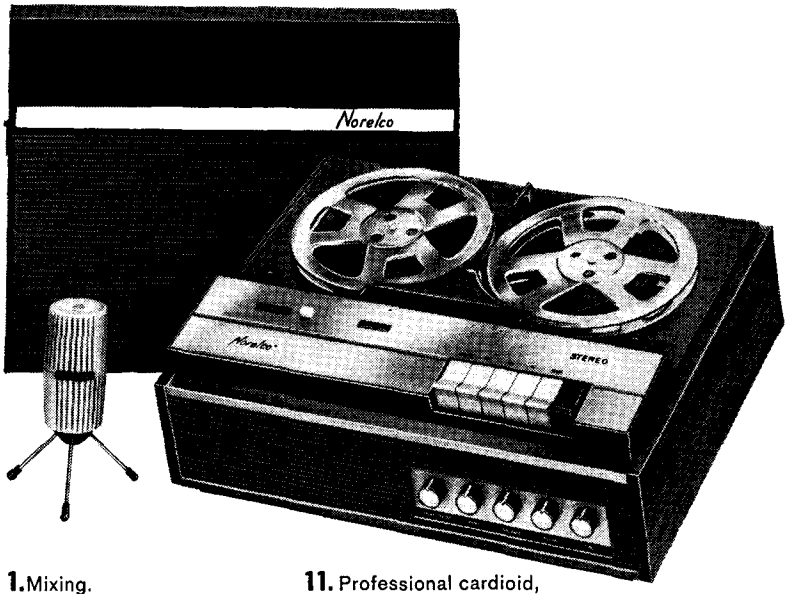

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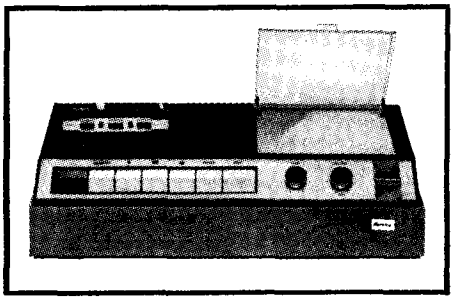

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pedagogue who also taught Robert Helps and several of the other composers represented.

It may seem peculiar that an organization enjoying the financial resources of RCA Victor should require a subsidy to record a series of American piano pieces, but such is the case; the issue was underwritten by the Abby Whiteside Foundation. The real discovery is pianist Robert Helps.

The music itself, with a few exceptions, is less rewarding, though two dozen pieces cover a considerable range. In an introductory booklet, Joseph Prostakoff observes that "compositional techniques have proliferated in the last two decades or so, particularly under the impact of the music of Arnold Schoenberg and his followers." Here the influence seems at times pejorative. As composers wade about in current twelve-tone academicism, one has the feeling that most of the works were leftovers in the composers' reticules. A few, however, are of the first order. Milton Babbitt has written a work called *Partitions* which breaks new musical ground and is worth the effort of investigation. The series contains a bright pianistic set of Fanfares by Ingolf Dahl; a set of finely constructed *Polarities No. 1* by Hall Overton; a Piano Suite by Miriam Gideon, which seems like excellent material for maturing young pianists; and a ricky-ticky bit of bewhiskered jazz by Sol Berkowitz. Things pick up decidedly with a *Nocturnal Interlude* by Paul Pisk and stay up with an interesting Etude by that pianistic whiz, Mel Powell. Two *Rags* and a *Blues* by Morton Gould add a little bit of lightweight interest.

An *Allegro on a Pakistan Lute Tone* is anything but mint Hovhaness; George Perle has constructed Six Preludes that meander dodecaphonically in an agreeable manner, as do the Two Preludes by composer-editor Prostakoff. A little diatonic gem emerges in an unpretentious *Prelude for a Pensive Pupil* by Peggy Glanville-Hicks. So innocent and tender among so many flinty efforts, it sings its melodic line warmly.

Who but a man named Bacon could write a piece called *The Pig Town Fling*? But that is just what Ernst Bacon did. It's a bit of quaint Americana that enjoyed its vogue in the late Thirties and slightly beyond.

Robert Helps's *Image*, which he plays with more than ordinary affection, is a vignette written with purpose. This is no throwaway. Instead, it is an uncommonly fine work. Six Bagatelles by Mark Brunswick are attractive and several of them, brief as they are, are among the most attractive writing of the lot. So, too, are the Two Bagatelles of Earl Kim. These brief pieces mark Kim as a provocative new talent.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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Please Dial Again

WALTER W. STRALEY, vice president for public relations of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, was a phone company clerk in Des Moines in 1934. During that time he wrote a memo to the president of the local Bell System, criticizing the organization's "primitive public relations," an action which won him his first promotion. Last April, when he assumed his new duties in New York, his critical faculties were still operative. He examined the traditional *Bell Telephone Hour* on NBC Television, and decided that it was not doing a satisfactory PR job for AT&T.

The corporation's national advertising objective, primarily, is a favorable image among intellectuals—present and future opinion leaders and policy-makers, particularly at the college and university level. The approval of such people is important in the company's recruiting campaign for scientists and engineers. And the giant concentration of power and capital that is this corporation is increasingly subject to decisions made by intellectuals that may affect its destiny.

The way to get the company the image it seeks, Mr. Straley said in a recent conversation, is "to put on a program of serious music, because campus people, generally, like such music." Further, he said, he seeks "audience involvement in music-making." Instead of presenting concerts in television studios, the shows would go places, see musical "happenings," offer portraits of musical institutions and personalities in action. Straley's colleagues were not enthusiastic, but he overcame their "orderly resistance" and commissioned fifteen programs, of which, at this writing, three have been shown.

The new series is distinguished by the fact that commercials are placed only at the end of the programs, Nielsen ratings are not important: The sponsor would rather have "1,000,000 viewers watching intensely than 20,000,000 just watching." The renewal of the innovation for next season will depend on the approval of the campus community.

The first three shows haven't made it --precisely because of the lack of the special quality that launched Straley on his AT&T career—the critical view. The programs have all been public relations jobs for their subjects. In the world of music, it appears, everybody is a hero. Gian Carlo Menotti, in the first program, was paid a glowing tribute for bringing to fruition his dream of an arts festival in Spoletto, Italy. Van Cliburn, in the second show, was seen triumphantly whirling from the National Music Camp, at Interlochen, Michigan, to a recording session in New York, to his old home town in Texas, and to the White House. Aaron Copland, Erich Leinsdorf, and other artists and students combined, in the third program, to sell the exhilarating atmosphere of Tanglewood.

Spoletto, Van Cliburn, and Tanglewood are all praiseworthy in many respects. But is Straley achieving his objective of "involving" viewers in the world of serious music? To take an audience "behind the scenes" is not necessarily to involve it. What matters is what is going on behind those scenes. Excerpts from rehearsals and performances may be enjoyable; opinions of artists may be interesting (as in Menotti's case) or they may be mere saccharine trivia (as in the case of Van Cliburn); or the observations of teachers and students may be sincere. A total program, notwithstanding, adds up to weighty dullness unless it is quickened by some revealing comment by the *maker* of a program about his material.

NO such comments illuminated the first three programs of the new *Bell Telephone Hour*. No critical appraisals were made; no tension of ideas or personalities disturbed the middle-brow, fan-magazine climate. The "musical documentaries" fell between the two chairs of *music* and *documentary*. A "short fuse" in the preparation of the programs may have contributed to the results. Straley's decision, last April, left little time for reflection by the producers, and editing schedules were frantic. This can be corrected by more lead time, but it is also necessary to involve critical intelligences who are experts in the world of music. Certain artists, of course, may refuse to participate in programs that reach for the perceptive, evaluative dimension, but surely enough can be found.

Puffery is not enough to attract the discerning campus community; neither are visual images of artists at work, if such images bring no surprises or unexpected meanings. This viewer hopes the public relations vice president will elect another round, for his innovation hasn't yet had a real chance. The new *Bell Telephone Hour* must begin to make statements about musicians that are worth paying attention to—or the opinion-makers will go back to their hi-fi sets.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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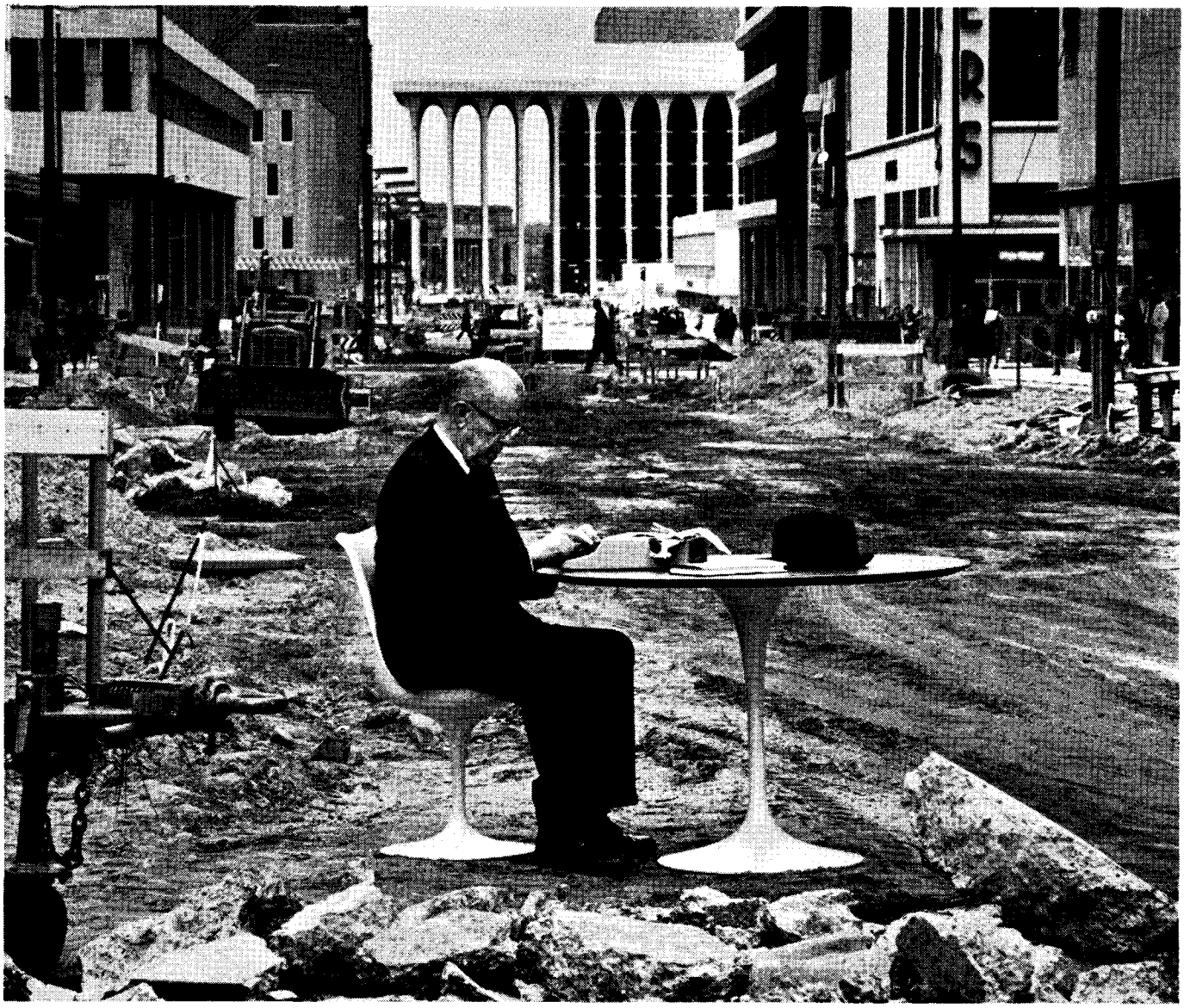

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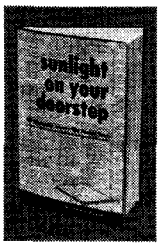
Today Minneapolis is a proud, progressive city. (That's Nicollet Avenue —an Upper Midwest version of Chicago's State Street—being ripped up and replaced with a handsome mall.) And, according to Time magazine and a Saturday Review survey, the Tribune is now among America's 10 best newspapers.

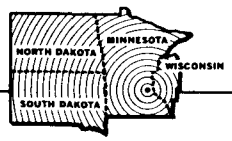
A few months ago Morison retired, knowing that his newspaper had earned the respect and confidence of readers throughout the Upper Midwest—Minnesota, North and South Dakota, western Wisconsin—good reasons why the Minneapolis Tribune and the Minneapolis Star continue to be the most influential medium in our nation's 15th market.



Sunlight On Your Doorstep — the Minneapolis Tribune's First Hundred Years, published by Ross & Haines, Inc., 413 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 55415; cloth $3.95; paperback $1.75. Foreword by Hubert H. Humphrey. 145 pages; 90 pictures.

Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY

JOHN COWLES, *President*



MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING

670,000 SUNDAY • 520,000 COMBINED DAILY

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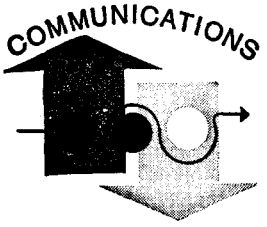
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin 79

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR 80

THE TRIALS OF STATEHOUSE JOURNALISM
By Tom Littlewood 82

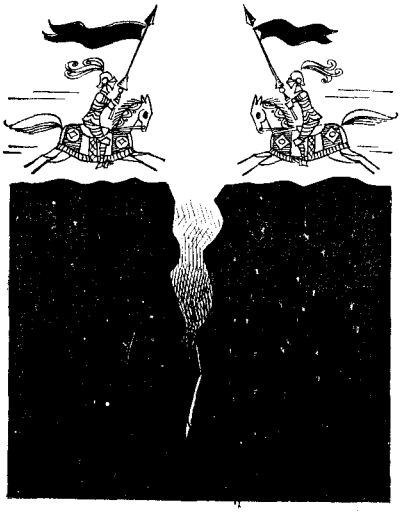
TRAINING FOR THE JOURNALIST IN AFRICA AND VIETNAM
By John Tebbel 84

RIBOUD'S CAMERA COVERS CHINA
By Margaret R. Weiss 89

THE ART OF WRITING GREETING CARDS
By Ruth Galanoplos 94

PUBLIC RELATIONS: WITHOUT TRUMPET FLARES
By L. L. L. Golden 96

BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS: TARHEEL EDITOR
By Alfred Balk 98



A Four-Letter Word Called News

THE NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION is made up of the publishers of 5,800 weekly and 800 community newspapers in the United States—not to be confused with the American Newspaper Publishers Association, whose membership has now risen above 1,000 derived entirely from the dailies. The ANPA is the better known of these two organizations but does not by itself represent the whole American newspaper fraternity. The ANPA meets in New York each April and its considerations and sessions make headlines all over the world. Just the same, the National Newspaper Association, through its president Walter B. Potter, made headlines of its own recently in Washington, dramatizing again the enormous and apparently widening chasm between the legal profession in the United States and those who handle the collection and dissemination of news.

Mr. Potter urged an American Bar Association panel to reconsider some of the more extreme measures it has recommended to safeguard criminal cases against prejudicial publicity. Among the ABA's proposals to which the NNA objects are: first, changes in the canons of legal ethics to include a broad proscription against release of information if there is a reasonable likelihood that such dissemination will interfere with a fair trial or otherwise prejudice the due administration of justice; second, adoption of regulations by law-enforcement agencies strictly limiting what officials may say publicly about criminal matters. The bar association's advisory committee on free press and fair trial specifically had suggested that the following types of information be withheld from publication prior to trials: 1) the prior criminal record, or statements as to the character or reputation of an accused person; 2) the existence or contents of any confession, admission, or statement given by the defendant, or his refusal to make a statement; 3) performance or results of tests, or the refusal of an accused to take such a test; 4) the identity, testimony, or credibility of prospective witnesses; 5) possibility of a plea of guilty to the offense charged or to a lesser offense; 6) other statements relating to the merits of the case, or the evidence in the case, except that it would be permissible to release certain specified information, including the facts and circumstances of arrest, a brief description of the offense charged, and a statement describing evidence at the time it is seized by authorities.

Immediately following the bar association's unusual and dramatic report this fall, the ANPA formally warned its powerful membership that the newspapers of this country have now been made the subject of all-out attack by the legal profession in the direction of the suppression of news traditionally and routinely published in the United States. The ANPA's emergency bulletin put it this way: "Newspapers cannot accept willingly the imposition of rules upon law-enforcement officers which will have the effect of curtailing access by newspapers to truthful information in public records pertaining to the commission of crime in any community." The ANPA bulletin also stated that an overzealous concern for the rights of defendants in criminal cases "ought not to be allowed to deprive the public

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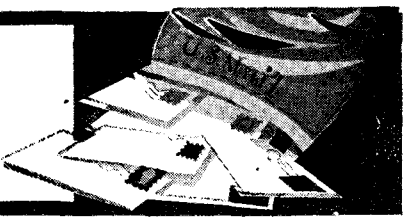
of truthful information which the public needs pertaining to crimes and criminals in our society in the light of growing problems of law enforcement at the local, state, and national level."

Potter's more recent protest against the bar association's drastic proposals called them "too likely to result in the withholding of information to which the public has a right." Concerning adoption of regulations limiting what officials may say publicly about criminal matters, Potter told the bar association point-blank that the proposal gives no guidelines and is therefore too broad and vague. Combining the ANPA and NNA statements on the bar association's proposal for news curbs in criminal cases, one comes very quickly to the conclusion that a knock-down drag-out battle and a bloody one has begun in earnest between those who publish news, particularly local news, in the weekly and daily newspapers of the United States and the profession of law, to whom news is a four-letter word.

THOUGH there is nothing new in the continuing conflict between those who arrest, prosecute, defend, and try criminals in this country and those who report such events, this is by all odds the loudest head-on collision in our memory, and it is not going to be silenced overnight. The anomaly goes back to the American Constitution, which guarantees Americans the right of free press and also the right to a fair trial. In the famous Sheppard murder case, the Cleveland papers were accused of having tried Dr. Sheppard on their front pages and having made it impossible for him to have a fair trial in the Cleveland area. The highest court in this country agreed with these sentiments; at retrial Dr. Sheppard was acquitted.

The enmity between the legal and journalistic professions is as old as time, yet completely understandable. A newspaper reporter in Great Britain has far less leeway in discussing, prior to trial, an alleged criminal's confession or any other circumstances that might prejudice a jury, but it has always been open season on anyone arrested in the United States, often to the discredit of the U.S. newspaper. Just the same, we do not want to see our arrest and trial procedures move deeper and deeper into the shadows of the kangaroo court where the behavior of judge and jury, prosecutor and defense counsel, police witness and expert, are not part of the open public record. The evils of the star chamber are, for us, far worse than occasional damage done in a criminal case by premature or excessive publicity. News is a precious right and seldom the sort of four-letter word the bar association suggests, and we move away from that right at our own peril. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



Journalism and Degrees

THERE IS ANOTHER side to the picture presented in "Where Are Tomorrow's Journalists?" by Alfred Balk, [*SR*, Jan. 8], and "Please *Don't Steal My Reporters*," by Frank B. Gilbreth [*SR*, Oct. 8]. Both of the above-cited articles emphasize the lack of journalism school graduates. Perhaps this is the problem. Back in the "good old days" an editor didn't want to know which school you had graduated from—all he wanted to know was whether or not you could write. Nowadays, he's apt to be more interested in what school you came out of than in what you can do.

I'm a free-lance writer, with a seesaw income that fluctuates between $60 and $600 a month. I've plenty of credits, I wield a mean camera, and I've been trying to get a job on a newspaper for several years. I sold my first article when I was fourteen, and, for me, a college education would have been impossible. But without that piece of paper, I can't get a job on a newspaper.

To my way of thinking, the newspapers themselves have created a closed society of journalism school graduates. So long as editors are unwilling to look beyond their noses for good writers, I can't see that they have any valid complaint.

GAIL BARCLAY.

Kailua, Hawaii.

Weather News, Clear or Cloudy

THE MERE IMPOSITION upon a TV weather program of a Seal of Approval by the American Meteorological Society [see "Weather or Not," *SR*, Nov. 12] insures that the man on camera is serenely at peace over the difficult distinction between an isobar and a rain gauge, but it in no way insures that the viewer is going to receive a clear idea of what tonight's and tomorrow's weather is all about. The reasons:

1) The weather reporter, on radio or TV, seldom if ever defines his terms. He seldom bothers to explain what a "high" is, what a "low" is, and why they're important in understanding the forecast. He seldom bothers to explain what a barometer is and what it does. The typical TV weatherman usually spends his precious minutes telling us what we can plainly see for ourselves: namely, that the temperature in Boston is 46, in Worcester, 42, in Portland, 44, while over here in Burlington, it's a rather nippy 38 degrees. Surely one doesn't need a seal of approval to elaborate the obvious—not at those prices.

2) The weather reporter on TV or radio, whether ex-chorus girl, reclaimed disc jockey, or earnest young man still flushed from a laying on of hands by the AMS, hardly ever bothers to explain the *whyfor* of the weather. Having never explained what a "front" is (and how it got that name), he can hardly explain how it works and why it produces (or sometimes fails to produce) the weather it does.

Radio, lacking visual tools, must resort to language—to analogy—to help the listener make some sense out of the jumble of figures thrown at him at the end of a newscast. The easiest way to do this is to describe the weather in terms of *clothes*, since many if not most people think of it in those terms. Moreover, there is no FCC rule which would prevent a radio weather reporter from trying to explain the cause of a few days of dismal weather by saying something such as: "The weathermen say there's a pool of cold and wet air lying overhead, and that it can't *help* but drop its moisture on us. Living underneath a pool of cold air is like living in the apartment underneath that of your mother-in-law—conditions are always unsettled, windy, and cold."

We shall never see this problem resolved until weathermen become announcers or announcers become weathermen. The latter, actually, is the more likely. They need not become full professionals, but they can learn enough, certainly, to understand the basics and to *explain* them to those who do not; to understand the thinking behind the forecast and *explain* it; to understand the weather freaks and *explain* them. Better that they leave the actual forecasting to the full professionals, and content themselves with *explaining* what the professionals are doing.

DOMINIC R. QUINN.

Scituate, Mass.

IN THE SPRING of 1965 and on November 12 of this year your Communications Supplement editorial made reference to the North American Newspaper Alliance poll. The first time I noted to you several criticisms of the "poll." Here we are—more than one year later—and you are still using this data. However, there is an issue of overwhelming importance which still remains—the research sampling method used. It seems that readers who have an interest in the subject matter of a poll such as this tend to become respondents to it. A sample selection method such as this raises many important questions such as: Who are these people, what motivated them to respond, how do they differ from readers not responding, what are the attitudes of nonrespondents?

A common fallacy relating to opinion research is that the size of the sample makes up for shortcomings in its content. This is simply not true. As a case in point, I draw your attention to a magazine poll completed in September 1936. This poll predicted a huge Roosevelt loss in the upcoming election which, as history has demonstrated, proved to be incorrect. Investigation revealed that the magazine collected the opinions of several hundred thousand peo-

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ple. However, most of them were readers of that magazine who, it turned out, were well above average in education and income. In the minds of these respondents, Roosevelt was a poor choice. However, their opinions differed widely from the majority of voters—a group whose opinions were ignored in that sample.

Still another aspect of the NANA poll which you should be more concerned with is the question wording that was used. Frequently, the wording of a question has a drastic influence upon answers to it. For example, a respondent might be forced to choose between two answers—neither of which represents his feelings—and would be forced to select the one which is closest to his real desire. Extending this logic to the present situation, a question such as "Do you like a large quantity of detailed meteorological information in your weather forecast or do you like none at all?" would probably yield a different response than "Do you like a lot of detailed meteorological information in your weather forecast, some detailed information, or none at all?"

The prosecution rests.

David A. Schwartz,
Senior Project Director,
Audits & Surveys Company, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Ann Landers, Pro & Con

The Ann Landers article ["Behind the Advice Column," SR, Nov. 12] was direct without a hint of hubris. Her article should do much in subduing the didactic disdain of many professionals. Those who disclaim her should quickly sense that her prime purpose is to provide an ear for those melancholy voices which have been muted by apathetic arrogance. Her laconic eloquence is a connection to common sense, serving as a go-between for the unhappy, and the uninformed who wish to communicate with empathetic authority.

To be such a liaison for the lonely, the lost, one needs heart, not academic honors. This lady knows her limitations, but unlike most who would languish over them she has successfully lent her lore to those who have no one else to lean upon.

Elayne Lansburg.
Encino, Calif.

Let's have more feature stories on people like Ann Landers by people like Ann Landers. That's where the real people are, not on the editorial pages.

Henry J. Freyliger.
New York, N.Y.

It is indeed unfortunate when a magazine of the stature of SR lends space to the self-congratulatory banterings of an individual of Ann Landers's caliber. It is distressing that a thousand people a day must turn for ethical and practical advice to a woman who is without qualifications for such a position, with the exception of her amazing ability to parrot and apply nineteenth-century mores.

More distressing, however, is the vast amount of ignorance and fear and stupidity distributed through her column. One can only speculate as to how many people's lives have been marred because they took the advice of a pretentious housewife whose background in ethics and morality does not appear to go beyond a Sunday School primer.

This woman who spreads moral bigotry and stupidity, for a price, in our daily newspapers may well be this decade's answer to Elmer Gantry.

Ed Stewart.
Dallas, Tex.

Me, Myself, and I

William H. Frankhauser of Coldwater, Michigan, does have a point [*Letters to the Communications Editor*, Nov. 12]. The word *myself* is never a personal pronoun ("John and myself"), and its intensive use is indeed "weak-kneed" (I, myself, think it's a good plan"). However, Mr. Frankhauser has overlooked a most important use for the compound pronoun: its reflexive action. Without *myself*, how does Mr. Frankhauser propose to announce such achievements as "I cut myself while shaving this morning"?

Please, Mr. Frankhauser, "leave us not" commit the error of "throwing out the baby with the [cold] water"! Instead, let us be careful to use *myself* only in the correct manner, intensively (for emphasis on special demand) and reflexively (to show action upon the doer).

Ruth C. Clark,
Instructor, English Department,
Oklahoma Baptist University.
Shawnee, Okla.

I spring to the defense of *myself*. William H. Frankhauser of Coldwater would like to see it deleted from our language. He gives only one correct use: for emphasis. ("I think it's a good plan, myself.") But how about the following: "I had to pinch *myself* to be sure I wasn't dreaming." "I scratched *myself* on that rough board." "No, teacher, my parents didn't help me. I did it *myself*."

And what would poor Humpty Dumpty use in its place in:

I took a corkscrew from the shelf:
I went to wake them up myself.

How dull the commercial without the line, "*Please*, mother, I want to do it *myself*." Off to oblivion such pop lyrics as "*All* By Myself in the Moonlight" and "Me, Myself, and I."

But perhaps the word is worth saving if only for the very young, or for the handicapped undergoing rehabilitation. How can the pride in accomplishment be expressed more succinctly and directly than, "I can do it *myself!*"

Please, Mr. Frankhauser, stop throwing Coldwater at innocent words! Our language is richer for having so many; you have your own choice—you're not forced to use any.

Mrs. Doris L. Pertz.
Pine Brook, N.J.

Motto suggested for those bothered by Go Slow signs: Think Bigly!

A. Grove Day,
Senior Professor of English,
University of Hawaii.
Honolulu, Hawaii

"As long as you're up, get me a grant."

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THE TRIALS OF STATEHOUSE JOURNALISM

By TOM LITTLEWOOD

RECENTLY thirty-six promising young state legislators from the eighteen largest states unburdened themselves of their frustrations at a seminar in Miami arranged by the Eagleton Institute of Politics at Rutgers University and financed by the Carnegie Corporation. Prominent among their grievances was the state of press coverage of their legislatures.

They felt that the nation's press had given up on the legislatures as a workable, innovative branch of government. On one side, they saw at the Statehouse inexperienced, underpaid beginners trying gamely to cope with their confusing and difficult assignment; at the other extreme, cynical oldtimers worn down by the drudgery and conditioned subconsciously over the years to become part of the inbred system they're writing about. The end result, the legislators concluded, is reporting that tends to be dull, superficial, preoccupied with scandal, and pitched to the antics of the publicity-minded celebrities in their midst.

After ten years of covering the Illinois legislature in Springfield for the Chicago *Sun-Times*, I can attest to the validity of many of their complaints. It is at least equally evident, though, that many legislators are ignorant of the reporter's complex problems. To do his job well, the good reporter needs to be detective, political scientist, and technical specialist in public administration, the law, psychology, and diverse other disciplines.

Understandably absorbed in their own activities, few legislators are aware of the magnitude of the Statehouse correspondent's beat. In addition to covering the legislature—which in Illinois meets in regular session every other year for six months—he is responsible for reporting on the executive and judicial branches of state government. In a large state such as Illinois this can be a big order. Along with the governor, there are independently elected state officers, such as attorney general, secretary of state, treasurer, and chief education officer. The departments and agencies in the executive branch have grown phenomenally, in some cases if only in order to handle and pass on ever increasing federal grants. Their responsibilities include hospitals, penal institutions, tax collection, higher education, the regulation of various business and public service activities—hundreds of vital affairs involving thousands of state employees and requiring a biennial budget of more than $1 billion. All this means the conscientious reporter has little time for leisurely reflection when the legislature is in session.

Here, for example, is how a typical day in Springfield might go: First thing in the morning the governor may hold a press conference—and, though it never fails to irritate legislators, the governor commands public attention. Or perhaps the state supreme court is handing down opinions which must be digested, translated into English, and, if possible, made some sense of. Then, too, the level of public morality is such in Illinois that a local grand jury may well be dealing with some irregularity of statewide interest that must be followed carefully.

New bills that are introduced once the day's legislative session begins must be screened and evaluated as to their importance and impact. The action on the floor of the legislature must be covered. Stories must be written and transmitted either by Western Union or telephone. And a couple of times in the midst of the literary production an editorial writer or someone else from the Chicago office might call with a question about some legislative happening.

In the afternoon, if the reporter has any stamina left, there are committee sessions. These are often the most significant of all the day's activities. But their prospective importance is difficult to judge in advance. Along with the endless stream of news releases—which, unfortunately, often try to obscure the meaning of the news—there may also be voluminous reports from some administrative agencies or state commissions to scan. In the evening there are likely to be obligatory social events. And, on top of it all, if the reporter works for an afternoon newspaper he has the ever-present "overnight" to file—a story composed in the middle of the night for use the next day.

But time and stamina are the simplest of the reporter's concerns. In any Statehouse the legislator and the journalist who is reporting his activities may be surprised to find themselves sharing a common problem: the difficulty in obtaining reliable factual information about what is really going on. For our tradition of part-time citizen-legislators has meant that the only pros in the legislature are the managerial cliques who profitably preserve their monopoly of insight. The committee system thus is made ineffective and the legislator-in-the-ranks lacks the tools for doing his job.

IN Springfield we once were presented with the spectacle of the chairman of the legislative budget-screening agency frantically resisting efforts to supply him with a professional staff. As it was, sometimes only he knew the inner significance of a budgetary item. With a staff of analysts, others might know too! By reducing his exclusive insight, this state of affairs would thus reduce his personal power.

Information and insight are hardest to come by in the final hours of the legislative session when the managers have contrived to cram together most of the important decisions. For the first five months of the session, when everyone is eager and wide-eyed, the yeast is allowed to ferment and little of any substance is settled. Then, in order to finish on time, it is often necessary in the final days to hold all-night sessions. Legislators and reporters alike are bewildered and exhausted as hundreds of bills sail through or sink. The public interest be damned, let's go home.

The *Sun-Times*, in its bureau, uses at least two, usually three—and sometimes more—men during the session. But the smaller newspapers and broadcasting stations depend for most of their legislative news on one or both of the major

Tom Littlewood was Illinois Statehouse correspondent for the Chicago *Sun-Times* for ten years and now is a member of the *Sun-Times*'s Washington bureau.

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wire services. And state capital wire service bureaus have their own problems, many of them budgetary. Legislative sessions ordinarily follow election campaigns, which are costly for the wire services; hence, the "downhold" fiscal command from the regional offices just when the capital bureaus need manpower the most.

One of the bureaus in Springfield is operated by three hard-working men. When the legislature is meeting, one is assigned to each of the two houses. The third remains in the downtown office to write the stories phoned in from the other two and then to "punch" or retype the copy onto the transmitting apparatus. The same three are also responsible for the other news flowing out of the state government, plus reporting the traffic fatalities and miscellaneous spot news emanating from the regional area, and—most important of all—the statewide handling of high school basketball and football scores.

High school basketball is big news in Illinois. The big dailies leave coverage of it entirely to their sports departments. But the wire service bureaus in Springfield oversee the weekly tabulation by a panel of coaches and local sports writers of the "top ten" teams. The administrative details of this poll fall to the same newsmen who later in the day may be called upon to deliver an incisive and responsible explanation of a legislative issue involving judicial reform or school district finance.

Any of their clients may have special service requests of the capital bureau ranging from a local utility rate hearing before the commerce commission to the status of a minor bill regulating the salaries of county road commissioners. The wire services are highly competitive, and an alert bureau manager learns the twist—political or otherwise—that might inspire important clients to land his story on page 1 instead of back with the obits. Conversely, though, the very necessity of satisfying editors of all political shadings encourages blandness.

Even more serious is the wire services' occasional practice of transferring experienced reporters when their salaries reach the point on the union scale where the office budget is thrown out of kilter. Invariably, many of the best reporters are drained off to Washington, where the wire services maintain large, highly competent, well-paid bureaus.

But a more subtle problem for all Statehouse reporters—for the big dailies as well as for the wire services—is the atmosphere of fraternalism. Away from home in a relatively isolated community such as Springfield, legislators, lobbyists, and reporters naturally play together after hours. Just as this milieu tends to wear down the mavericks in the legislature and pull them toward the in-group, the reporter is also in danger of forgetting for whom he is reporting. As a practical matter it isn't always easy to view objectively this morning's deeds by last night's drinking companion.

Along with the pressure for conformity, Springfield has a therapeutic ritual—sort of like sticking pins in a doll—for getting back at the reporter who writes something that offends the sensibilities of a member. I was introduced to this ritual after only a few days in the Statehouse, when, because of a story I had written, the most influential member of the House took the floor on a "point of personal privilege." While I sat in the press box at the front of the chamber, wondering what hole to crawl into, and while his 176 comrades either glared or chuckled, he commented at some length on my judgment, intelligence, integrity, breeding, and general disrespect toward public service. (A most startling introduction to democracy, in living color!) These sessions occur periodically. To the everlasting honor of the Springfield press corps, anyone who does not have some pins stuck in him within a reasonable time is the subject of suspicion by his colleagues.

Another concern resulting from the club spirit in the Statehouse is the favors that may be done the reporter by state officials—from invitations to parties to unsolicited Christmas gifts, and from offers of low-number license plates to opportunities for relatives on the state payroll. Some of these constitute troublesome gray areas in the ethics of journalism.

To add to the difficulty, the story of the legislature, more than that of the ordinary city council or of Congress, unfolds behind the scenes, not out in the open. The pseudo-event, the staged fight after the managers have resolved their conflicts of interest privately, is part of the process. Indeed, the legislature that I covered—and any other—resembles a rockbound island shrouded in a fog mist. Down deep in the underground vault is where the jewels—the truth—are kept. Getting the key usually involves someone's help. The idea that what laymen call "digging" will yield the key is a myth. Consequently, the reporter who is trying to explore the depths must be constantly concerned with practical questions, such as: If Senator Doakes helps me uncover a good story today, what will I do if he turns up in a villainous role in another story tomorrow?

For their part, legislators universally resent some newspapers' roles as pressure groups promoting not only their concepts of good government but, in a few flagrant cases, the commercial interests of their advertisers and others. Overstating the case considerably but reflecting a not uncommon point of view, Jessie M. Unruh, speaker of the California Assembly, made this statement at the Miami seminar:

> The press is clearly the most important special interest group in opposition to legislative reform. Newspapers want no competition in formulating state policy, and they have a stake in seeing to it that the competition that exists is minimal. A press which only deplores the sad condition of the legislature without reporting why the condition exists can hardly be expected to support improvements or even to recognize that changes are needed other than "better legislators." If we try to infer from press criticism what the model legislator would be like, we construct a body that is unworkable and undemocratic. The members of this legislature would be two-dimensional Xerox copies of television's Representative Slattery. They would represent no sectional interest and would be motivated solely by their desire to serve the public interest (naturally as defined by the press).

Next year promises to be a critical juncture for the legislatures. Having been reapportioned to make them more representative, they will either begin demonstrating that they can be a workable, innovative, policy-making branch of the government, or will allow the deterioration of their public image and the flow of power to the governors and to Washington to roll on beyond the point of likely return.

What, then, is the prospect for improved Statehouse coverage?

There are promising signs. Today's journalistic recruits are better educated and more capable of understanding difficult subjects. Their salaries are gradually going up. Their bosses are being persuaded more frequently that good men should be assigned to take the time to tell their stories in a fresh, appealing fashion. Beyond that, their editors must begin devoting more prime space to the serious issues in the legislature, and not just the clownlike antics and crude corruption that most people now associate with it.

Whether the legislatures can be saved and revitalized ought to be of general concern. The crisis will be met when the legislators are paid realistic salaries, given an opportunity for creativity and an inducement to cleanse themselves of conflicts of interest. There is reason to believe the necessary public support for this reform will come only when the press begins responding to the need for thoughtful, penetrating reporting that pierces the fog surrounding the island.

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Training for the Journalist in Africa and Vietnam

By JOHN TEBBEL

BRUSSELS.

A TWO-WAY TRAFFIC in international communications education is slowly raising the level of African journalism toward the professional standards of Europe. For some time, Africans have been coming to England, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, West Germany, and Switzerland to study journalistic techniques in a variety of programs. Today the trend seems to be more toward education-on-the-spot, with teaching teams conducting seminars for working newspapermen.

These seminars have been so successful that the demand far exceeds the supply. African newspaper editors, hard-pressed for reporters with even a modicum of training, are especially grateful, but so are the governments themselves. They consider newspapers not only as propaganda weapons but as a means of educating populations that are daily becoming more literate.

England and Western Europe are far ahead of the Communist countries in this enterprise, which of course has important overtones and undercurrents in the East-West struggle. Africans are still coming to Budapest, East Berlin, and Moscow for journalistic training, but many have gone home disillusioned with programs which turn out to be nine-tenths indoctrination. Nor has the Communist bloc made any substantial effort in this direction in Africa itself, although it has been assiduous in introducing the Soviet Union's Tass news service wherever possible.

Universities and foundations have led the way in training African journalists, but it may be significant that one of the newest and most effective programs is being sponsored—not only in Africa but in the heart of Vietnam—by working newspapermen themselves. This project has been developed by the International Federation of Journalists, whose membership, open to national trade unions and professional organizations of journalists in press, radio, and television, includes the American Newspaper Guild and its counterparts in twenty-six other countries. The staff in its Brussels headquarters is headed by General Secretary Theo Bogaerts, a Belgian journalist, and Ronald A. Watts, a former American newspaperman who is the IFJ's international representative.

The federation is involved in a good many activities, including trade union training and assistance, defending freedom of the press against repressive governments, making surveys and inquiries, and promoting contacts and co-operation among journalists everywhere. Its quarterly magazine, *The Journalist's World*, is smartly edited by Watt's wife, Sarah, printed in five languages (English, French, Spanish, Arabic and Japanese), and circulates to journalists in more than a hundred countries. Other publications include *Direct Line*, a monthly mimeographed publication covering mass media and IFJ events; the IFJ Documentation Service, a special weekly compilation of news items dealing with mass communications and journalists; and another quarterly, *IFJ Information*, carrying official proceedings, survey results, and policy articles.

ITS newest activity, however, the African Journalism Institute, may well prove to be the most rewarding. Set up in June 1965, it began operations with a modest permanent staff of three: Walter and Regula Renschler, of Zurich, experienced Swiss journalists; and Gabson Akinsete, of Ibadan, Nigeria, who, as secretary of the Western Region Branch of the Nigeria Union of Journalists, had been active in the planning and execution of the IFJ's 1964 training course at Ibadan. Akinsete was put in charge of the institute's administration. Special lectures were to be given by Africans and expatriates living where the programs took place.

The Institute's training is purely professional. Its first course was given this year from July 4-29 at the University of Lagos in Nigeria for journalists from that country and the West Cameroons. The twenty-five reporters and editors who assembled for the four-week session had an initial two weeks of concentrated training in news writing, rewriting of press releases, condensing of documents, and interviewing. This was followed by two weeks of what the British call "sub-editing," which corresponds to the combined work of the copy editor and the rewrite man in America.

British imperialism has disappeared from Africa, but its newspaper practices remain. In former British countries, newspapers are patterned after the English popular press. Consequently the Lagos program recruited as special instructors George Viner, education and research officer of the British National Union of Journalists, and Donald Wintersgill, copy-taster of the Guardian, once exclusively of Manchester but now principally centered in London. (The copy-taster is another British institution; his work corresponds to that of the news editor on American newspapers.)

At Lagos the Institute also astutely employed fifteen local people to augment its teaching staff. The makeup editor of the city's leading paper, the *Times*, came in to teach his specialty, and a local barrister came to give a short course in the law of libel. The latter was a particularly salutary addition. African newspapers are constantly in trouble with libel suits, many of which rise out of the errors made by untrained reporters who are innocent of any knowledge of the libel laws. In Africa these laws are much like the harsh (by American standards) British statutes.

Another complication in this situation is that most African reporters do not take shorthand notes, which is standard practice in the United Kingdom, where producing such notes constitutes an important part of the defense against libel actions.

AFTER Lagos, the Institute's permanent teaching staff—that is, the Renschlers—moved on to Abidjan, the Ivory Coast, where a second program was given between August 15 and September 2 at the University of Abidjan. Twenty-three journalists turned out from the Ivory Coast, Niger, Togo, Dahomey, Upper Volta, and the Cameroons. The special instructor for this series was J. M. Van Bol, director of courses for African journalists at the Belgian government's Information and Documentation Service.

Interviewing and news writing of the most basic and fundamental kind occupied the time of the Abidjan participants, since the educators now were dealing with the French language press, whose quality in Africa is much inferior to that of the English. There are good reasons for this difference. As colonial administrators, the French never encouraged the production of newspapers by the native population; they were produced largely by expatriates. Then, too, the literacy rate is substantially lower in the French-speaking countries. Consequently, the need at Abidjan was to improve the basic techniques of the journalists who came as students.

For the final program of the year, the Renschlers moved on to Ibadan, Nigeria,

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where the course which was originally intended for journalists from that country and the Cameroons was extended to Gambia as a special favor to the Gambian government, which had urgently requested participation. By this time, apparently, word of the programs had spread. There were a record sixty applications filed, from which twenty-six were chosen. Special instructor for these sessions was John Buist, former foreign news editor of the London *Times*, now retired.

The Institute is contemplating several possibilities for 1967. One seminar may take place in Ghana, and another in Liberia, where students from Sierra Leone and Gambia would also be expected. Still another possible course may be given in East Africa, probably in Kenya, where the special need is to train sub-editors. In common with every other country in the world, Kenya is chronically short of copydesk men. Kenya's proposed program illustrates a special virtue of the institute, in its ability to tailor programs to the particular needs of any region it serves.

Since there is no formula to follow, the Institute's staff has had to devise its own procedure. A working day consists of four one-and-a-half-hour periods. Two are for lectures, one for exercises, and one for tutorials. The English instructor corrects all exercises, and handles tutorials dealing with language problems or questions of British newspaper techniques. French instructors follow similar practices. In Lagos, the students had an opportunity to visit the *Daily Times* and the Nigerian Television Service. Two films are also arranged for every course.

As the first program developed, the Renschlers learned some valuable lessons about training African journalists. For example, it was clear that at least one instructor who spoke English as his mother tongue was necessary, particularly in teaching sub-editing, not alone because of the language problem but because of the differences in newspaper techniques among the traditional European systems.

MOST of the participants at Lagos were reporters. Eight others worked in Ministries of Information, while four came from radio and television stations. This quartet presented a special difficulty. They wanted to be treated according to the particular requirements of their medium, and that was impossible.

There were other difficulties. Many of the participants possessed an inadequate supply of general knowledge (a deficiency in which Africa is not alone), and while their command of English was satisfactory enough in conversation, it was often not adequate in the written exercises. Frequently the participants knew how certain things should be done, but they were too inexperienced to apply what they knew. By contrast, the Africans who come to study in Europe are usually more sophisticated and knowledgeable.

Whatever difficulties the IFJ encountered in Africa, however, were more than matched by the professional training course it held in Saigon this year from March 14-June 2 at the urgent request of the Vietnam Union of Journalists. It was the first time any non-governmental, non-Vietnamese organization had attempted such a project.

The initial problem was to find a teaching team, since the instructors had to be working journalists with a competency in French, preferably with some experience in a developing country, and a willingness to risk their lives in a nation at war—where, in fact, one journalist had just been assassinated and several others had been sent death threats by the Vietcong. After a search, with the help of the American Newspaper Guild, the men who qualified were Farnsworth Fowle, a *New York Times* reporter, and René Torre, a news editor for the French-language section of Radio Canada. Fowle had been a correspondent in North Africa, the Middle East and Eastern Europe; Torre, whose native language was French, had spent his early life in Morocco.

The two men arrived in Saigon on March 1. They discovered immediately that the Vietnamese publishers would not release their employees with pay for the course, which meant the participants would have to attend the sessions either before or after a full day's work. The VUJ made attendance as easy as possible by housing the course in the centrally located National Press Club, which had the additional advantage of relative security.

IT was decided to add academic lectures by members of the University of Saigon faculty to the professional curriculum, not only because of the general lack of formal education among Vietnamese journalists, but because the move would provide added prestige in the eyes of the Vietnamese community.

There was a formidable language problem to be solved. In Saigon there are twenty-six daily papers published in Vietnamese, two in French, two in English, and six in Chinese. (Ah, there, New York!) It was decided to give the lectures in French and translate them consecutively into Vietnamese, with the academic lectures also given in that language. Written exercises would be done in Vietnamese. Fowle gave a few lectures in English for the benefit of the five Chinese-speaking participants, who had already heard and somewhat understood them in French and in Vietnamese.

The VUJ employed two multilingual journalists to help out, but one never appeared and the other, significantly enough, lost his voice while he was giving an early lecture on freedom of the press. After that, all the translation had to be done (and it was done well) by Phan Nhu My, then VUJ secretary. Any fears of a small turnout because of these and other difficulties were dispelled by an embarrassingly large group of 150 applications. Fowle and Torre had hoped to have no more than thirty; under severe pressure, they had to take fifty —forty regulars and ten auditors. The classes were held from 6 to 9 p.m., six days a week.

In the program itself, the instructors

(*Continued on page* 97)

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My Dear Children of God:

What shall I say to you now, at this always new season of Christmas joy, that hasn't been said many Christmases before—by men who are poets and performers, and who seek to re-create themselves in the light of your innocence, and by men who are doctors and scientists and social workers and who thus have such great and admirable concern for your everyday needs—what shall I say to you now from a heart that knows only the shepherd's love for the smallest lambs of its flock?

Some people say that I think too much with the heart, but I guess that I was just born this way, and—what's more—I gladly bear this peculiar gift, especially when it comes to the little ones. For we are all of us born into the heart of God and man—as you, so tender in years, have been born into the heart of both a joyful world and a suffering world, of a world whose promises shoot out toward the stars and whose dreams too often crash down to earth again, of a world that is always dying (though you hardly know what dying is) and a world that is always new.

My dear children of God, I know when you laugh and I know when you cry, because I have a whole family of "exceptional" children myself. Do you know what I mean by "exceptional" children? I mean children who are mentally or physically handicapped. I call them "exceptional" not because they are very beautiful or brilliant, but because they give me an exceptional opportunity of showing my love for the Christ Child by loving them. If someone were to ask me what is the Christmas gift—of all Christmas gifts—that I should want to leave to the children of this world, I would say: Let us leave them the gift of the future proffered from the good works of the present—let us leave them the gift of happy memories.

I don't mean to suggest that new generations of men should spontaneously arise without knowledge of the suffering and pain and death of this world, but that its children should know that they are loved *now,* which is forever, and that someone was here to comfort them in their huge sorrows and in the hungers and fears of their days and nights. This is why I believe that to be able to remember the gift of love in one's childhood is the greatest gift any man shall have received in his life—because from the gift of love and the good memory of love, a man can become the whole person he was meant to become in the sight of God.

Around this time of year, you always hear people saying: "Christmas is for the children." But this is true in a profounder sense than the people who say it generally realize, because Christmas is nothing if we do not ourselves become as little children again—as God himself became the child and the father of us all. Children are truly the original and universal people of this world, and it is only when we nurture and educate them into our own hatreds and depravities that the unique person who is the child becomes the jobless man in the ghetto, or the pawn in the machinery of the state, or the impoverished recipient of ultimate indignities.

This is why we must all go back and start with the children again, as Christ Our Lord and Redeemer began as a child to change the course and history of the world for all time to come. Our failure is that we have not loved enough and that we did not in our hearts remain as little children. Children have in common with God that the gift of love was all they ever wanted, or needed, from us. So I wish you all, my dear children of God, the gift in your future memory of a happy Christmas, now and forever, in a world that knows love again because it knows God in the love of a child.

Richard Cardinal Cushing
Archbishop of Boston

This message is a gift to children and parents everywhere this Christmas. From McCall's.

(Advertisement)
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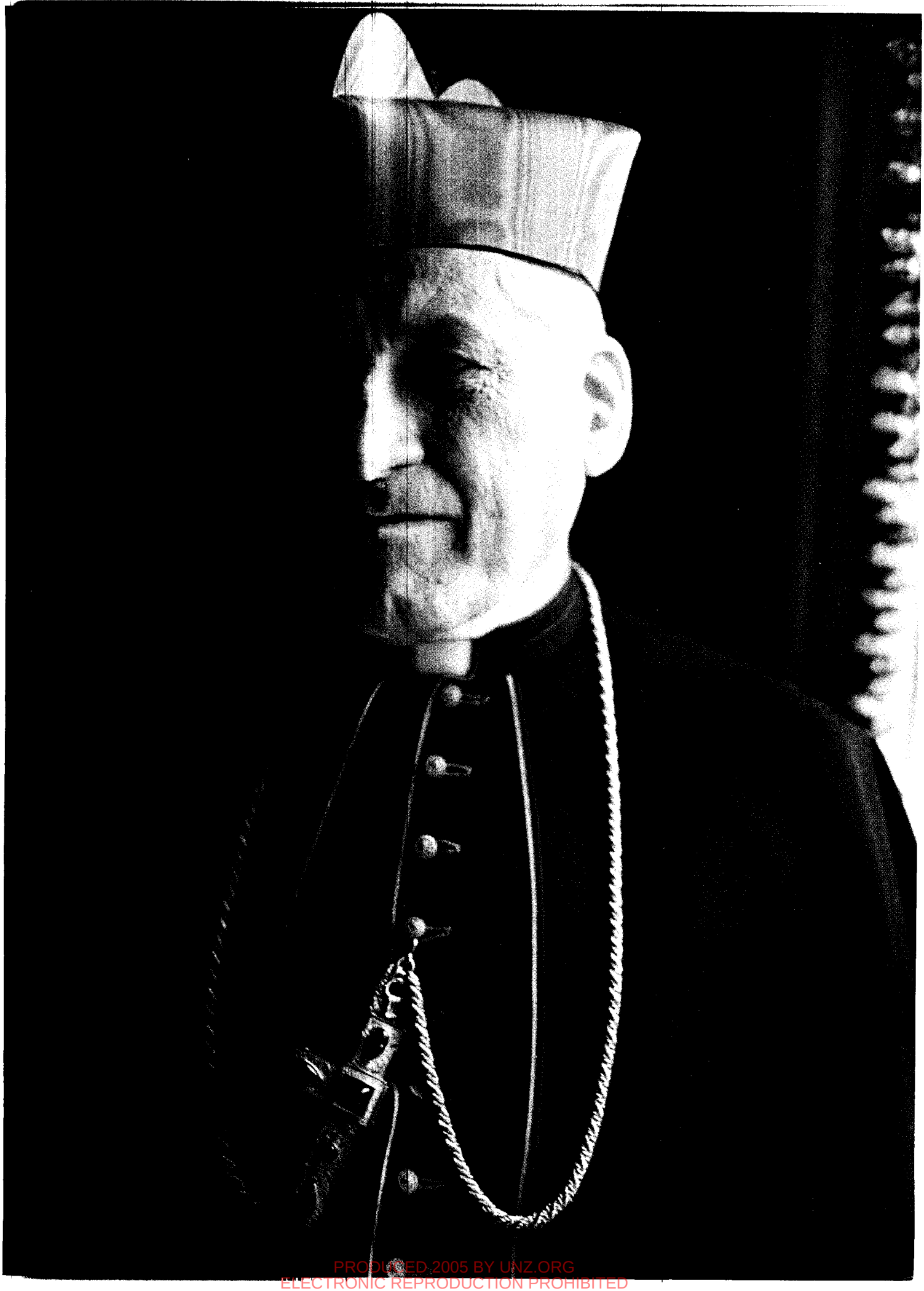

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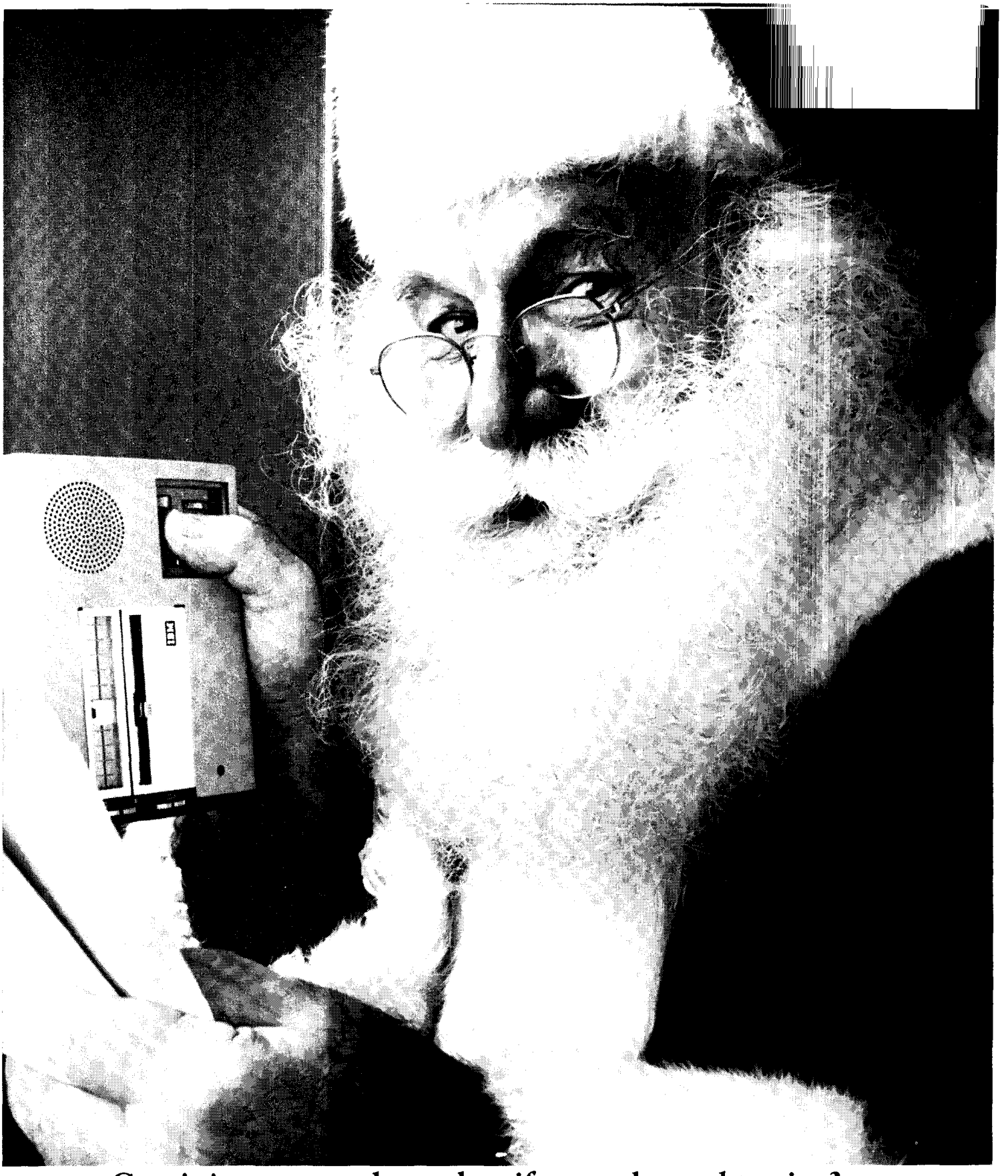

Gee, is it wrong to keep the gift you planned to give?

Not that I ever would, mind you.

Still, it's hard to part with a gift as practical as the new IBM 224 Dictating Unit.

With this 28-ounce unit, I don't have to trust important things to memory. Like who gets a football. And who gets a diamond necklace.

All I do is talk to it. Names and places and gift lists are recorded on magnetic belts. Quickly and smoothly. (Along with my famous collection of chimney dimensions.)

The IBM 224 is small enough to fit in a Christmas stocking. And so handy that it works anywhere. (From the North Pole to a chic Fifth Avenue shop to a lively toy department.)

Good grief, everyone gets a gift except me.

But maybe if I casually mention the IBM 224 to Mrs. Claus...

IBM®

For shopping information on the New IBM 224 Dictating Unit, check the Yellow Pages under Dictation Equipment.

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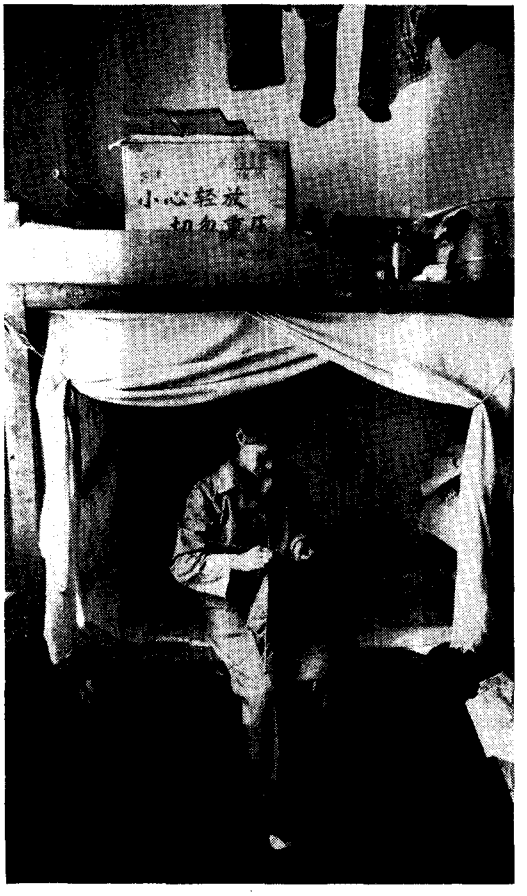
All-out literacy campaign—Adult evening classes are held in every commune.

—All photos by ***Marc Riboud (Magnum).*** *(Exhibit at Asia House, New York, Dec. 7-Feb. 12; thereafter, on tour under auspices of International Exhibitions Foundation, Washington, D.C.)*

Riboud's Camera Covers China

THIS WEEK photography bows in at Asia House, mid-Manhattan home of the Asia Society. In gallery space where time is usually measured in dynasties, attention has shifted to fractions of seconds, and time-honored art treasures have been replaced by present-day photojournalism. The occasion for this temporary break with tradition is a tribute honoring Magnum photographer Marc Riboud, from whose new book, *The Three Banners of China,* sixty prints have been selected for exhibition.

In 1957 Riboud, a Paris-based globe-trotter, spent four months in China shooting an industry report for *Fortune.* "Ever since," he recalls, "I remained obsessed with the desire to return . . . I wanted to try and see more, and to see



Dormitory home of a ball-bearing factory technician in Kunming.

On posters, all figures move symbolically leftward—at the Shanghai docks, here marching "beneath the flag of Mao Tse-tung's thoughts."

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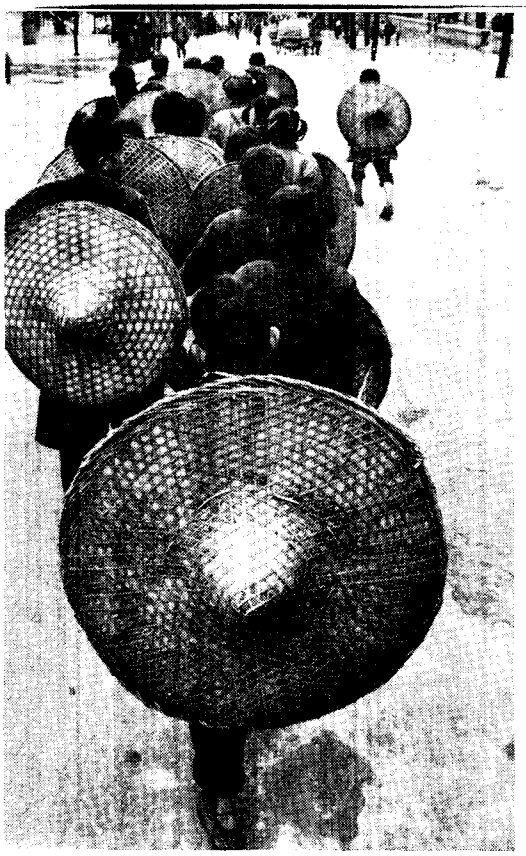


Rainwear Kwangsi-style—Huge straw hats are carefully handed down from generation to generation.

more clearly." Eight years later, he did just that. And *The Three Banners of China* contains the visual record of his 12,500-mile journey from Harbin on the Siberian border to Nanning near North Vietnam.

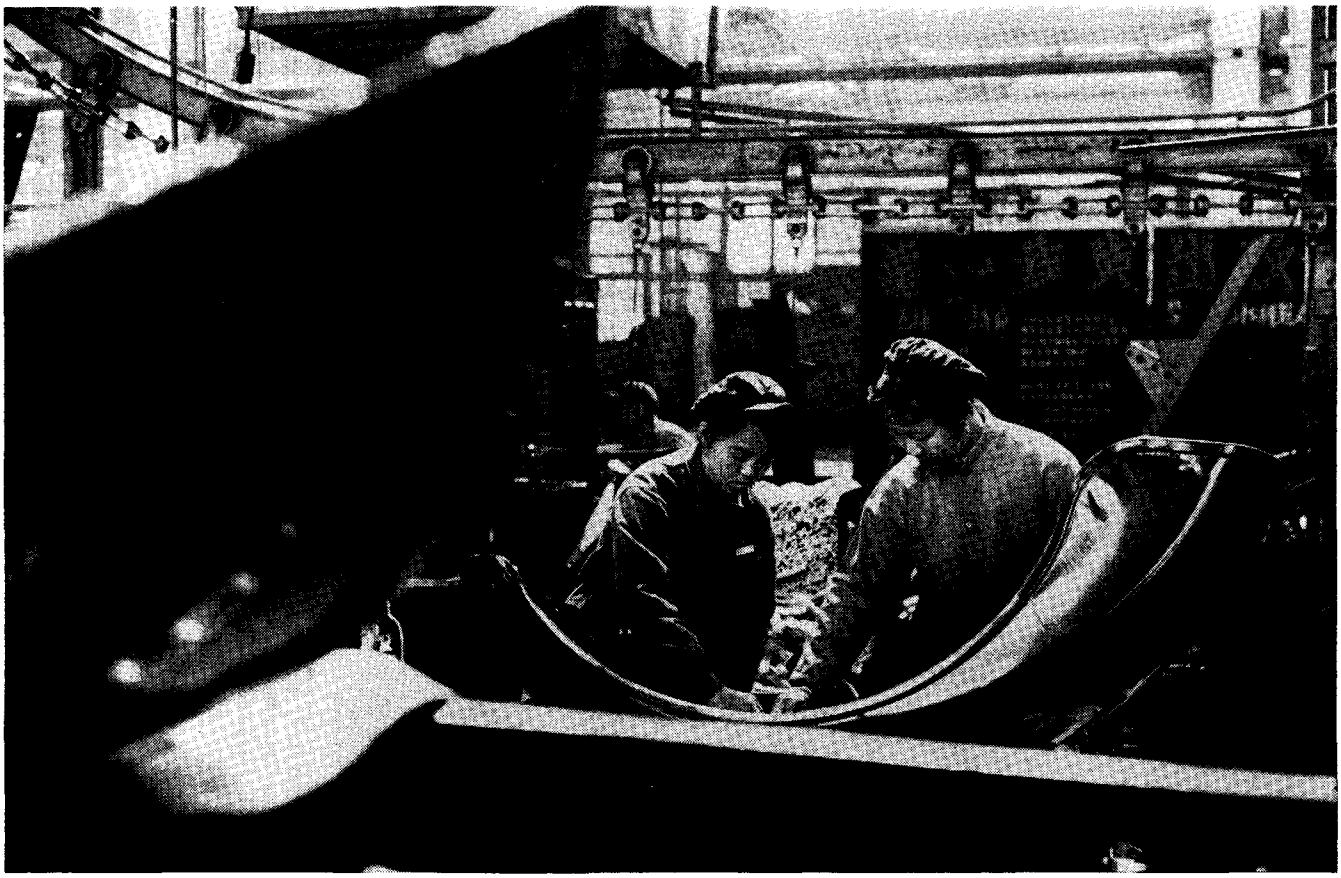
TRAVELING on foot or by bus or in trains "slow enough to allow door or window to serve as a good observation platform," he visited twenty communes in a dozen of the mainland's eighteen provinces. "Each commune is an economically selfsupporting administrative unit of 20,000 to 35,000 inhabitants, divided into teams of twenty or twenty-five families responsible for cultivating specific parcels of land," he explains. "Collective organization of the entire peasantry has been the device employed to combat centuries of poverty, illiteracy, and ignorance. But the family remains the basic unit of everyday life. The same house usually shelters three generations, and poultry, a pig, and a small piece of land also remain family property."

His pictures mirror the scarcity of agricultural machinery and materials, but show considerable progress made in irrigation and tree-planting. New institutes and hospitals have been built, and reclaimed wasteland is now the site of new neighborhoods and factories. Every village has a school, for which the commune is responsible, and the curriculum includes reading and writing the language of Peking, hygiene, "social ethics," and "civic and political education."

Pointing to one of his prints of a Soviet-built assembly-line factory, Riboud commented, "The Chinese have not yet reached anything like the level of technical competence needed for the perfection of automated machines. It is to jump this gap separating China from the twentieth century that the authorities have imposed their rigorous discipline. They harness all energies to the same objectives with an austerity that recognizes no individual liberty as we know it. Fantastic discipline — as distasteful as it would be to us—is in process of not only changing the face of the land, but of reshaping the mentality of the man who works it."

Doubtless, as Marc Riboud concluded, "The best, and possibly the only, way of discovering China is to look at it." Next best is to look at his pictures.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.



Soviet-built in 1955, this truck factory now employs 30,000 young Chinese workers.

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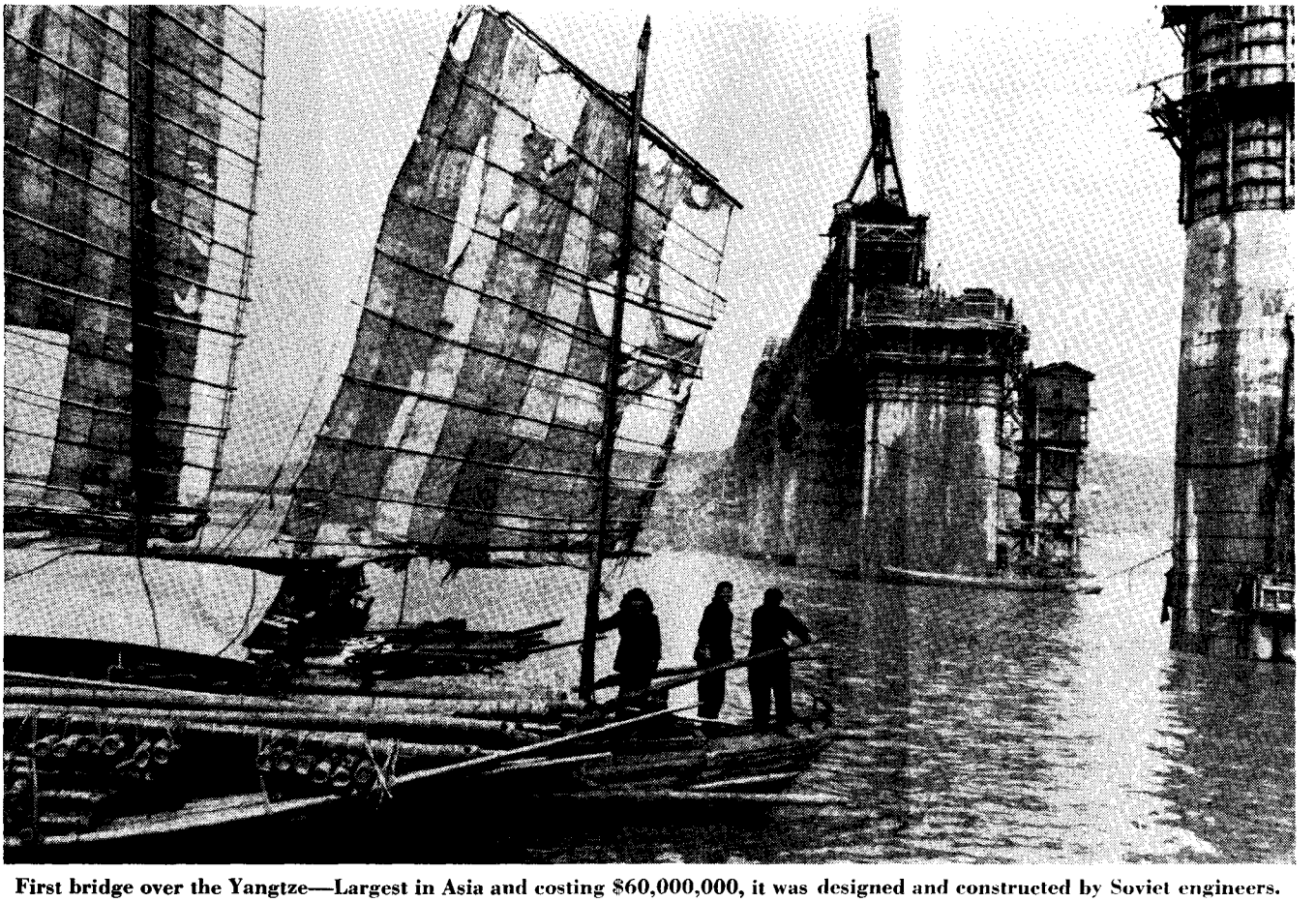
"Everyone a soldier" is the theme of the people's militia, but target practice reveals rough-and-ready equipment of World War II vintage.

Traditional painting is still taught in the art schools, but "art in the service of the people" is the watchword.



First bridge over the Yangtze—Largest in Asia and costing $60,000,000, it was designed and constructed by Soviet engineers.

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Whose supersonic transport will

The SST today

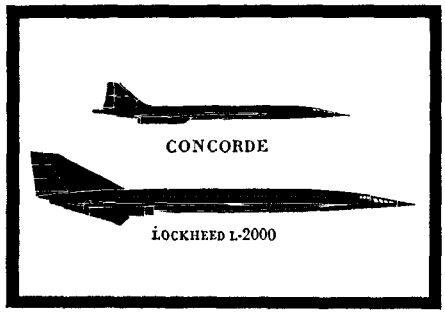
In the United States, the two finalists in the SST design competition are waiting for the decision that will award one of them the contract to build a production prototype. When that decision is made by the Federal Aviation Agency either Lockheed or Boeing will begin cutting metal on the 300-passenger, 1,800 mph aircraft... and the largest commercial transportation system ever attempted will begin to take shape. It is estimated some 900 SST's will be purchased by the airlines of the world over the next two decades.

But, in Europe, the Anglo-French Concorde SST is approximately three years ahead of our SST in development. It is supersonic and will fly twice as fast as present day transports. And has gained an initial time advantage. It is scheduled to go into commercial service in 1971.

The winner of the American contract will be building a supersonic transport that will be in direct competition with the Concorde in this country and throughout the world. At stake will be 38 billion dollars' worth of balance of payments for the United States by 1985.

1967: the 3.4 billion-dollar question

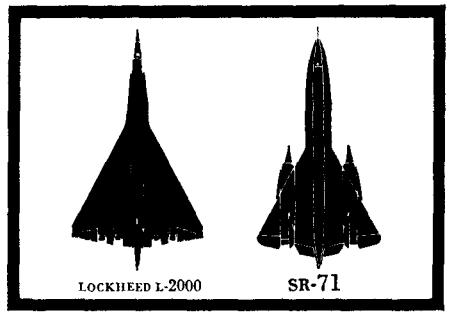
Because the Concorde will be available to airlines three years before the American SST, many airlines have already ordered Concordes. Every additional year the Concorde is free of competition results in an adverse effect of 3.4 billion dollars in U.S. balance of payments. Here's how that works. If the Concorde gains an extra year over the American SST in 1967, it means 41 fewer American SST's will be sold to overseas airlines... 1.9 billion dollars in sales the United States won't get. It also means that U.S. airlines will buy 80 more Concordes... 1.5 billion dollars' worth. The sum of those two figures is our net balance of payments loss.



The U.S. has the answer

Fortunately, the U.S. doesn't have to lose out in this balance of payments struggle. The United States is able to go ahead right now in the development of a superior, productive and profitable SST. There are two basic reasons for this fortunate American position. One is the SR-71; the other, the FAA.

The SR-71

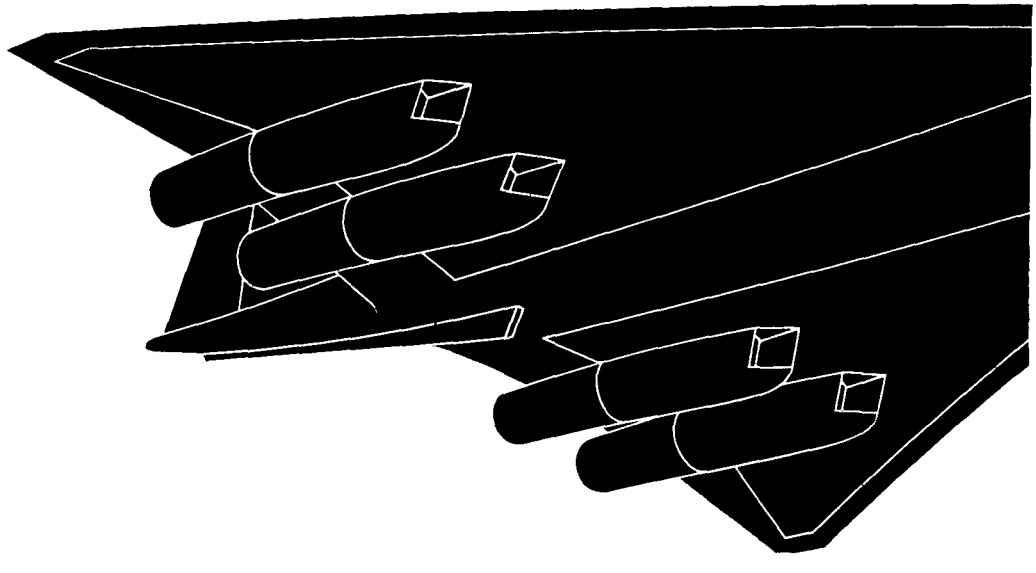


Planform (topside) view comparing the Lockheed SR-71 and Lockheed's proposed L-2000 supersonic transport. (In actual size the SR-71 is ⅓ that of the SST.)

There is an operational United States Air Force plane that is today flying higher and faster than will America's SST. It is the SR-71, built by Lockheed, and the only aircraft in the world made of titanium, the super metal that will help enable the American SST to fly at trisonic speeds. The SR-71 also has a double delta wing, similar to the double delta wing that Lockheed has shown will make the SST a virtually stall-proof plane that will afford air travelers the ultimate in safety. The double delta design also provides large lift and control margins at all speeds, giving the SST an unprecedented safety factor. Experience gained from the SR-71 in trisonic speeds, high-altitude flight, and titanium fabrication is a major factor in this country's ability to build the SST.

The FAA's plan for leadership

This country has planned well to produce a superior SST. The Federal Aviation Agency established a logical program of competitive development beginning in 1963 (actually, Lockheed began to think and work toward the SST in 1956). Phase II of the FAA program was for preliminary studies. Phases IIA and IIB took the participants into research and development work. In Phase IIC actual prototype design work began and was carried through to the present final stage of the competition, soon to be resolved. Phase III, programmed to begin on January 1, calls for construction of the prototype which will lead to Phase IV, FAA certi-



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airlines of the world fly in the 1970's?

fication for commercial flight and Phase V, commercial production. Through this program, the United States has been assured of having the most advanced supersonic transport that aviation technology can produce... a supersonic transport that will continue the tradition of American leadership in commercial aviation, a tradition challenged by the Concorde and the Soviet SST (the TU-144) which also is in development.

The billion-dollar paycheck

A successful SST program will generate wages averaging one billion dollars annually for 18 years. 130,000 jobs will be created as a direct result of the program. And according to United States Chamber of Commerce calculations, five people benefit from every new job created. Result: 650,000 people will benefit economically as a result of the American SST.

AIRPLANE PURCHASES

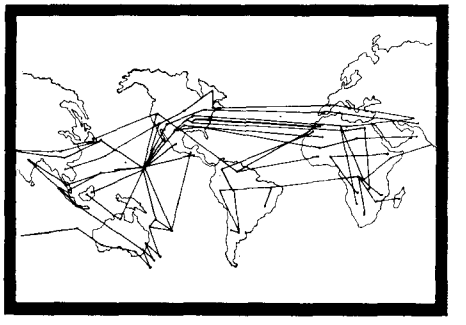
	U.S. AIRLINES WILL BUY	FOREIGN AIRLINES WILL BUY	EFFECT ON U.S. BALANCE OF PAYMENTS
IF WE DON'T BUILD THE SST	985 CONCORDES (19 BILLION DOLLARS)	446 U.S. SUBSONIC JETS (7 BILLION DOLLARS)	-12 BILLION DOLLARS
IF WE DO BUILD THE SST	116 CONCORDES (2.2 BILLION DOLLARS)	345 U.S. SUBSONIC JETS (5 BILLION DOLLARS) 507 U.S. SST'S (24 BILLION DOLLARS)	+26 BILLION DOLLARS
NET EFFECT ON BALANCE OF PAYMENTS IF U.S. BUILDS AN SST:			+38 BILLION DOLLARS

The program's impact on U.S. balance of payments will make a difference of 38 billion dollars in 1985. Aside from jobs and the balance of payment gains, the SST will afford savings in time for travelers of 450 million man hours per year by 1985.

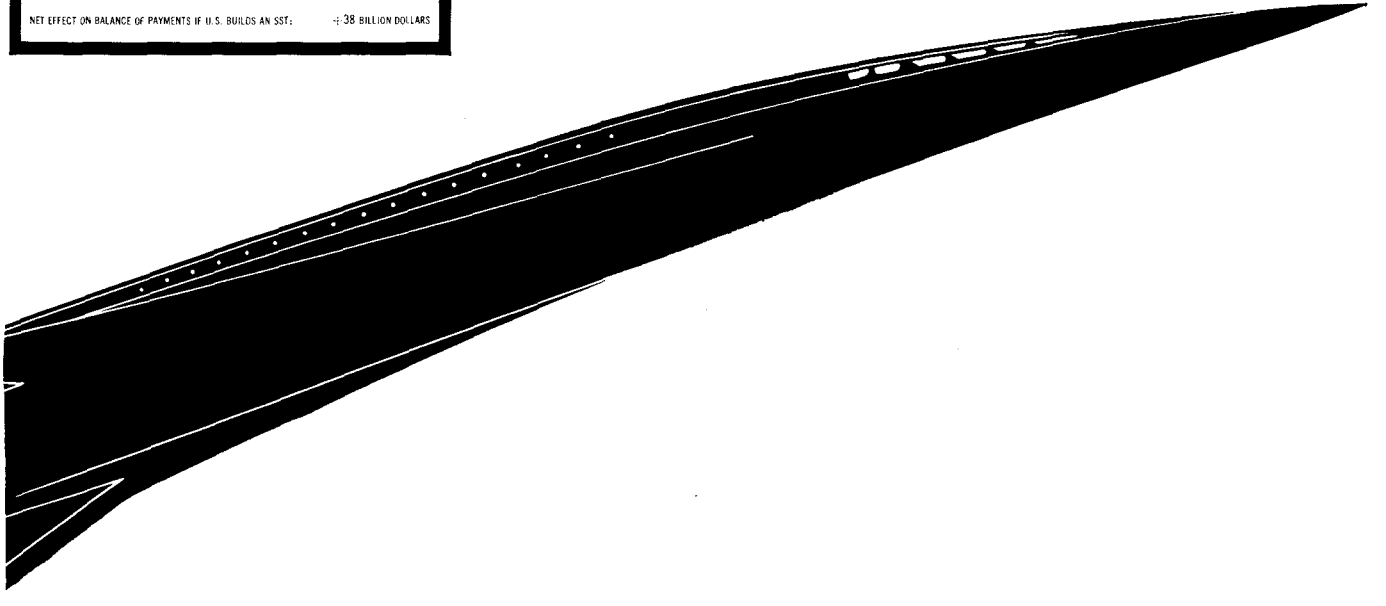
The SST pays its own way

Because the SST program is too large for any single industry or group of airlines to finance, the FAA is developing a financing plan based on joint participation of government, airlines, and industry. The first principle of this plan is that the government will recover all funds invested ... with interest ... from a successful program. And while the SST is paying for itself, it will be operating profitably for the airlines. It will be the most productive aircraft in the history of commercial aviation... up to four times as productive in terms of seat miles per hour as present day subsonic jets.

Expanding horizons in a shrinking world



Invaluable as the SST will be in this country in gaining balance of payments, stimulating the economy, and maintaining our prestige as the leader in world aviation; invaluable as it will be to the airlines as a productive aircraft; invaluable as it will be to the traveler for the speed, comfort and safety it will afford him... yet perhaps the American SST's greatest value will be in broadening the horizons of man. In shrinking the world, it will help bring to all peoples the realization that they are really next-door neighbors on a small planet that must be shared in a world community.



LOCKHEED-CALIFORNIA COMPANY

LOCKHEED-CALIFORNIA COMPANY, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA. A DIVISION OF LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

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The Art of Writing Greeting Cards

By RUTH GALANOPLOS

CHANCES ARE that the most widely read writers in America today are ones you have never heard of; in fact, they rarely sign their names to the work they do. Yet, their writing appears on more than 5 billion pieces of literature a year. These anonymous writers are responsible for the verse that appears on that unique phenomenon, the greeting card, which is available for about every conceivable occasion from pregnancy (one current card for the mother-to-be reads, HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY—ALMOST!) to death.

Who are the unsung poets responsible for such deathless and unusual captions as, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MY BROTHER-IN-LAW; WELCOME, NEIGHBOR; ALWAYS THINKING OF YOU; DROP DEAD, and many others? Surprisingly, greeting-card writers are by no means the stereotypes of the little man made famous in the George Abbott-John Cecil Holm play, *3 Men On A Horse*. Most are bright, well-educated, and articulate men and women. The roster of writers at Hallmark, the largest greeting-card firm, is made up of degree-holders whose average age is twenty-five. Among them are a Ph.D. in anthropology, a graduate of Juilliard School of Music, and a graduate of the Yale Drama School. The talents of some often extend outside the greeting-card field. Their verse, articles, and book reviews appear frequently in such periodicals as *Life*, *Look*, and *The New York Times Book Review*.

Most of the writers of greeting-card material are staff members of the 300 American greeting-card companies that are responsible for the greater proportion—perhaps 90 per cent—of the cards you see in stationery shops, department stores, drugstores, supermarkets, and greeting-card shops. Virtually all of the others are professional free-lance writers (one is a prisoner-poet in Ohio whose output is restricted by the amount of mail he can send out) or amateurs such as housewives in Ohio and Idaho who write greeting-card verse in between peeling potatoes and vacuuming rugs. Another source of greeting-card material is prominent literary figures, living and dead—Carl Sandburg, Shakespeare, T. S. Eliot, Longfellow, James Whitcomb Riley, Ogden Nash, and the unknown ancients who wrote the Bible. A Christmas card of a few years ago carried fourteen lines of excerpts from Boris Pasternak's "Star of the Nativity," and a favorite Valentine best seller is Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "How Do I Love Thee?" The Pasternak excerpts begin:

The dawn! It swept the last of the stars
Like grains of dust from the vaulted sky.

And end:

Behold, like a guest above the threshold,
The Star of the Nativity gazed on the Maid.

A Christmas offering by Carl Sandburg from his "Special Starlight" begins:

The Creator of night and of birth was the Maker of the star.

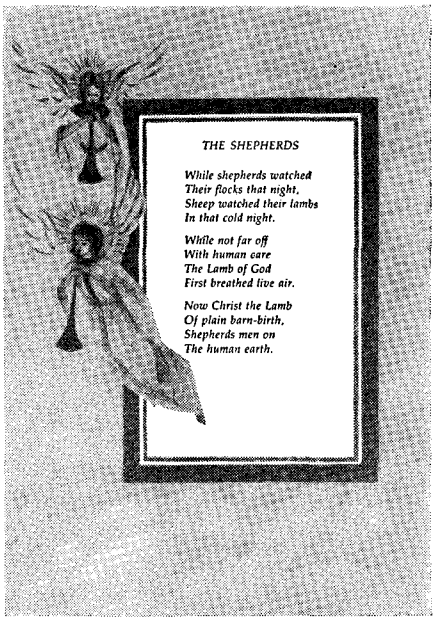
Another Christmas favorite is Phyllis McGinley's twelve-stanza "The Nightingale and the Robin." The opening stanza reads:

A Robin and a Nightingale
(May all remember them!)
Once nested in a stable
That stood near Bethlehem.

At one large greeting-card firm writers work in an atmosphere of "planned creativity," gathering inspiration from old-time Keaton, Chaplin, and Fields movies, pop-art posters, field trips to museums and art galleries, brain-storming sessions, and by reading an array of literature ranging from comic books to the *Kenyon Review*. The well-rounded greeting-card writer must also be knowledgeable about such contemporary cultural phenomena as Batman and the Beatles, mini-skirts and *Marat/Sade*, the Cheetah and The Great Society.

The most popular greeting cards are of a sweet and sentimental nature, featuring flowers, hearts, babies, bunnies, and kittens. One reason for their success lies in the fact that they put into words the feelings and thoughts that the great body of inarticulate citizens would like to write but can't. For instance, a favorite for a favorite daughter reads:

For You, Daughter—
What Is A Daughter?
A daughter is sweetness with gay laughing eyes
Hair ribbon, pinafore, lace
A lovable lady of charm and delight
With dirt on her dignified face



"The Shepherds," by Paul Engle.

A daughter in no time is suddenly grown
With a womanly air and a mind of her own
A daughter is pleasure . . . a treasure to those
Who watch with such pride
As their "little girl" grows.

A popular baby congratulations card starts:

God's Masterpiece—
From graceful lilies pure and white
God fashioned lovely skin
Forget-me-nots He chose for eyes
Then formed your baby chin.

The verse continues, spelling out in detail the charms of baby's eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and other characteristics. Neither it nor the one preceding it may win a literary prize, but both have achieved considerable popularity.

To produce such verse, a staff writer works an eight-hour day, usually in a small, individual office with a desk and typewriter and whatever other paraphernalia he may accumulate. Although not under constant supervision, writers are expected to turn in an adequate amount of work to justify their jobs and salaries, which compare more than favorably with those in the newspaper and magazine field.

The working setup at a typical firm is similar to that of a magazine, with different editors and writers specializing in various categories of cards. Some work only on humorous or sentimental cards, and others concentrate on being cute. Some writers are assigned to such categories as mothers, brothers-in-law, fathers, cousins, nephews, and other family members and relatives; others work only on THINKING OF YOU and HELLO cards. Whatever their specialty,

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the writers consider themselves lucky if one of every five pieces submitted is accepted. This figure is considered sufficient to fulfill their obligation to the company.

Since writing greeting cards is, after all, a business, the writer must channel his creativity in accordance with the special requirements of the business, based on past experience of what people seem to like. He tries to be familiar with all kinds of cards by studying the ones that he has received, looking over greeting cards in local shops, talking to salespeople in the shops, and consulting friends and relatives about their tastes. Usually he does all this before trying to write even one line of verse.

HE constantly studies and analyzes all-time best sellers in order to learn what might account for their popularity. One best seller for the past three decades—and perhaps the most popular greeting-card of all time—has a legend peeping coyly out of a basket of purple pansies, TO LET YOU KNOW I'M THINKING OF YOU. The verse inside reads:

Pansies always stand for thoughts
At least that's what folks say
So this just comes to show *my* thoughts
Are there with you today.

A staple in the wedding line for the past ten years begins, "To Wish the Bride and Groom Happiness 'Today—Tomorrow—Always'." The verse goes:

Today, tomorrow, always
May all the love you share
Truly make your marriage
A joy beyond compare
Today, tomorrow, always
May life be good to you
As hopes become realities
And cherished dreams come true.

One of the top-selling "friendship" cards says:

Jes lil'l ol' me
With a Great Big Hi.

Incidentally, often grouped with the friendship cards are the cards now in vogue that communicate insults rather than greetings. Although the so-called "insult" cards are commonly considered relatively new, they actually date to the "Penny Dreadfuls" of nineteenth-century England that were intended to leave the recipient suffering from a shredded ego.

One current favorite among office workers is a card that shows an unattractive woman and says:

Old secretaries never die
They just look that way.

A sarcastic birthday card reads:

You think you're in the prime of life
Take a look at your classmates.

And a belated birthday card zeros in with:

Sorry I forgot your birthday—
I never could remember long numbers.

Also found in the "friendship" category is a card depicting apes in a jungle, with the caption, "How's the Family?"

To the often-asked question, "Which comes first, the verse or the illustration?" the answer is that the verse is usually first. "People may be attracted to a card because of its design, but if the card doesn't express their feelings, they will drop it back on the counter," says Louis Nickerson, managing editor at Hallmark Cards. "A greeting card has to reflect the taste, judgment, and personality of the sender, and, at the same time, it must make the recipient feel good."

Although language skill is important to the greeting-card writer, even more important is an instinctive ability to hear rhythm in speech. He must know how to versify. "The best greeting-card writers seem to have a metronome in them somewhere," says one greeting card editor.

The experienced writer knows that such words as mighty ("mighty fine boy") are rejected by the public. And he knows that, according to the Greeting Card Association, such contractions as I'm, I'd, and We're are preferred because of their informality. Shunned, because they are regarded as stilted, are such overworked poetic expressions as 'tis, 'twas, o'er, e'er, gladsome, true-blue, 'mid, 'neath, 'mongst, bliss, glee, natal day, wondrous, pal o' mine, friend o' mine, mother mine, wee one, beauteous, joyous, fond.

Another taboo is the use of inverted word order such as: TO YOU, DEAR FRIEND, THIS WISH I SEND, MAY ON YOU GOD'S BLESSINGS FALL. The objection is that it sounds false and not at all like conversation.

"You have to develop your ideas without using any expression or figure of speech that you would not use in everyday conversation or in friendly informal correspondence," says a Greeting Card Association brochure aimed at would-be practitioners of the art. "For instance, if you ask your sister how she enjoyed the party last night, she isn't likely to reply ''twas a gladsome occasion, o'erflowing with glee.'"

On this basis, slated for the top of the reject pile, would be:

Since days of auld lang syne
Sweet friendship's glow has warmed
our hearts.

By comparison, the opening lines of a successful friendship greeting card goes:

We've been the very best of friends
Since Hector was a pup—.

Short lines are preferred, with each line a complete thought so that the pause falls naturally at the end of the line. And long, complicated, complex-compound sentences have no place in verse writing. Though it may not always hold true, the successful greeting-card writer is likely to write in perfect meter and in perfect rhyme. A standard reference tool for the greeting-card writer is a rhyming dictionary, a favorite being *The Complete Rhyming Dictionary* by Clement Wood.

Because of such rigid requirements, few outsiders can crack the greeting-card field. However, companies with modest staffs welcome contributions from outside sources, since there is a perpetual need for four- and eight-line jingles that contain a wish, a greeting, a compliment, or an expression of appreciation. Only 1 to 2 per cent of the material used by one large firm is unsolicited, and most of the accepted contributions are by ex-employees of greeting-card firms.

THE larger companies will reply to submissions within a week or ten days, while others take longer. Rates paid range from 65 cents to $3 a line for material that is publishable with little or no editing. If the verse is accompanied by a usable layout or an acceptable idea for a design, somewhat more is paid. Rough ideas—themes, topics, or angles—are also needed and are paid for in accordance with their ingenuity and originality. Occasionally, a greeting-card firm will buy one line out of a four-line submission, then have one of its own writers compose the other three lines. Especially valued is verse with a catchy last line, since this is the one that helps the shopper decide whether or not to buy.

Submissions to greeting-card publishers are usually typewritten on 4 x 6 cards, with one verse per card. The writer's name and address is placed in the upper left-hand corner. A stamped, self-addressed envelope is suggested by

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publishers, and most do not like to receive more than ten verses at a time.

With the relatively modest rates paid, few free-lances can make a living writing greeting cards. However, one prolific contributor, Floyd J. Torbert of New Hope, Pennsylvania, who also turns out children's books, estimates that he earns from $5,000 to $6,000 a year by submitting humorous gaglines and finished art work on a part-time basis to as many as thirty greeting-card firms.

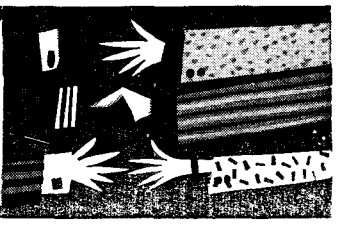
"New firms are popping up every day," he says. "I work up about three ideas a day or 1,000 a year. If one company doesn't buy them, I then send them to another company and just go down the line until I get rid of most of them."

Much more typical, however, is the $500 a year Mrs. Margaret Merryman, a thirty-eight-year-old Michigan housewife, manages to pick up between tending her two children and doing other household chores. "In the middle of washing dishes I'll stop to scribble down a line that has just struck me," she says. She had never written anything until two or three years ago. Then she took a creative writing course at her local high school and decided that the greeting-card field would be an easy and pleasant way to begin writing. Her constant guide is June Barr's classic, *Writing and Selling Greeting Card Verse.*

A few firms discourage contributions from amateurs. One New England greeting-card firm claims that it has never received anything worth publishing from outsiders. On the other hand, firms that are willing to plow through the pile of contributions may find occasional riches. A New York greeting-card company reports that it accepted 4,000 out of the 25,000 submissions received in one year. The best bet for beginners, according to the Greeting Card Association, is humorous verse. Other forms of cards such as the sentimental or religious ones are difficult for beginners since their message often depends more on the art work than on the verse.

"One may think greeting-card verse is reserved for the corny corner of literature," says W. Robert McCloskey, manager of the Hallmark Contemporary lines, "but it's neither as corny nor as easy as it may seem. Greeting cards involve the arts and require a deep concern for people. They're a basic form of communication in our social scene."

Public Relations



Without Trumpet Flares

QUIETLY, during the past twenty years, a pattern of corporate philanthropy has developed that has had an enormous impact on education, science, health, social welfare, and the arts. From haphazard gifts of businessmen, and from the intermittent contributions of a few companies has emerged organized giving by corporations in which conscious efforts are made to enrich the social environment and to assume some of the public responsibilities they must undertake if they are to have public acceptance.

Today hundreds of corporations that recognize their obligations to the general public are steady contributors to causes which are unrelated to their business operations. Many colleges and universities would be hard-pressed without this aid. Hospitals, community funds, and centers for the performing arts would lack their present vigor without the financial assistance of corporations. And the best of the companies are creative contributors, thoughtful in their approach to the complexities of effective philanthropy.

Giving U.S.A., basing its estimate on Internal Revenue Service figures for 1963, makes the conservative guess that corporations gave $780,000,000 to all causes last year. This is a healthy figure which is bound to increase as more corporations realize that in the interest of their stockholders, and the national welfare, philanthropy must be undertaken.

An accepted leader in the field is the United States Steel Corporation, which works through its company-sponsored and financed United States Steel Foundation, Inc. The foundation, which began its operations on December 1, 1953, with an initial grant of $12,000,000, now receives an average of $5,000,000 a year from the corporation and is considered a model. The contribution by U.S. Steel to the foundation works out to an annual average of about 6 cents a share, after income taxes. It is not a heavy burden on stockholders and renders a service of inestimable value to society.

It is easy to sign checks and give away money. It is difficult to make certain that the money contributed has its most useful effect. U.S. Steel, like the other large corporations active in this field, receives requests for hundreds of millions of dollars annually. The problem then becomes one of evaluation.

According to the latest annual report of the foundation, of the $5,300,000 contributed in 1965, 49 per cent went to education, science and research; 38 per cent to social welfare, civic, and cultural causes; 13 per cent to medical, hospital and health work. U.S. Steel's grants are best known in the field of education. There is hardly a privately directed college or university in the nation that has not at some time benefited. Aid has gone as well into television instruction in hundreds of school districts.

In the field of social welfare, contributions have been made to more than 200 United Funds and Community Chests in plant communities and to projects, social work training, problems of the aging, and youth guidance. In the area of medicine and health care, it has supported medical school projects, some 200 hospitals near its steel plants, and studies in narcotic addiction, alcoholism, and tropical medicine. In the sciences and humanities, aid has gone for studies as far ranging as polar research, oceanographic investigations, and even translations of Red Chinese scientific journals, as well as for assistance to the best journals in many of the leading disciplines. Gifts have also gone to Lincoln Center, the Atlantic Council, the World Peace Through Law Center, the National Center for Education in Politics, and to the National Foundation for the Arts and Humanities.

Why does U.S. Steel involve itself in all these activities so far from making steel? Roger M. Blough, the corporation's chairman and chief executive, reasons that informed people "look to big business to discharge fully its obligations as a corporate citizen of the community. Beyond the heavy burden of taxation that it bears, they expect it to contribute both time and money to civic improvement, charity drives, hospitals, schools and recreational facilities. And when a new need arises they are very likely to look to big business first."

In the past few years a tiny band of stockholders has objected to corporate philanthropy. But in every case where the issue has been joined these noisy few have been overwhelmingly voted down. And it is just as well, for if corporations are to survive they must accept their social obligations. And one of those most certainly is corporate philanthropy. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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Journalist Education

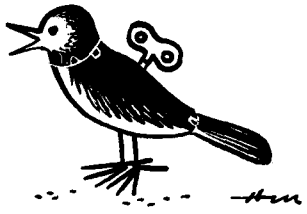
Continued from page 85

followed the system developed in Africa. Written work was corrected by a unique method. My would read a French translation aloud to Fowle and Torre, who judged the content and organization; My evaluated the Vietnamese writing. It was a slow procedure, with so many papers to correct, but the alternative would have been to let the Vietnamese assistants correct the work or compel the participants to write in a foreign language.

No training course was ever conducted under more difficult conditions. Often the participants came to study after a full day of covering riots and demonstrations; several of them were injured. A few attended under death threats by the Vietcong. There were constant interruptions, because of sudden curfew restrictions, frequent power failures, and transportation difficulties.

Nevertheless, forty-seven participants got certificates of attendance (three were absent too often), and of the original fifty chosen, only four dropped out, and these were replaced by others from a waiting list.

Perhaps the best evidence of the great need for on-the-spot training of journalists in developing countries is the fact that in faction-riven Vietnam, fifty people representing Buddhists, Catholics, Chi-



nese, Vietnamese, pro-government and anti-government supporters, and even a few neutralists, could compose their differences enough to work together for the improvement of their professional competence. There were tensions, of course, but they were kept under control.

No better argument could be given for the broad extension of such training than Phan Nhu My's observation at the end of the course: "My colleagues usually are people full of jealousy, very touchy as far as their ability is concerned, very thirsty for diplomas, and because of the war, always looking for security. Few of them realize that if the press is to improve, it should begin with its components, the journalists."

And that, one might add, is true not only of Vietnam, but of the world.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 8, 11, 10, 14, 12, 1, 13, 4, 15, 2, 6, 5, 3, 9, 7.

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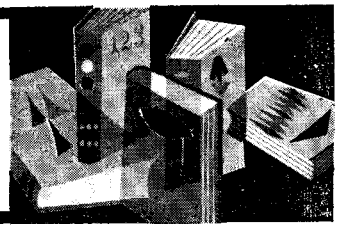
Books in Communications



Tarheel Editor

THE LATE Josephus Daniels not only was one of the nation's best known editors but also one of the most intrepid participants in the politics of his day. He served in the Cleveland, Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt Administrations, and was a trustee of the University of North Carolina. That the university and its home state are regarded today as among the most progressive in the South is due in no small measure to the influence of Daniels and the journalistic heritage now embodied in his son, Jonathan.

Thus Joseph L. Morrison's new book, *Josephus Daniels; the Small-d Democrat* (University of North Carolina Press, $7.50), is a particularly welcome addition to the historical record of American journalism—and, as the first full-length biography of its subject, ranks in importance alongside Daniels's own five-volume autobiography, also published by North Carolina.

Daniels's life was replete with drama. His childhood was marked by the economic strains caused by the death of his father in the Civil War. Shortly after becoming editor of a small North Carolina paper, he was forced by a recession to turn to a government job in Washington to support his family. His early years as editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer* also were a struggle. But he soon won national attention for his progressive crusades on subjects ranging from conservation and fair taxation to liberal and comprehensive higher education.

Morrison, who is a University of North Carolina journalism professor, manages to present the skeleton of these struggles and accomplishments. Missing, however, are the quotations, anecdotes, and human interest material needed to breathe maximum interest and significance into the presentation. As Southern historians also are wont to do, even when writing under the imprimatur of a university—which, of all sources, should demand uncompromising objectivity—Morrison noticeably glosses over Daniels's long-time accommodation to the South's pervasive structure of racial injustice, especially (as Morrison notes, with but little elaboration) in Daniels's early years.

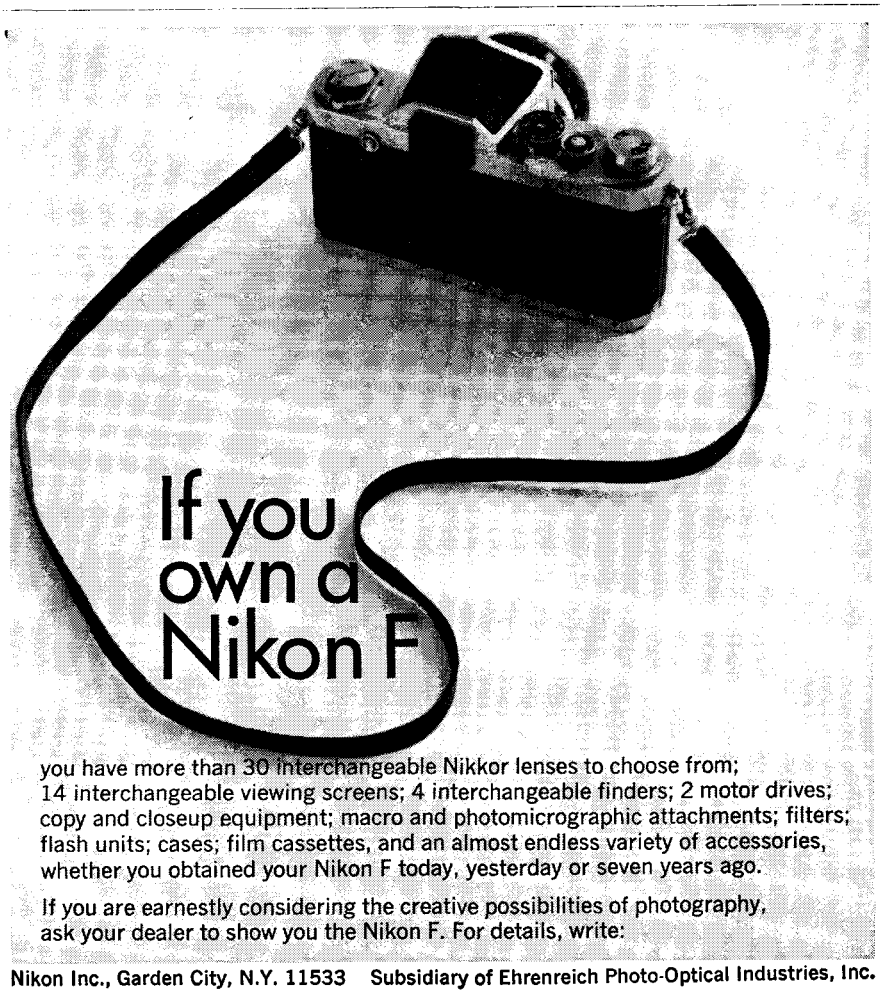
Considering the subject's prominence as an editor, one also might expect abundant samplings from his editorials and more and lengthier excerpts from some of his crusades. Unfortunately, these, too, largely are lacking. Nonetheless the book is essentially a readable one that helps fill a gap in public knowledge about Daniels, and it should be rewarding to most journalists and laymen alike.

Irreverent Weekly: For 106 years, except for a four-year interruption in the 1860s, the Rocky Mountain *Herald* has been one of the nation's most outspoken and unusual weeklies. Now edited and published by Denver poet and public relations man Thomas Hornsby Ferril and his wife Helen, the *Herald* limits its circulation to some 2,000, and serves one of the most erudite readerships extant—including, over the years, such prominent literary figures as Bernard DeVoto, Mark Van Doren, Carl Sandburg, and Alfred Knopf. Consequently, the publication of a *Herald* anthology is one of the year's most pleasant occasions to report.

The Rocky Mountain Herald Reader (William Morrow, $5) consists mainly of a variety of Ferril's "Ideas and Comment" columns, signed, Childe Herald. Helen Ferril also is represented most notably (though unevenly) by a sprinkling of her regular columns. My favorite selection in the book, however, is an unsigned advertisement for an antique auto described as "the functional sports car for functional people"—the "Rumpbuster 9"—with "extra-high wheelbase to enable you to pass completely over most other sports cars."

Other Books Worth Noting: *Justice and the Press* (Beacon $5.95), Pittsburgh newspaperman John Lofton's contribution to the dialogue about free press vs. fair trial; *The Responsibility of the Press* (Fleet, $8.50), an anthology of essays on contemporary media, edited by Gerald Gross; *In Search of Something* (Sherbourne, $5.95), an anecdotal memoir by California journalist-public relations man Herbert Cerwin; and *Mark Lemon, First Editor of Punch* (Oxford, $8), by Arthur A. Adrian.

—ALFRED BALK.



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Olympians

Continued from page 32

like O'Rourke and MacMurrough she had nothing whatever to say to.

But what we are dealing with in Lady Gregory's play is the legend of the unfaithful woman who sacrificed Ireland to her passions, and we see her in retirement and repentance at Mellifont Abbey, acting Lady Bountiful to the young people of the countryside till her identity comes to light. Her last great speech is as noble as anything in Irish literature; in a sense we may, I think, read it as Lady Gregory's own apology for her withdrawal from Kiltartan Cross.

> DERVORGILLA: Since you were born and before you were born I have been here, kneeling and praying, kneeling and praying, fasting and asking forgiveness of God. I think my father God has forgiven me. They tell me my mother the Church has forgiven me. That old man had forgiven me, and he had suffered by the Gall. The old—the old—that old woman, even in her grief, she called out no word against me. You are young. You will surely forgive me, for you are young. *(They are all silent. Then Owen comes over and lays down his cup at her feet, then turns and walks slowly away.)*
>
> It is not your hand that has done this, but the righteous hand of God that has moved your hand. *(Other lads lay down their gifts.)* I take this shame for the shame in the west I put on O'Rourke of Breffny, and the death I brought upon him by the hand of the Gall. *(The youngest boy, who has hesitated, comes and lays down his hurl and silver ball, and goes away, his head drooping.)* I take this reproach for the reproach in the east I brought upon Diarmuid, King of Leinster, thrusting upon him wars and attacks and battles, till for his defense and to defend Leinster he called in the strangers that have devoured Ireland. *(The young men have gone. Mamie comes as if to lay down her gift, but draws back. Dervorgilla turns to her.)*
>
> Do not be afraid to give back my gifts, do not separate yourself from your companions for my sake. For there is little of my life but is spent, and there has come down upon me this day all the pain of the world and its anguish, seeing and knowing that a deed once done has no undoing, and the lasting trouble my unfaithfulness has brought upon you and your children forever. *(Mamie lays down her necklace and goes away sadly.)* There is kindness in your unkindness, not leaving me to go and face Michael and the scales of judgment wrapped in comfortable words, and the praises of the poor, and the lulling of psalms, but from the swift, unflinching, terrible judgment of the young.

I have quoted that great speech, partly that you may understand why the first play I insisted on reviving when I became a director of the Abbey Theatre was *Dervorgilla*, partly to pass on the terrible lesson I learned from it. The play was produced by a young English producer I admired, and the part of Dervorgilla was acted by an exceptionally intelligent young actress, and I did not attend the theater until the dress rehearsal. I listened in bewilderment and horror, and it was only in the last few minutes that I could bring myself to moan, "For God's sake, stop that infernal sniveling." It was that evening that I asked Yeats if it was ever permissible for an actor to weep at the curtain of a play and he wrote his answer into *Lapis Lazuli*.

But my mistake, of course, went deeper than production or acting. It was that in post-Civil War Ireland I expected the atmosphere of that whole dazzling decade—a decade in which Kuno Meyer could casually edit *King and Hermit* and *Liadan and Cuirithir* and George Moore in the same year produce the Irish version of *The Untilled Field*; when people acted superbly who had never acted before and in a single year one might have joined in the *The Playboy* riots and seen *The Rising of the Moon* and *Dervorgilla* itself, while English and American critics wondered what would happen next.

Only a literary historian will ever be able to capture again anything of that magic—"All the Olympians, a thing never known again."

GIVE

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China

Continued from page 29

and scientific and technical personnel who have made contributions. Efforts should be made to help them gradually transform their world outlook and their style of work.

Here the Central Committee makes a sharp distinction between the ordinary scientist and technician on the one hand and the "scholar despots" and other "authorities" pointed out in chapter five of the Decision. Again this proves that the party wanted to root out those who resisted the policy of the leadership actively and had the authority to do so, but the party did not want an all-out purge which would seriously harm economic production. When the wrath of the masses had allowed the leadership to have all those "enemies" of the party removed, the wrath ceased. The Red Guards were ordered to leave the cities and, instead of smashing and destroying, to help with production.

The design of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution thus seems to be ingenious. But there is one thing that should not be overlooked: The Chinese leadership in the summer of 1966 was challenged as to how to proceed with its economic and foreign policies, and its role within the world Communist movement. It could not answer these questions satisfactorily. Instead it took a negative decision: to destroy those who asked for an answer. It pretended that there were no such problems, the only problem being the question of revisionism in its own ranks.

It is of utmost significance that in the sixteen-point Decision of the Central Committee not a line deals with the danger of imperialism, not a sentence carries reference to the war in Vietnam, and the United States is not mentioned. It seems as if the Chinese leadership is trying to escape the problems of foreign policy and military strategy by stressing its ideological tasks within China, thus withdrawing into a greater isolation.

Again, such a move would be in accordance with Chinese history and tradition. China, in its 4,000-year history, again and again has been puzzled by the world around it. It has never quite been able to comprehend this world and to deal with it, and in crucial moments it has always turned isolationist. The Cultural Revolution seems to point to a similar development.

The Chinese leaders will not abandon their idea of world revolution or China's claims to being the True Center of world Communism. But for the time being they seem to know their limitations. Their talk will be belligerent, their slogans threatening. But their actions might be even more cautious in the future.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1705

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Anatomical equipment of which, da Vinci tells us, the tongue requires more than does any other part of the body.	78 121 38 141 29 2 32
B. Small creatures which Bacon found "entombed and preserved forever in amber."	63 10 175 80
C. What Dean Swift said no individual could do about his satire (*Verses on the Death of Dean Swift*).	44 145 16 72 68 158
D. Small island, formerly the Peninsula of this name, now connected by bridge with Sicily.	127 132 50 119 55 188 31 123
E. Government by the worst men (James Russell Lowell's word about his own times, quoted in *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*).	27 37 1 140 154 66 84 109 191 13 172 125
F. Pure white herons, now protected in the U.S.	100 169 19 77 118 189
G. Disembarks.	23 131 7 167 164
H. Group of five children, not necessarily "quints".	82 65 53 122 130 69
I. Modern name for the little river Caesar crossed so dramatically, in 49 B.C.	74 117 98 139 111 160 59 166 6
J. Beginning.	120 173 54 41 152 57
K. Made a new draft.	177 9 162 146 35 46
L. Envelop.	126 56 25 187 143 133
M. Hennin; tall structure often crowned with a small cupola.	93 95 180 28 61 3 138

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Bowler's objectives.	75 190 107 155 47 124 103
O. Thucydides' name for Sicily.	185 30 76 102 8 97 105 170 20 108
P. The armpit.	79 181 42 163 12
Q. Former simile for the object in transportation, considered then useless; now an essential provision (2 wds.)	144 193 36 182 34 116 137 156 26 174
R. Retinues; drills; educates.	128 153 168 161 71 196
S. See WORD U (2 wds.)	91 86 60 147 99 45 33 101
T. The only academic subject for not knowing which, on the part of British schoolboys, Churchill would have "whipped them hard."	114 21 49 149 171 94 58
U. Unpleasant predicament; followed by WORD S, phrase associated with a bridegroom.	4 62 148 43 110 81
V. Displaying shrewd discernment and sagacity.	165 157 39 176 14 22
W. Specifying the man who, Bulwer said, can not live without cooks.	136 186 192 88 51 92 151 15 115
X. Describing something firmly established, obstinately persisted in.	159 64 113 183 11 40 83 67 90 195
Y. Easily reduced to powder.	87 129 150 142 104 179 112
Z. Absence of equilibrium esp. in anatomical connection.	24 17 134 178 85 52 184 194 106
Z[1]. Suburb of Mexico City, which contains the old Cortes palace.	89 70 135 73 96 5 18 48

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 E	2 A	3 M	4 U		5 Z[N]	6 I	7 G	8 O	9 K	10 B	11 X	12 P	13 E	14 V	15 W	16 C
	17 Z	18 Z[1]	19 F	20 O	21 T	22 V		23 G	24 Z	25 L	26 Q		27 E	28 M	29 A	30 O	
31 D	32 A		33 S	34 Q	35 K		36 Q	37 E	38 A	39 V	40 X	41 J	42 P	_	43 U	44 C	45 S
46 K	47 N	48 Z[1]	49 T		50 D	51 W	52 Z	53 H	54 J		55 D	56 L		57 J	58 T	59 I	60 S
	61 M	62 U	63 B	64 X	65 H	66 E		67 X	68 C	69 H		70 Z[1]	71 R	72 C		73 Z[1]	74 I
	75 N	76 O	77 F		78 A	79 P	80 B	81 U		82 H	83 X	84 E	85 Z	86 S	87 Y	88 W	89 Z[1]
	90 X	91 S	92 W	93 M		94 T	95 M	96 Z[1]	97 O	98 I	99 S	100 F		101 S	102 O	103 N	
104 Y	105 O	106 Z	107 N		108 O	109 E	110 U	111 I	112 Y	113 X	114 T	115 W		116 Q	117 I	118 F	119 D
120 J	121 A	122 H		123 D	124 N	125 E		126 L	127 D	128 R	129 Y	130 H		131 G	132 D	133 L	
134 Z	135Z[1]		136 W	137 Q	138 M	139 I	140 E	141 A	142 Y	143 L		144 Q	145 C	146 K	147 S	148 U	149 T
150 Y	151 W	152 J	153 R	154 E		155 N	156 Q	157 V	158 C	159 X	160 I	161 R	162 K	163 P	164 G		165 V
166 I	167 G		168 R	169 F	170 O	171 T	172 E	173 J	174 Q	175 B	176 V	177 K	178 Z	179 Y		180 M	181 P
182 Q	183 X	184 Z	185 O	186 W	187 L	188 D		189 F	190 N	191 E	192 W	193 Q	194 Z	195 X	196 R		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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